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the party in power

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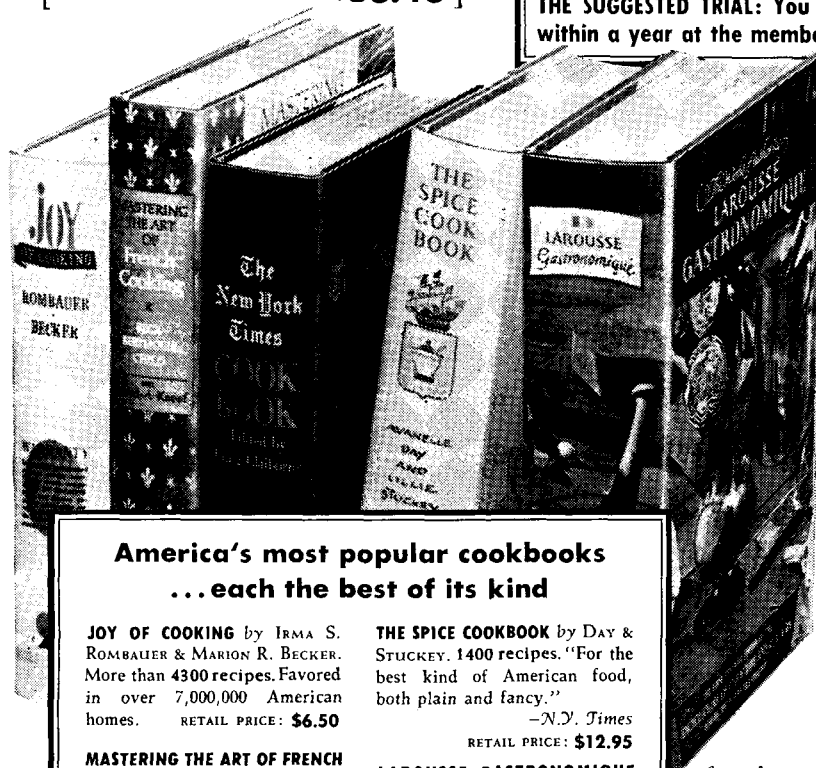
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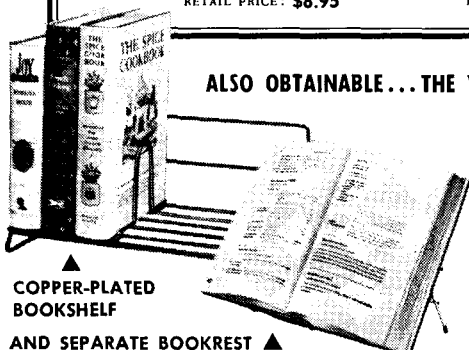
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[6-11]



WASHINGTON

THIS town looks a little weary, slightly stale, and even sad these days. It has lost its ring of freshness, particularly in the foreign policy field. The official dialogue consists of worn-out clichés and inadequate explanations on problems ranging from the war in Vietnam to allied division in the Atlantic community.

President Johnson has been lecturing the country, the Congress, in private and in public, and anyone else he can find about the dangers of Communist aggression in Southeast Asia. Mostly he repeats what Secretary of State Dean Rusk has already said. Or it works the other way, with Rusk and other ranking State Department officials repeating what the President has said. And around and around it goes, not only on Southeast Asia but on the underdeveloped world, Charles de Gaulle, the prospects for progress in Latin America, foreign aid, and the general failure of allied nations to live up to their global responsibilities.

Southeast Asia is the Capital's preoccupation, its nightmare, and probably the best example of the sallow, sometimes misleading Administration attempts to explain its overseas posture. On Vietnam, where new and complex dilemmas keep cropping up, the country gets only a steady diet of tired comments, which all too often fail to meet the immediate situation.

We must persevere in Southeast Asia, Johnson and his top advisers say. North Vietnam must leave its neighbors alone; we seek no wider war; we seek no territory; we shall not quit; and the Communists alone are to blame for the absence of peace.

It has been said that the more the Johnson Administration talks about Vietnam, the less convincing it sounds. The President simply is not

getting his message across to the country, or for that matter, to the Congress.

Just to add to the confusion, the Congress has in some instances voted Mr. Johnson wider authority to conduct the war. The Senate's overwhelming action on the country's Ready Reserves and National Guard is a case in point. The President expressed no desire for standby authority to call up reserves and guardsmen without a declaration of national emergency, but the Senate, not wholly persuaded by the Administration, voted it anyway. The Senate action is in part the result of clear inequities in the national military draft. But a glance at the roster supporting the measure also suggests that election-year politics are increasingly seeping into the debate over Vietnam.

It is a peculiar exercise these days when Senate doves, led by Fulbright, Morse, Gruening, and the Kennedys, join their more hawkish colleagues in support of wider presidential power in Southeast Asia. They are admitting that their attempts to restrain official policy have failed, and are seeking to make certain that responsibility for new escalation of the war, as well as any adverse political repercussions from it, will be borne by the Administration and not by the Congress.

A change of track

But there are, nevertheless, exceptions to Washington's threadbare appearance at the moment. One such exception comes as a direct offshoot of the war in Vietnam. It is the question of Red China, now a focal point for a rising national discussion about the relevancy or myth of more than a decade and a half of American policy. The government has embarked on a new diplomatic track, one that should have started in the fifties instead of the mid-sixties. And there can be

Tactical Radio: A report from General Dynamics

In old suspense movies there always seemed to be a sequence in which the fleeing suspect tunes his car radio to the police band, hears: "Car 64, fugitive headed your way—intercept." Whereupon, suspect swings away and escapes.

Even today, by and large, if police car A wants to reach squad car B one mile away, willy-nilly, cars C, D, and E, all tuned to the same channel, have to listen too. And so can lots of unofficial ears.

This problem is compounded a thousandfold by modern military tactical requirements. Hundreds of squads, vehicles, and individuals may be operating separately over a wide area, all scrambled up with enemy units.

On occasion a commander must broadcast orders to a hundred squads at once. But he may also need to talk to a single intelligence scout hidden hundreds of miles away. Or an individual unit may have to call another unit with information or to call for support, without hundreds of ears, friend or foe, all automatically listening too.

Radio sets just that selective are now being delivered or developed by General Dynamics. Small and rugged enough to go anywhere a man can go, and simple to operate, the new radios are a key to modern tactical mobility.

From 2 to 74,000:

World War II walkie-talkies had one or two channels. The new sets have from 28,000 to 74,000 different channels for voice or teletype communication. A generation ago, a mere 12 channels called for a large fixed installation. Now one with some 45,000 channels will be carried on a man's back. The biggest one can fit the back seat of a jeep.

The enormous number of channels permits direct "calling numbers" for hundreds, even thousands, of other radios within sending and receiving range.

Each set, in fact, has a number of different calling numbers that can be changed in prearranged groups every day, every hour or in rapid sequence on a moment's notice to aid security.

The new combat radios are based primarily on an old principle—single sideband transmission. It took developments of the past decade, however, in both solid-state electronics and ultra-miniature packaging to make practical such sets for mobile ground use.

On an oscilloscope, an AM (amplitude modulation) radio wave looks like a single line. Actually that line is made up of three distinct parts: a central carrier and two sidebands.

The central carrier is generated at a specific frequency—in effect its "address." When modulated, (that is, the message added) two sidebands come into being to carry the actual information. Both bear identical "intelligence."

Less becomes more:

SSB techniques filter out the central carrier and one redundant sideband. The message is sent on the remaining sideband, which contains all the essential information.

Only one-quarter of the power is now required to send a signal the same distance. Alternatively, the same amount of power needed for a full AM band will send an SSB message at least four times as far.

And with greater clarity.

"Noise" or static, comes from any electrical interference—power lines, vehicle engines, a storm 100 miles away. The carrier section of standard AM is particularly vulnerable. By using only one sideband, two-thirds of the static potential is avoided.

Radio tuning traditionally depended upon quartz crystals, each of which vibrates at an individual wave length. With enough of them, a large number of chan-

nels has always been theoretically possible. The number of fragile and expensive crystals that could be carried in combat was limited.

Today's sets still use crystals but in conjunction with electronic or electro-mechanical oscillators and synthesizers that can create thousands of different rates of vibration—or separate channels—and can change from one to another within fractions of a second.

Big becomes small:

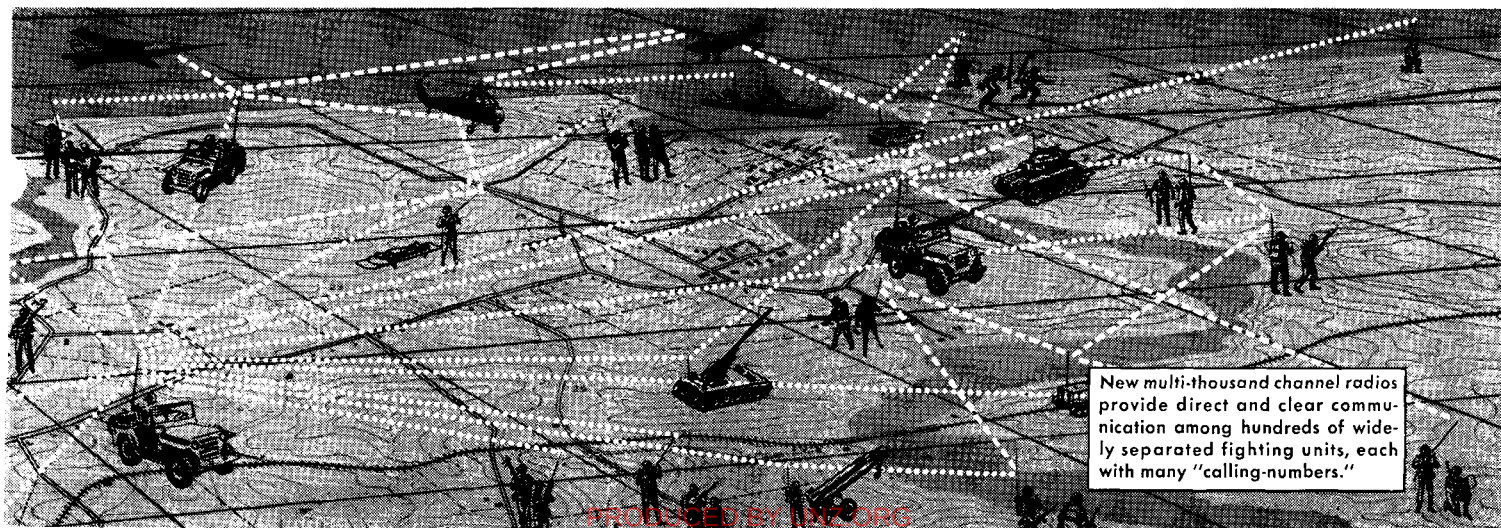
New packaging techniques have been equally important. For instance, big tuning capacitors were originally the size of a pair of clenched fists. Now their function has been squeezed into a diode the size of a match head. Sets in development are only one-fiftieth the size and weight of World War II sets that had only a tiny fraction of today's channels, range or clarity.

Once upon a time there was room to spare on our radio airways. Today, channels jam closer and closer; interference has become a serious problem. General Dynamics' new sets are today filling military needs. Future civilian applications, however, could double the number of channels available for voice or data communication within the space now taken up by AM transmissions.

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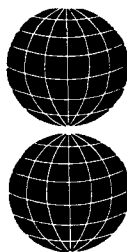
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Report on Washington



no doubt that the official community here, as well as the American public, is relaxing on China to a point where a more reasonable, more realistic dialogue is possible in and out of government.

Washington is beginning to sweep away some of the diplomatic debris left from the last decade — the anti-Communist hysteria of Senator McCarthy during the early fifties, the national passion over Chinese intervention in the Korean War, and the anti-Chinese commitments of the late John Foster Dulles throughout the fifties.

In those years the American approach to Peking swung right from simple containment of China to almost complete ostracism. But suddenly, in recent months, the Johnson Administration has approved a rather extensive relaxation of travel restrictions on Americans wishing to go to China. Peking may not choose the same path, but at least the United States is providing such an opportunity if China wishes to follow suit at some point. Three times now, with the President's approval, Washington has eased travel restrictions to cover categories ranging from the American business community to scientists and scholars.

It also is interesting to note that last month two high-level scientific conferences were held at Stanford University and the University of California at Berkeley. The Atomic Energy Commission served as a sponsor for both conferences. Prior to these meetings, Washington was approached through academic circles on possible invitations to three leading Chinese Communist physicists. This was encouraged through official channels here, and the invitations were sent.

A shift of emphasis

Washington's great psychological leap forward on China is perhaps best marked by the President's recent major policy pronouncement on the subject. In that speech Johnson talked for the first time about long-range reconciliation, the futility of confrontation, and the hopes for international peace borne only within a framework of coexistence.

"There is [one] essential for peace in Asia which may seem the most difficult of all: reconciliation between nations that now call themselves enemies," the President said. "A peaceful mainland

China is central to a peaceful Asia. . . . For lasting peace can never come to Asia as long as the 700 million people of mainland China are isolated by their rulers from the outside world."

What distinguishes Washington's present mood from that of the past is that the Administration is addressing itself not so much to the danger of crisis as to the opportunity of crisis. Where China is concerned, the President in effect is making clear that American defiance in the face of danger will continue and that there will be wider American support whenever and wherever opportunities arise. He has shifted the emphasis away from a dialogue that tends to divide rather than unite.

Nobody in Washington is suggesting that the government suddenly seized a set of original ideas on China. Proposals for relaxed travel restrictions, generally wider Sino-American contacts, and other moves toward long-range reconciliation have been before various Administrations for years. But for the most part, these proposals never won White House approval, to say nothing of support from top State Department echelons. They were generated in the Department's Bureau of Public Affairs and at lower levels of the foreign service and somehow lost or shunted aside before reaching the higher, policy-making rung of government. This does not appear to be the case any longer.

Breaches are beginning to appear in the rigid, anti-Chinese dike at the top of the government. Ideas, for the first time in a long while, are starting to trickle through — so much so that one key China hand at the State Department recently reversed his decision to retire from government. This does not mean key Administration figures are leaping with enthusiasm toward new conciliatory moves on China. Rusk, for example, is almost testy on the subject of China. He gives the impression that as long as the war in Vietnam continues, it is useless, perhaps even damaging, to trumpet peaceful initiatives toward Peking.

"None of the recent forward movement on China, not a single new initiative, has come from the Secretary personally," says one State Department official. It is not that Rusk opposes these new moves; he simply is not sufficiently persuaded of their worth to push such diplomatic activity.

The question, then, is why the President seems to be moving away from past American policy commitments such as travel restrictions, which many in Washington considered senseless from the beginning. Johnson appears more sorrowful than angry about China's militant resistance to any suggestion of East-West accommodation, not only in Asia but elsewhere in the world.

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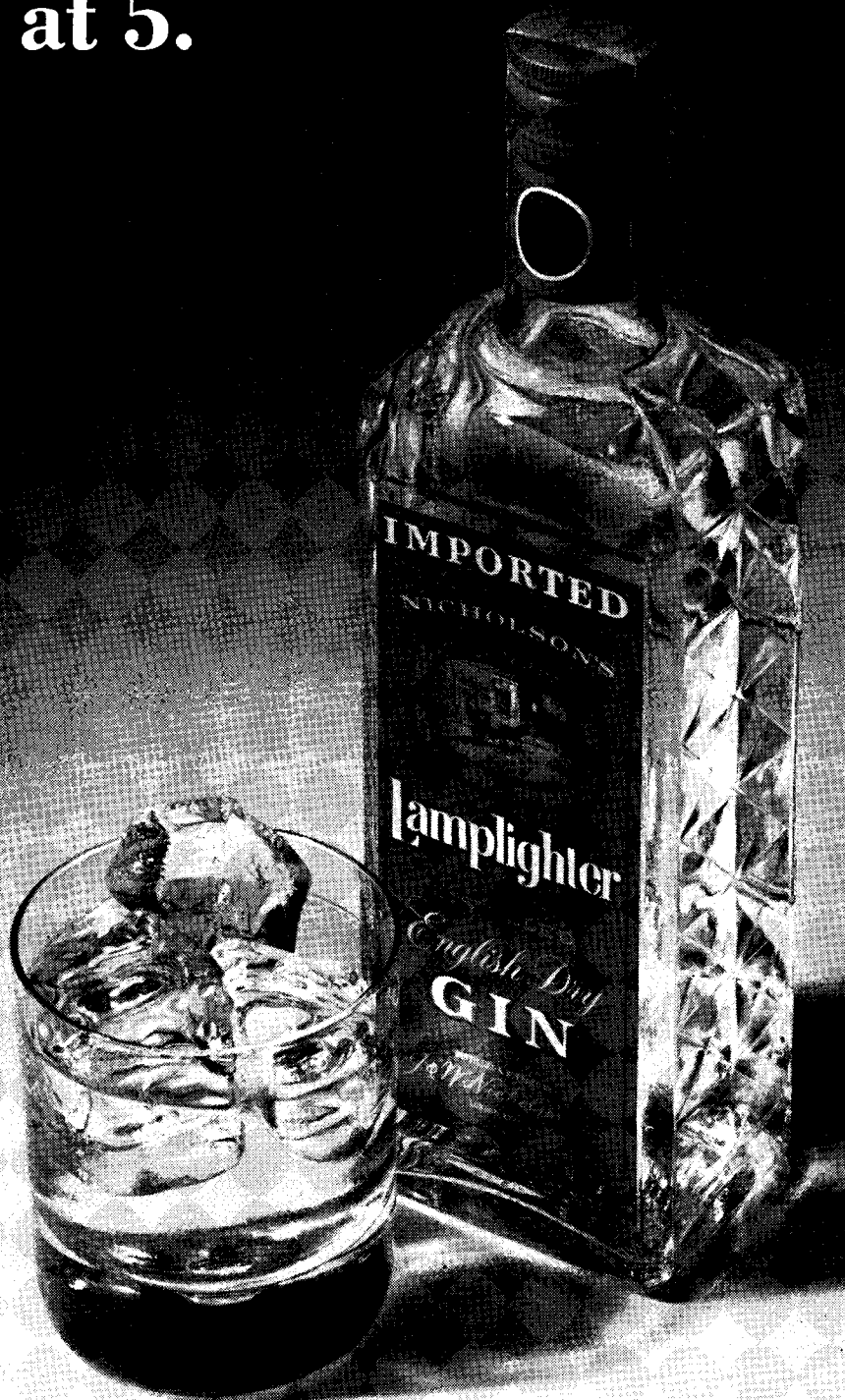
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Report on Washington

Certainly, the President is now reacting to China in a more comfortable way than did any of his post-war predecessors, and there are those who suggest that Johnson's more flexible approach may be the product of his political past. It is felt that the President came to office with less of an ideological commitment concerning China than those which were dominant in past Administrations. He knew the China dilemma only as a domestic political problem through the China lobby of the fifties, the early Dulles years, and the opinionated give-and-take on Capitol Hill during that period. However, he never really went through the intellectual process of sorting out the China issue, in all its cloudy mixture of myth, prejudice, and reality.

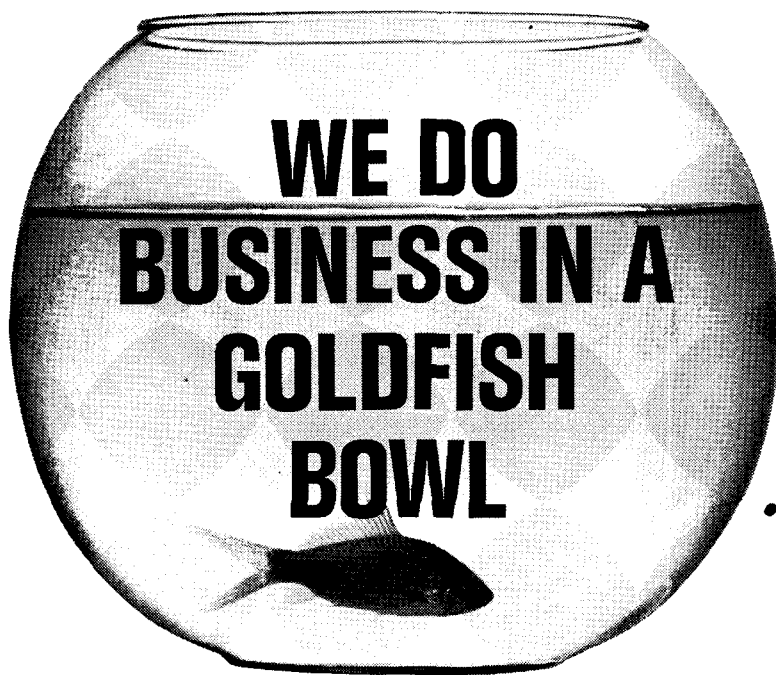
Futility and hope

But once confronted with the problem, he relied on practical political instinct. He saw no percentage for either Washington or Peking in the maintenance of travel barriers, a rigid ban on mutual contact, and a tightly frozen policy of isolation where China is concerned. If China is to push one Vietnam after another, the President reasoned, then the future can only be grim, even foreboding. He has thus begun the slow, at times painful, process of trying quietly to persuade China of the futility in confrontation and of the hope in rapprochement.

This process is now gathering momentum for a number of reasons. For example, the Administration's first relaxation of travel restrictions brought no domestic outcry from the old China lobby, or even the right wing in this country. Accordingly, the President felt he was in a position to push the question further.

There are other reasons. Nobody is certain how long the American blockade of China in the United Nations will hold up. An expanding war in Vietnam has forced not only the official community but the rest of the country to look at China in an entirely different light.

And finally, Congress, somewhat conscience-stricken over its grant of



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Report on Washington

blank-check authority for presidential action in Southeast Asia, focused national attention on the China question during a series of extensive hearings last March. Those hearings, perhaps more than anything else, gave rise to a long-needed national discussion about China and the implications of Chinese policy on a global scale. What, for example, does China's burgeoning nuclear-test program mean to an East-West power balance in Asia, or anywhere else for that matter?

Fulbright pro and con

With Washington shifting its stance on China, it is useful to take another look at Senator Fulbright and his role as perhaps the Administration's most prestigious critic on foreign policy.

As chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, Fulbright has now led a series of wide-ranging hearings on Vietnam, China, and the tattered state of the Atlantic alliance. Detailed testimony on China from diplomatic, military, and academic circles provided the country with by far the most important national discussion of China since the subject was foreclosed during the height of the McCarthy furor.

Fulbright's opposition made him a symbol, through which at least all responsible criticism of the conduct of American foreign policy could be channeled. There also has been considerable criticism of the senator. It is suggested that Fulbright seems to wait for a field of criticism to build up before he enters with his own views or position. Such an entry in a critical foreign policy crisis like Vietnam is often after the fact and sometimes too late to be influential.

Moreover, it is said that Fulbright on Vietnam, or in the broader sense, on China, fails to apply the good gambler's formula of quitting while he's ahead. At times he appears to carry his argument too far. In doing so, he bores the public in such a way as to blunt the very points he is trying to make.

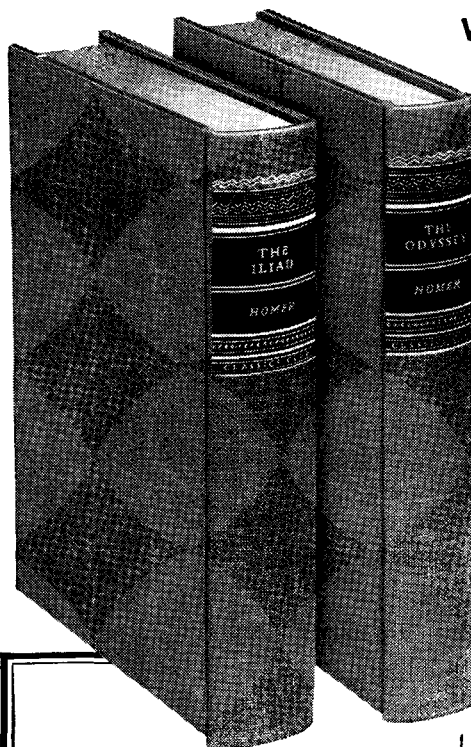
If Fulbright pushes his attack on the Administration to further ex-



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Report on Washington

tremes, he will run the danger of becoming the center of a debilitating national controversy over American policy in the Far East. Nothing illustrates the point better than the example of Senator Wayne Morse of Oregon, whose bitter and repetitious assaults on official policy have brought him something less than public respect.

Nonetheless, Fulbright's restless protest about China and other essential policy questions has served to bring Congress back into the mainstream of foreign policy deliberations in Washington. Acting as a kind of manager of seminars, as well as an important bridge between the academic and official communities, the Senate Foreign Relations Committee has again found a way to discharge certain constitutional responsibilities in an era of crisis. The senator has restored some of the old functions, which had faded with the rise of executive power and the need for quick presidential decisions on serious international flash points. In short, the Senate's resurgence in the foreign policy area can only be for the good.

Oxford versus Little Rock

It might be asked why Fulbright broke with the President in a way he never had before. Surely he does not stand to gain politically from his break. While the answer is not easy, there is one private story about the senator which may help to explain his somewhat extraordinary course of action in recent months.

The time was 1962, shortly after Fulbright won re-election to the Senate. Walter Lippmann and the senator had a lengthy, serious discussion about Fulbright's foreign policy role. The columnist suggested that Fulbright could make a more significant contribution if only he would decide that this was to be his last term. Fulbright is now sixty-one.

His long political career has always been minimized by an inner conflict between Oxford, where he was a Rhodes Scholar, and Little Rock, where he was and still is a politician. Perhaps he has now accepted Lippmann's advice.

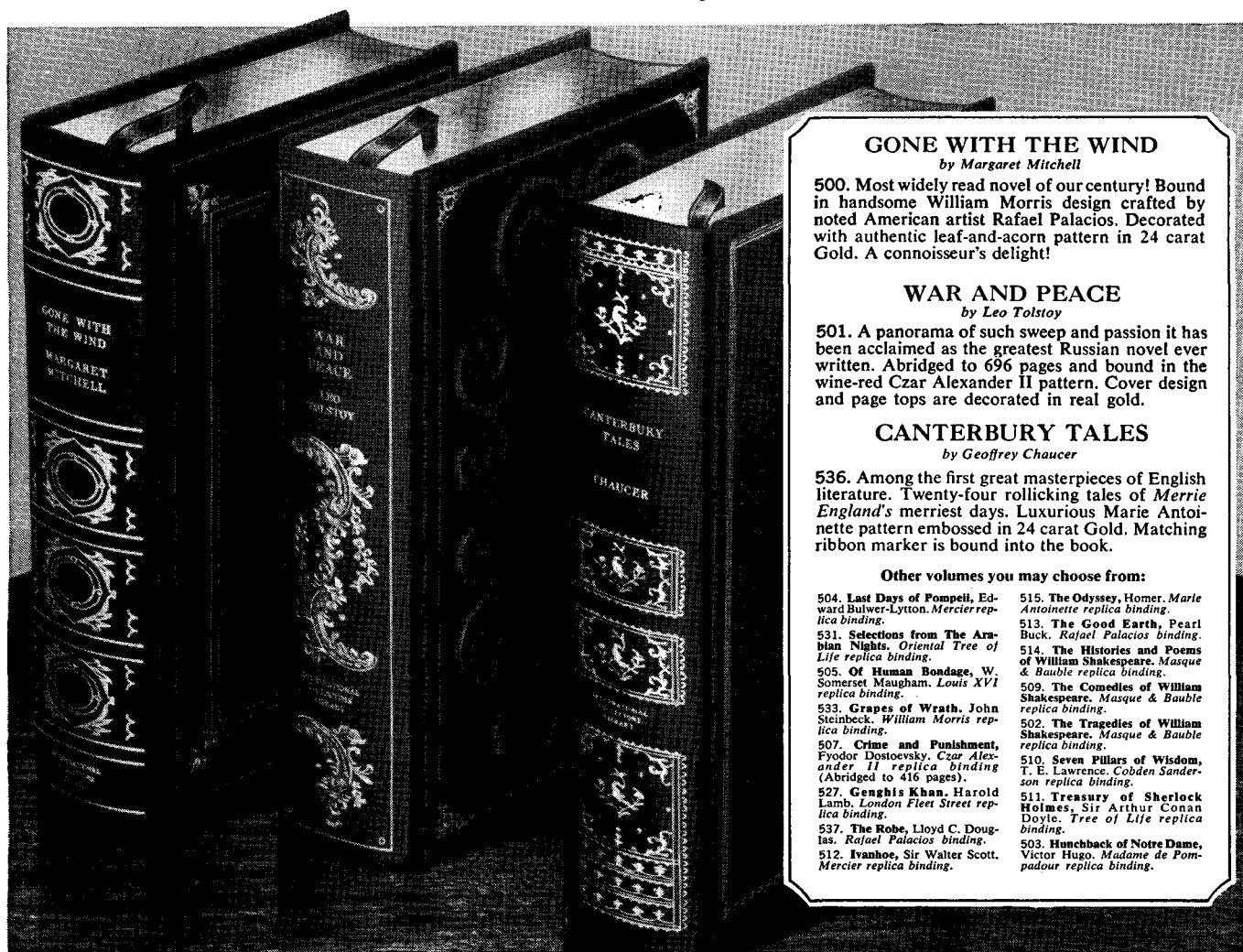
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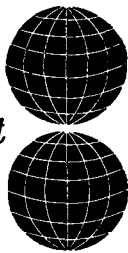
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WHEN the monsoon rains began last April, the Viet Cong and PAVN (People's Army of North Vietnam) had deployed fifty-six main-force battalions in the central highlands of South Vietnam and reinforcements were arriving along the Ho Chi Minh Trail at a rate of about 7000 a month. Immediately south of the 17th parallel, where the First ARVN (Army of the Republic of Vietnam) Division, its fighting qualities sapped by the Buddhist crisis, held the line, the 324th PAVN Division had begun to cut the infiltration corners by moving across the demilitarized zone to join another thirty-six regular Viet Cong and PAVN forces already established in the First Corps area. The expectation in Saigon was that these forces would attempt to move into the mobile and more conventional phase of the war as set out in the instruction manuals of Mao Tse-tung and Vo Nguyen Giap, North Vietnam's brilliant revolutionary warfare tactician.

The task proved even more difficult than the American and ARVN forces had expected, and more difficult, also, than Hanoi and the National Liberation Front had feared. Through June and July and well into August, every PAVN and Viet Cong attempt to take the initiative, whether in the Kontum region of the central highlands or in Quang Tri Province immediately south of the demilitarized zone, was heavily repelled. In a single month's bitter fighting with the U.S. Marines, the 324th PAVN Division had about a thousand men killed in action and 3000 to 4000 wounded. In more populous areas, Communist casualties and the kill ratio are often imprecise indicators; here, the damage inflicted on the 324th was beyond dispute, and it fell back into the demilitarized zone licking its wounds and hammered in retreat by Guam-based B-52 bombers.

These actions, more than any other, confirmed the assumptions drawn from earlier engagements — that lacking air support and helicopters and with only limited artillery support, neither the PAVN nor the main-force Viet Cong units are a match for the Americans. Man for man, the U.S. troops may lack some of their enemies' jungle

skill, but the rapid availability of firepower and heliborne mobility have tipped the scales decisively in their favor. The Americans win far more engagements than they lose, and it is difficult to see how the PAVN or the Viet Cong, though they may have occasional and significant successes, can reverse this trend. Viet Cong and PAVN troops cannot get in close enough or quickly enough to escape the rain of napalm bombs and artillery fire that an attack immediately triggers.

The Communists defect

Increasing numbers of defectors and prisoners pour out a consistent tale of PAVN and Viet Cong woes. Two or three years ago tactical intelligence was meager and uncollated. Today a much bigger flow of defectors from the Communist ranks — 11,000 so far in 1966 — and a much more scientific approach to interrogation are producing an immense body of important intelligence. The nature of the Viet Cong's leadership and direction, their methods of communication, operation, and supply are no longer a mystery. Their problems, and increasingly, their tactical plans and vulnerabilities, are being documented and translated into counteraction.

Surprise and security used to be two of the main-springs of Viet Cong morale, but they no longer have a monopoly of either. Their tunnels and bunkers are not always proof against bombing. Many villagers who once responded well to their cajolery have become antagonistic now that the mounting pressures of the Communist war effort demand coercion. Even in rest areas the troops are required to keep constantly on the move. Disease, especially in the central highlands, takes a heavy toll. Medical facilities are inadequate: the high survival rate of the wounded, which has been made possible by helicopter evacuation on the U.S.-ARVN side, is matched by an appalling death rate among Viet Cong-PAVN wounded.

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The War in Vietnam

mando-type raids and not critically hampered by aerial bombardment. When the rains came, the enemy forces in the monsoon-wrapped mountains were ready to strike. Yet in the early months of what they clearly intended to be a major offensive, the Viet Cong-PAVN failed alike in the central highlands and in the First Corps area to achieve even modest successes. They were faced with the choice of continuing to accept losses out of proportion to realistic military expectations, or of reverting to much smaller and less ambitious actions.

The Viet Cong-PAVN frustrations at this period were very similar to those experienced by the allies during the dry season. Repeated large-scale heliborne forays into enemy territory on search-and-destroy missions kept the Viet Cong-PAVN forces off balance and resulted in the destruction and capture of large quantities of supplies, especially rice. In three critical aspects the dry-season campaign failed dismally,

however. It did not succeed in restoring communications between the major American base areas along the coast; it failed to engage major main-force Viet Cong and PAVN in set-piece actions in which American firepower could be used with devastating effect; and it did not even begin to isolate the insurgents from the people.

No shortcuts to victory

By the end of the dry season there were 316,000 ARVN's, 255,000 Americans, 26,500 Koreans, Australians, and New Zealanders, and half a million Vietnamese paramilitary forces in the field. By eliminating time-wasting forced marches, the helicopter fleet in effect multiplied the striking capacity of these forces. Yet it was patent in every corps area that even an armed force of a million men was not sufficient to break through the military stalemate. Extra forces were clearly needed.

Since the ARVN was already stretched close to the limits of its potential resources by the deployment during the year of an extra thirty battalions and has to compete

for manpower with the substantial staff needs of the rural reconstruction program, it was apparent that the troops would not be available from South Vietnam. The Koreans were preparing to send a second division, and the Australians were breaking in two new infantry battalions. Useful as these were in terms of allied solidarity, however, they did not begin to cope with the needs, which only the United States had the means and the inclination to provide. By August the U.S. forces in Vietnam totaled 284,000, and the numbers are growing all the time.

The Viet Cong-PAVN forces, despite their losses, are also increasing in size. Viet Cong manpower problems are as formidable as those of the ARVN, but with only about 50,000 northerners yet deployed in the south, the PAVN has extensive, and as yet scarcely touched, reservoirs on which to draw. If Hanoi is willing to pay the price, and the fears of a wider war continue prudently to limit American options, there will be no shortcuts to victory.

For obvious reasons, figures on the size of the Viet Cong and Viet Cong-PAVN forces have been imprecise, but are not so inaccurate as to invalidate the general pattern that emerges from plotting the graph of the annual estimates of their growth.

Vietnamese and American intelligence in 1961 estimated the Viet Cong strength at about 15,000, of whom about 7500 were believed to be armed with more or less effective weapons. These were the hard core, the nucleus of what eventually became known as the main-force units. By 1962 the hard-core figure had crept up to 25,000. The following year it was 35,000, then 40,000 plus (although the Ky government in Saigon was still putting out for public consumption the unclassified figure of 20,000 to 21,000 as late as March, 1964). In 1965 the figure moved to 45,000. Today, swollen by the influx from North Vietnam, it is around the 100,000 mark. Directed by regimental, and now even divisional, headquarters, the Viet Cong-PAVN are divided into about 160 main-force battalions, which draw on and are complemented by an armed guerrilla support of more than 170,000.



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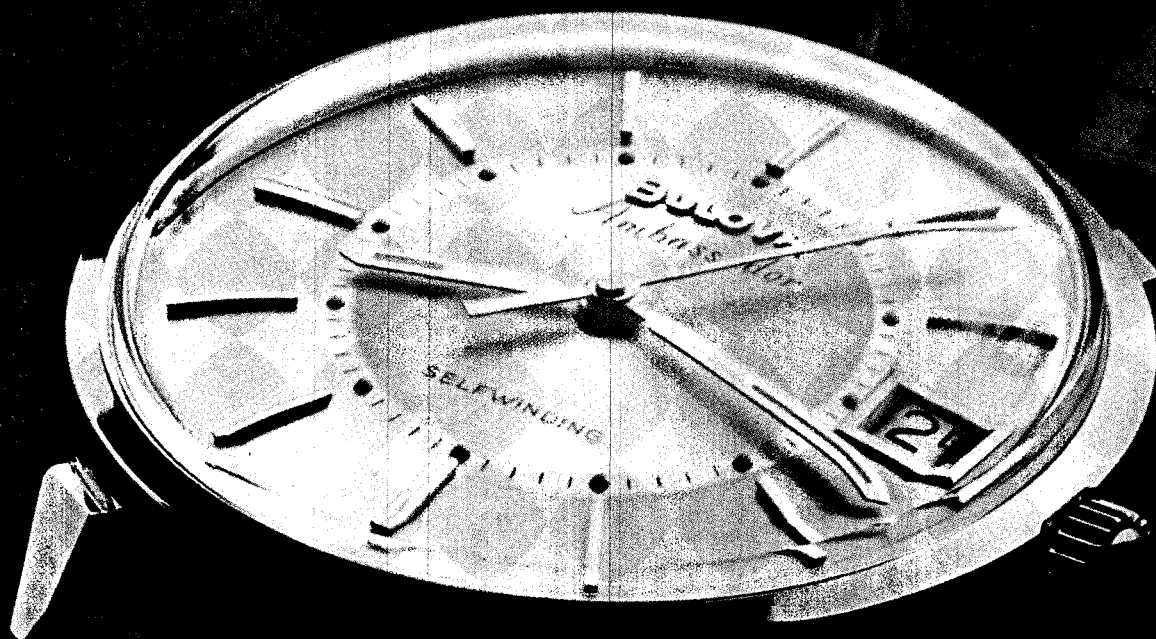
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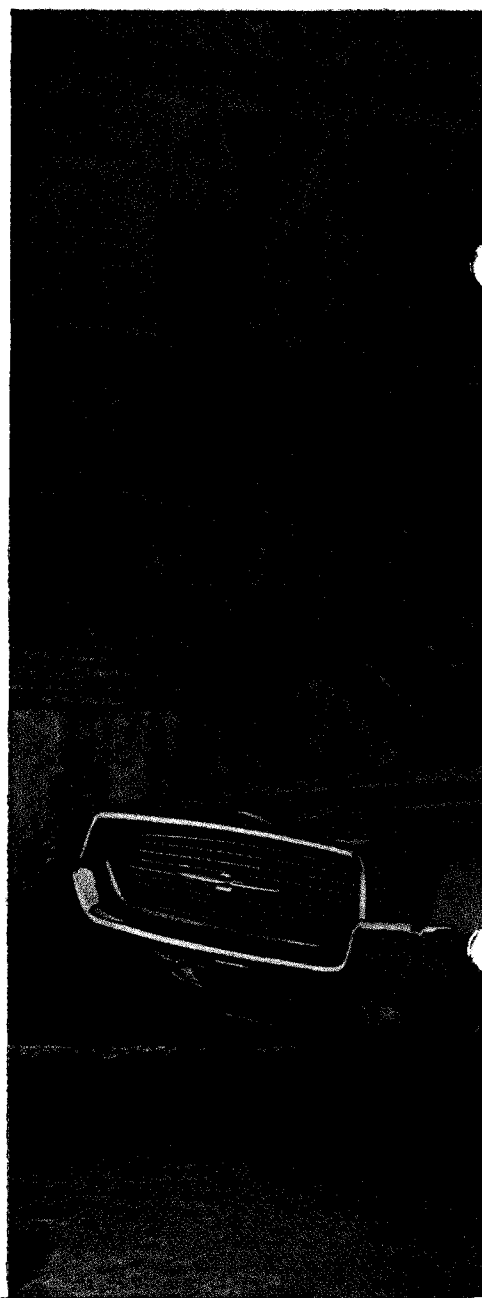
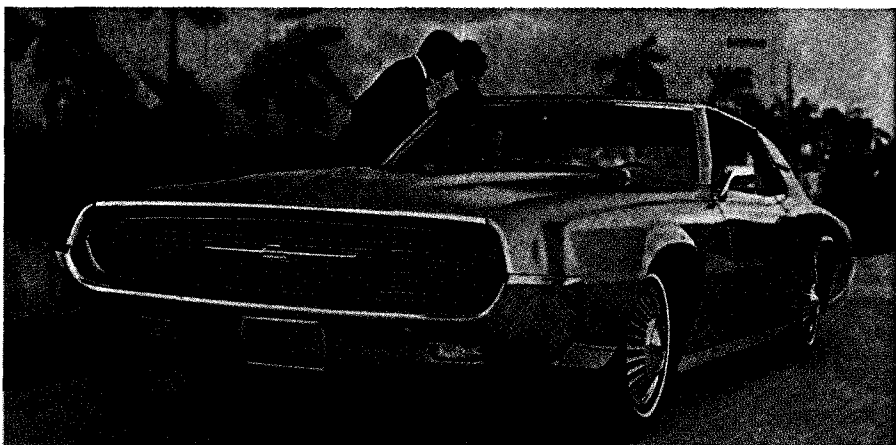
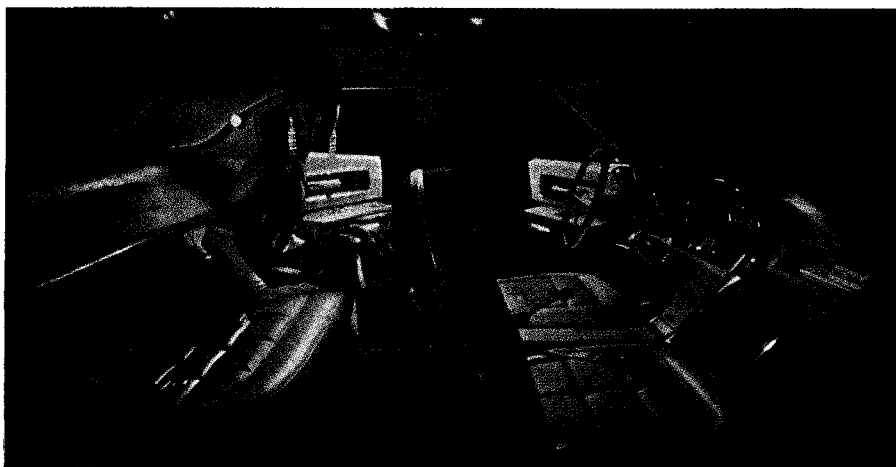
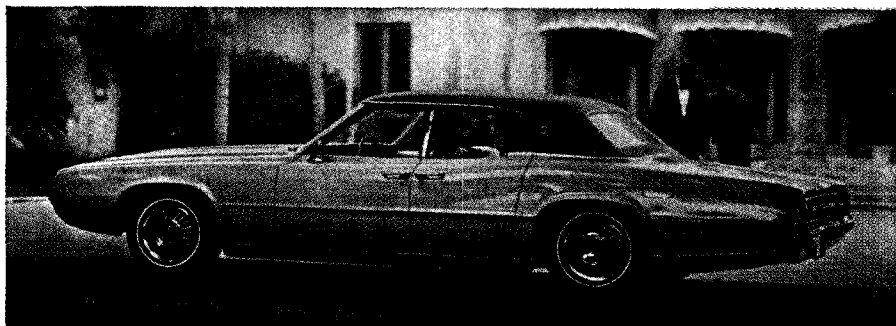


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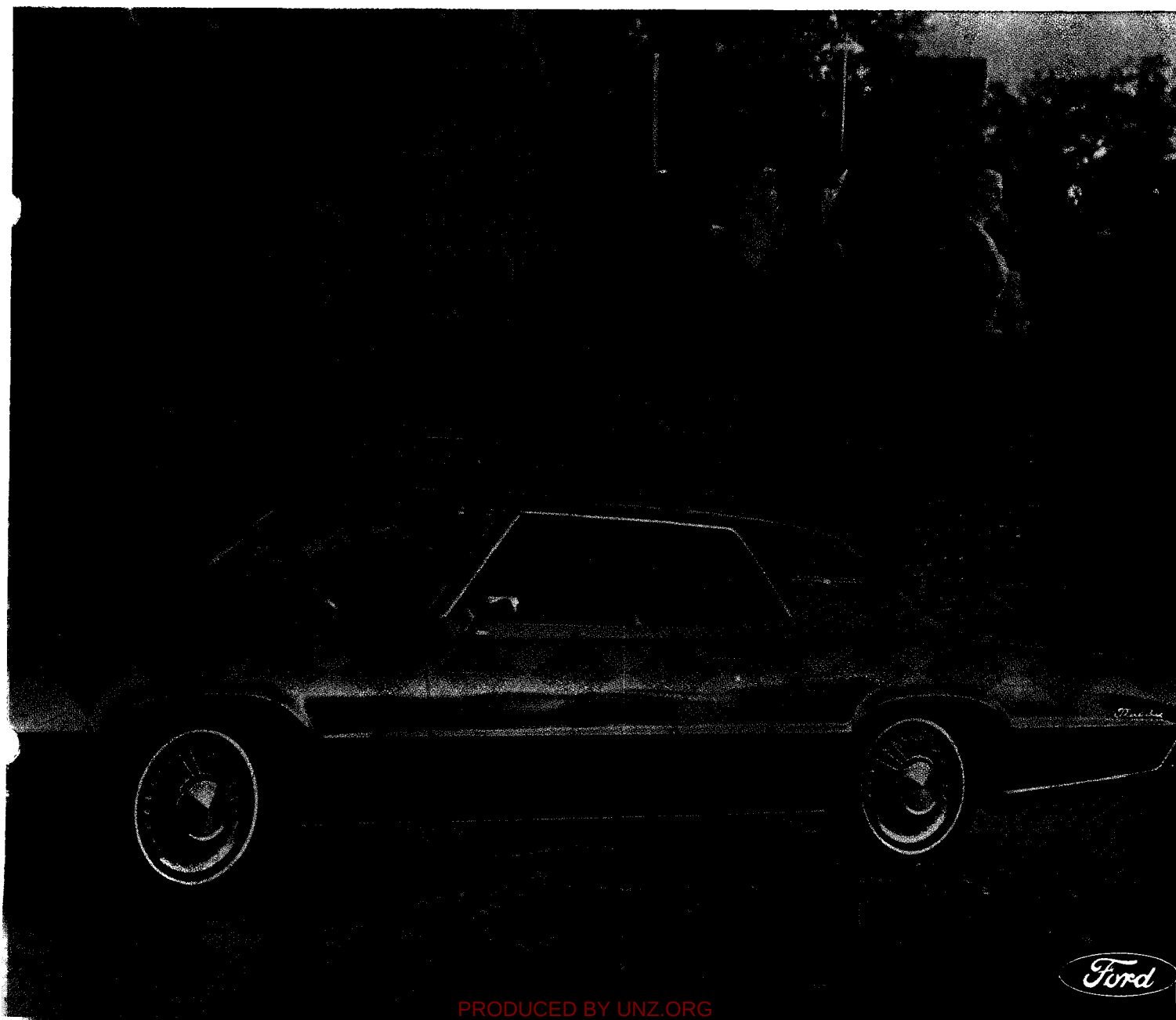
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The War in Vietnam

Among the main-force battalions, about sixty are PAVN. A significant, but much smaller, number of northerners hold ranking positions in predominantly southern battalions. Many of the armed propaganda cadres are also northerners. Vo Chi Cong and Tran Nam Trung, the two principal figures in the People's Revolutionary Party, the southern offshoot of the Laodong (Communist) Party of North Vietnam, which provides the National Liberation Front with its party leadership and the war with its impetus and direction, are both Hanoi men, though Cong was born in the South Vietnam province of Quang Nam. General Nguyen Don, who commands Viet Cong and PAVN forces, is a northerner.

Theories but no facts

While tactical intelligence available to the ARVN and U.S. forces is improving, strategic intelligence remains weak. Thus, there are theories about Viet Cong-PAVN future intentions but no facts. The military tend to believe that the shock of the summer reverses will cause the PAVN and Viet Cong main-force battalions to disengage and attempt to revert to small-scale actions. Other intelligence agencies interpret the situation differently. Their expectation is that PAVN units, working to the Giap thesis that a big military success is needed in order to win a great political victory, will continue.

Their argument is persuasive. In comparison with the losses Giap's forces suffered by trial and error during the Indochina War, neither the Viet Cong nor the PAVN has been badly hurt. The Dien Bien Phu curtain-raiser, an unsuccessful attack on the heavily defended entrenched camp of Nasam in December, 1953, cost the Viet Minh some 4000 lives, but undaunted, Giap pressed on when the French threw down the gauntlet and invited him into the major set-piece battle a year later. Though early losses at Dien Bien Phu (which the Viet Minh have never disclosed) shocked many of Giap's colleagues and raised immediate and critical tactical arguments, Giap's view that the end justified the means prevailed.



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The War in Vietnam

During the first six months of this year, the Viet Cong-PAVN death toll is reported to have totaled 27,000. After making allowances for civilians incorrectly classified as Viet Cong or PAVN, and for the compensatory unknown losses among those who died of wounds or sickness, this may be an unduly low estimate. Still, it is probably not so harmful as to persuade Giap that the major strategic plan should be quickly abandoned.

Communiqués issued by both the National Liberation Front and the People's Republic of Vietnam continue to claim great victories. During the dry season, according to the communiqué issued after the meeting of the Presidium of the NLF in July, 43,000 U.S. forces were put out of action. Seventy thousand "puppet" troops were "wiped out," or "disintegrated," 1400 aircraft shot down or destroyed, and 1310 military vehicles demolished. Since both Hanoi and the NLF attach great store to the Vietnam debate in the United States and their interpretation that this is evidence of American political weakness and lack of resolve, it is at least conceivable that their grossly exaggerated claims of ARVN and American losses are a factor of some consequence when it comes to strategic planning.

A more significant consideration is that though the Viet Cong has the capability of reverting to smaller guerrilla-type actions and mingling inconspicuously with the rural population, this is not really practicable in the case of the PAVN. As alien "fish" in the peasant "ocean" they would be easily detected and extremely vulnerable. Short of withdrawing to North Vietnam, with all the consequences this would have in the south, or perhaps creating a diversion in Laos by an attack in the Mekong valley, which would be a further strain on Hanoi's resources, the momentum achieved by the PAVN in attempting to move into a more mobile and conventional phase cannot be easily reversed.

The need to increase guerrilla activities in the more heavily populated rural areas and the compulsion to

attempt a main-force offensive in the highlands have produced a duality in the Viet Cong-PAVN effort. Their troops are, in effect, fighting two different phases of revolutionary war at the same time: semi-conventional war in the central highlands and in the First Corps area, where PAVN's account for more than half of the Communist main forces, and guerrilla war along the coast, around Saigon, and in the Mekong Delta.

Persuasion and terror

Beating the PAVN will demand harder fighting, but overcoming the Viet Cong is likely to take even longer. In retrospect, over the seven years of war that began on September 26, 1959, when two ARVN companies were overrun in the Plain of Reeds, west of Saigon, one successful Viet Cong tactic stands out above others: the destruction of the fragile rural administration by discriminating terror (between 1959 and 1961 they killed or abducted 12,000 rural officials) and the substitution of a new infrastructure by methods which depended more heavily on persuasion than on terror.

Since 1962 there have been repeated efforts by Saigon authorities to restore the rural administration. Though all showed some measure of initiative and enterprise and, in restricted areas, were for a time successful, they collapsed one by one. The biggest and most spectacularly unsuccessful was the late Ngo Dinh Nhu's "strategic hamlet" program.

Having learned by hard experience, Vietnamese and American officials in Saigon are hopeful that the hundreds of fifty-nine-man rural reconstruction teams which have been going into the field since May will succeed this time in breaking the Viet Cong infrastructure and re-establishing their own. No one seriously expected spectacular results, and no one has been greatly disappointed, therefore, that this new rural campaign has been slow-moving. To be successful the program will require years of patient effort and an assurance of security that only an effective and complementary military effort can provide. Although the war is no longer in danger of being lost, it is sobering in these sometimes excessively optimistic days to reflect on how long it may take to win.



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The Atlantic Report TEXAS



UPSTAIRS at the White House after all the lights are out, Lyndon B. Johnson must sometimes thrash and sigh and wish the United States were Texas. Texas need not cope with Charles de Gaulle, J. William Fulbright, or Stokely Carmichael. Texans, unlike Ho Chi Minh and Nguyen Cao Ky, know how to reason together.

But if he were President of Texas, he would find scant peace. He would preside over the rapid disintegration of his party's consensus. He would find Republicans where once there were Democrats, enemies where once there were friends. He would watch peace demonstrators parade down the quiet main street of Austin. He would hear dark rumors from his cities' ghettos, and his scouts would report the bitter speeches and even more bitter talk from the labor rallies, the chanted slogans of Mexican farm workers on the march. He would survey his cities' smog-shrouded spires and jammed expressways and polluted bayous. Even in Texas, the biggest Texan of them all would not have an easy reign, for despite all the indigenous myths, the state has not been immune to problems and concerns that harass the rest of the nation. It even has a few of its own.

There is the problem of violence. As John Bainbridge proved in *The Super Americans*, Texans' chronic propensity for settling disputes with a six-gun can make bizarrely comic reading. But in the newspaper accounts, sudden death in a highway tavern sounds tragically unreal. "As Lewis reached for his gun, Brantley reached for his." The dead Lewis, Brantley later told police, "had been messing with my wife." Both men had just bought their weapons for less than \$10 apiece.

Yet Texans by and large remain indifferent to statistics that show, for instance, that Houston's homicide rate may this year outstrip the United Kingdom's — not surprising, perhaps, in a state whose "unwritten law" is actually codified. It takes terrible slaughter to jar this general tolerance of violence, and even the ghastliest lessons do not stick for long. Lee Harvey Oswald, after all, was an out-of-state Marxist, and Charles Joseph Whit-

man, the Austin Tower killer, came from Florida. In Austin, as in Dallas, one hears the complacent refrain, "It could have happened anywhere."

Mexican-American misery

There is the problem of the Mexican-American. His forebears died beside Kentucky riflemen and Georgia farmers fighting for Texas independence, but today in the lush Rio Grande Valley he labors — when there is work — picking melons for 75 cents an hour. In Starr County this summer the melon pickers struck; in its second day the strike died when an Anglo judge told the *campesinos* to stop picketing or go to jail.

Borrowing tactics from the Negro revolution, a band of strikers thereupon set out on a 400-mile march to the capital city of Austin, to rally there on Labor Day and appeal for Governor John B. Connally's aid in passage of a bill for a \$1.25-an-hour minimum wage on the farm. The Texas movement has remarkable parallels — and in strike leader Eugene Nelson, a common organizer — with the successful Delano grape strike in California, yet it has lacked the heavy outside support from students, professors, and liberal state politicians that made the California strike click. Surprisingly, perhaps, to those who do not know the Roman Catholic Church in Texas, the strike's most powerful supporters have been bishops of the Church, who have joined hands with the lowliest of their faith.

The plight of the farm workers in the valley is only one part of a larger pattern of Mexican-American misery in Texas. In San Antonio live 350,000 Americans with Spanish surnames, fully one third existing in the meanest form of poverty, jammed together in 46,000 slum-housing units, of which 11,000 have no plumbing. Some 107,000 functional illiterates live in San Antonio. Most are Mexican-Americans.

By most material standards, Texans of Mexican descent in the state at large are at least as poorly off as the state's Negroes. According to one study, in 1960 the average Mexican-American had



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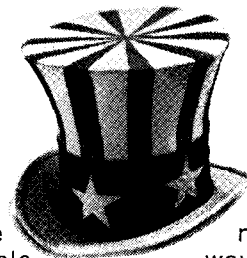
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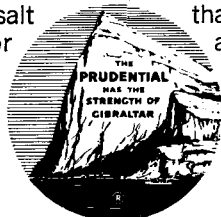
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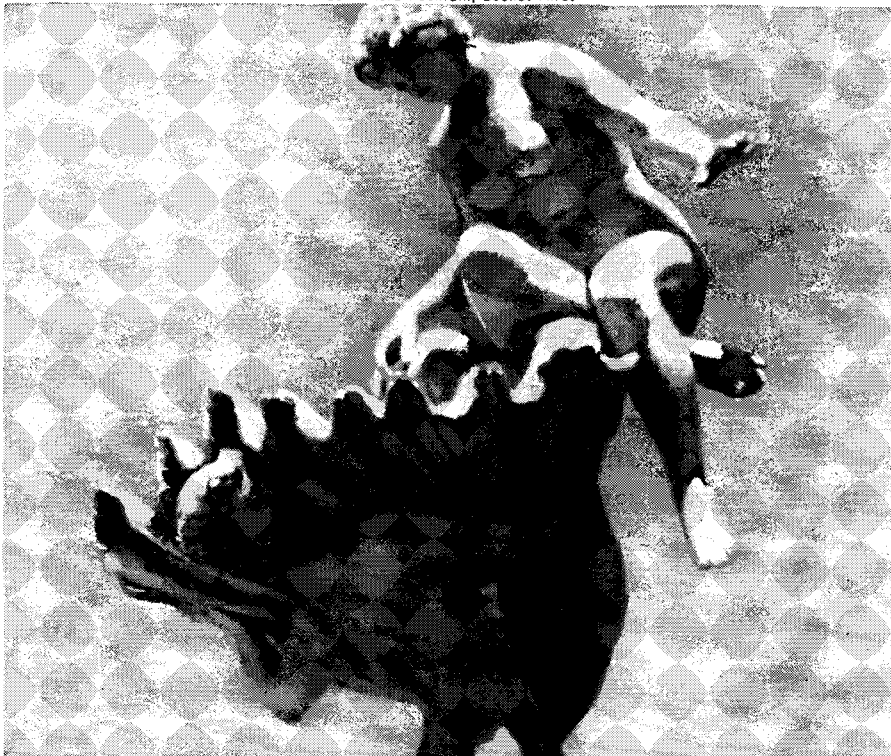
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completed less than 5 years of school; for Negroes the figure was slightly over 8, and for Anglos, 11.5. The two million *Tejanos* — or "Meskins," as some Anglos slightly call them — have in the past twenty years progressed just far enough so that their chief problem today is passivity and resignation born of despair.

Negro ghettos

There is also the problem of the Negro. In Houston's black fifth ward, in the small-town slums of east Texas, Negroes are awakening to their potential power to break through the racial barriers remaining in this, the most southern of Western states. But there have been major frustrations. Better educated than the *Tejanos*, unambiguously American bred, the state's Negroes must contend with the fact that their society is run by whites who allow the brown-skinned Mexicans privileges still denied to blacks. De jure segregation has all but vanished from Texas; the de facto brand remains.

There have, however, also been major Negro advances in Texas in the past year. Abolition of the poll tax this year added one half million new voters to the rolls, and a sizable percentage were Negro. In Houston, two Negroes won Democratic nomination to the state legislature and are certain to become the first of their race to serve there since Reconstruction. The poverty program, after long delays, is finally under way with a rush. Compared with Alabama, Texas is an open society, and compared with Harlem, a bountiful one.

Much of the bounty is in Texas' bold new cities, but the cities are discovering bold new problems of their own. The cities are growing fast; it is already part of corporate myth in Houston that a Lloyd's of London survey proves that by 2000 A.D. the city will be the largest in the world. Although Lloyd's has formally renounced any responsibility for that claim, such technicalities do not faze the Space City's ardent boosters. After all, they point out, Houston (sixth), Dallas (ninth), and San Antonio (fifteenth) are all among the country's fifteen largest cities. What other state can say as much?



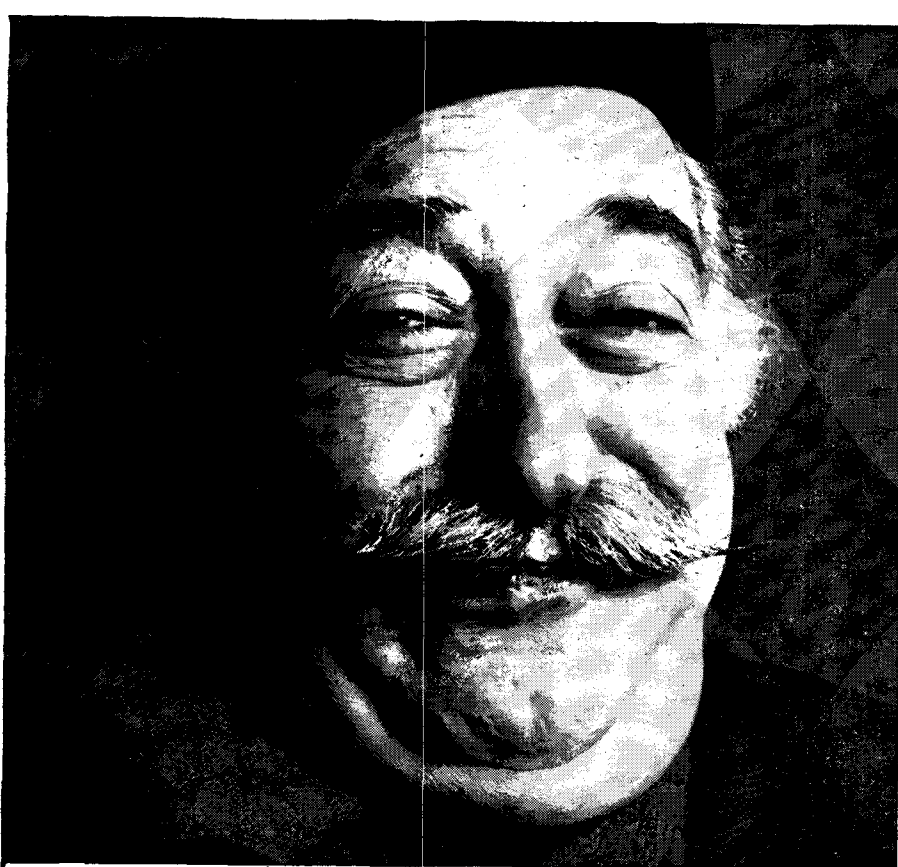
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Yet like other states, Texas has not learned how to contend with all the challenges of urbanization, and suddenly the state is discovering that industrial and urban growth is not an unmixed blessing. When the wind blows wrong in Houston, even sedately wooded River Oaks is not immune to the stench and smog from the petrochemical plants fifteen miles away; two blocks from the refineries, the paint peels from the workers' houses. The streams and bayous near urban Texas are becoming raw industrial sewers, and in the heart of Dallas and Houston the wreckers and builders have already destroyed most of the evidence of everything but the recent past. Homeward-bound from downtown Houston's soaring business district, the commuter whizzes by the last symbols of the city's origins—a cluster of sturdy nineteenth-century houses precariously preserved in the shadow of intersecting expressways. With a thousand impatient drivers on his tail, he can't slow down long enough to look.

Urbanization has had inevitable political significance. Last year Texas underwent a long overdue reapportionment of its state legislature, and the cities are beginning to make their presence felt. In the state Senate—small, unlike most things Texan, and thus a convenient measure—the four major cities, Houston, Dallas, San Antonio, and Fort Worth, have won one third of the thirty-one seats. By 1970 almost half of the 150 legislators should come from the four main urban areas.

Two-party politics

As part of this phenomenon and as part of everything else, there is this overriding fact: Texas is building a two-party system. The process is slow, and culmination of it is not assured. Faction-ridden, divided between liberal dissidents and Establishment conservatives, the Texas Democratic Party is running more or less true to form. President Kennedy died in Dallas on a peacemaking mission to his warring party. In the emotional aftermath of the assassination, the Democrats' feuding range hands unstrapped their guns to follow Lyndon Johnson. Now, with one election past and another about to



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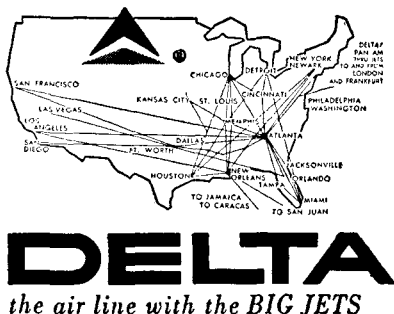




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Report on Texas

take place, Texas seems back to normal, and liberal and conservative Democrats are wrangling for control of the range while Republicans lie in ambush in the gulch.

That much of the script is at least familiar, but suddenly the outcome is in doubt. Today in his home state and in an election year, President Johnson leads a party far more sharply divided than it was when John Kennedy made his fateful trip to Dallas. Despite some protest demonstrations, the war in Vietnam is still not a matter of significant political debate in Texas; the issues are much closer to home. With Senator Ralph Yarborough and his coalition of *Tejanos*, Negroes, labor, old-style populists, and modern-style liberals on the one hand, and Governor Connally and the Establishment on the other, intraparty hostilities have escalated in recent months from the usual bushwhacking to open warfare.

Only the Republicans stand to win, for the most probable immediate victim of the conflict is State Attorney General Waggoner Carr, who with Connally's backing and Johnson's blessing hopes to oust conservative Republican John G. Tower from the President's old Senate seat this fall.

Even with Connally and the President on his side, Carr is uneasy. "The race in the fall," he warned some months ago, "is going to be a party race the likes of which you have never seen. If Tower can be re-elected, this will be construed, of course, as a personal defeat for the President of the United States." But nobody really seems to care. Senator Yarborough, for one, has not been overly responsive to Carr's entreaties for party loyalty. Connally, Carr, and Tower, he trumpets, are "identical political triplets," all opposed to Great Society legislation.

In Texas, the President does not often make such distinctions, and it is not surprising that he is trying to persuade Yarborough not to make them so often either. Labor is another problem. Mad at Carr for not supporting repeal of 14(b) and at

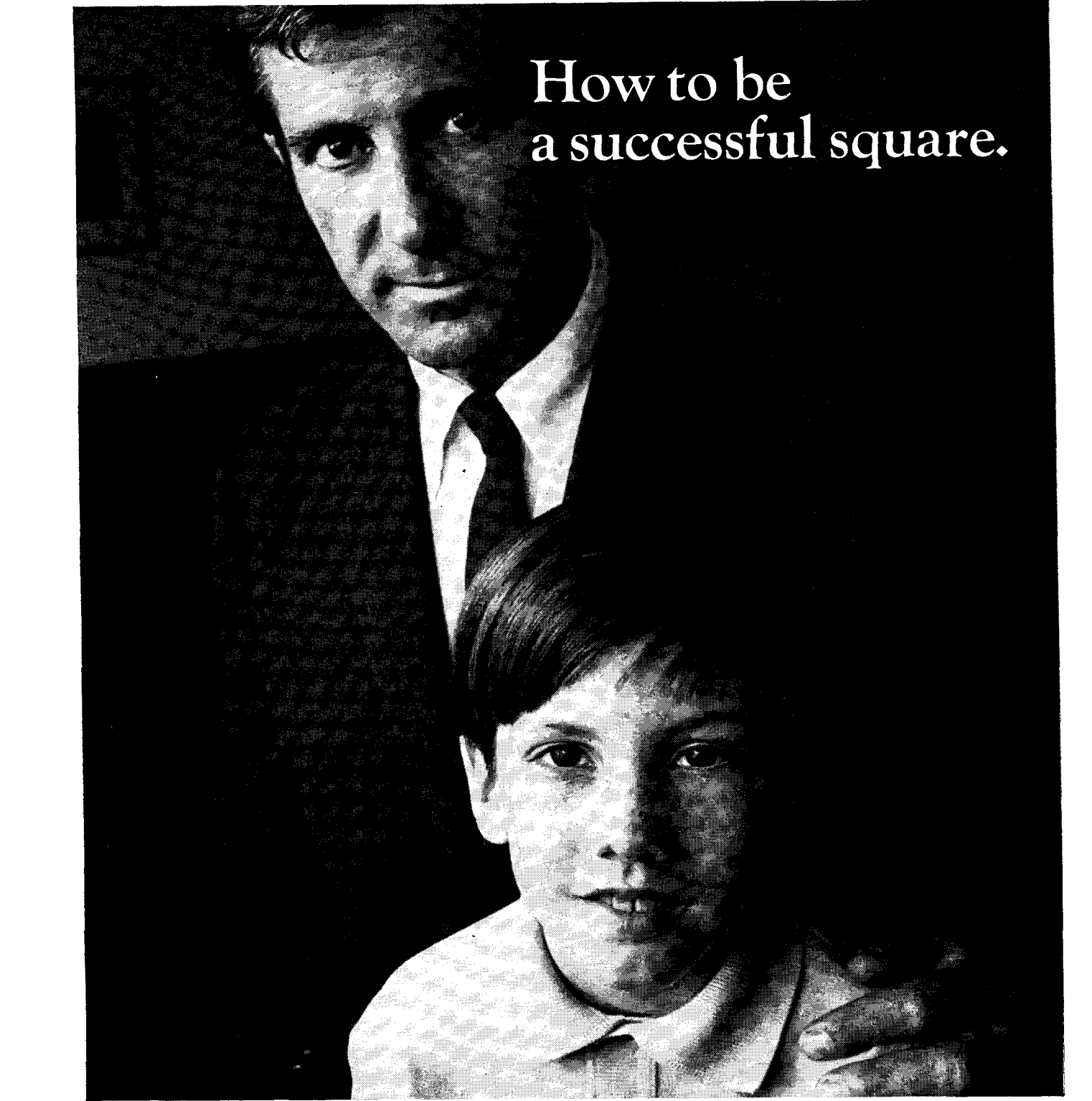
the President for not achieving it, the state AFL-CIO has declared itself politically independent of both the national and the state Democratic parties, and has even endorsed a Republican national committeeman in his race for a minor state post. If voter turnout is light, intransigent liberals could once again tip the Senate race to Tower.

LBJ and the governor

The Democrats' intraparty strife pleases no one less than the President, who during his long career as a Texas congressman and senator learned to shun ideology, deliver the goods, and keep every possible interest group just happy enough to answer the phone when he called. He used all factions and they used him, and if his electorate didn't adore him, at least they kept electing him. All but estranged from the liberals, whose only real hope he was, mistrusted by the Establishment, whose money backed him, he nonetheless somehow preserved a knack for keeping his party from falling to pieces; as long as he was running Texas, the Republicans didn't have a chance. No one has that knack in the Texas party today, not even Governor Connally.

The precise nature of the Johnson-Connally relationship is a common topic of Texas gossip, and there are two contending conspiracy theories that neatly complement each other. Many liberals, on the one hand, fervently believe that Connally and Johnson are simply allies and co-conspirators in a devious plot to preserve conservative hegemony in the Texas Democratic Party and thus in the state itself. Underlying this theory is the assumption that Johnson has never really changed, that the man who opposed civil rights and labor rights in 1948 is the same man in 1966 — and that he constantly shows his true colors through what he allows Connally and the oil and gas lobby (or the banking lobby or the insurance lobby) to get away with.

The theory requires a selective memory for facts, chief among them the whole domestic record of the Johnson presidency. Even on the state level, other facts must be ignored; there is the fact, for instance, that Johnson kept a Connally man, Joe Kilgore, from challenging the



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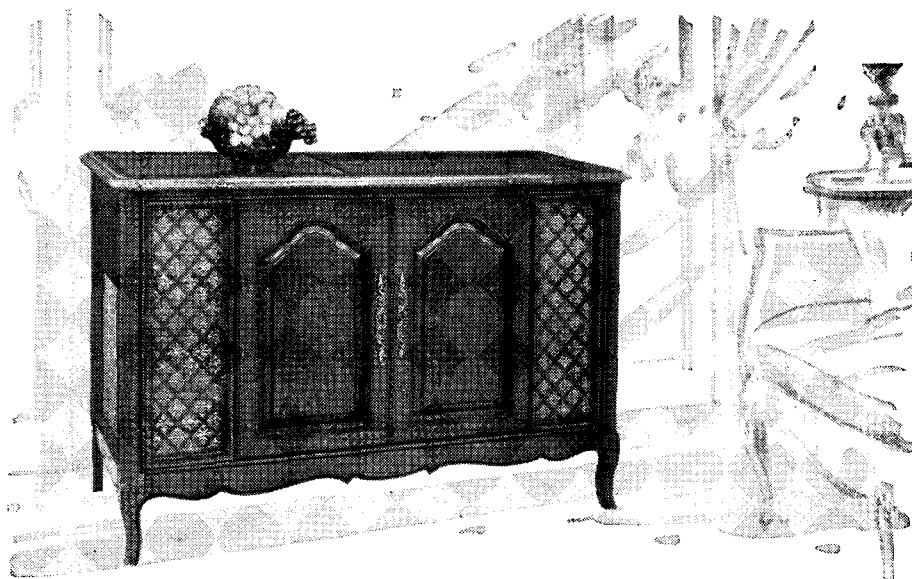
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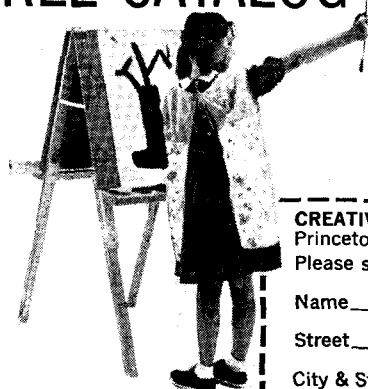
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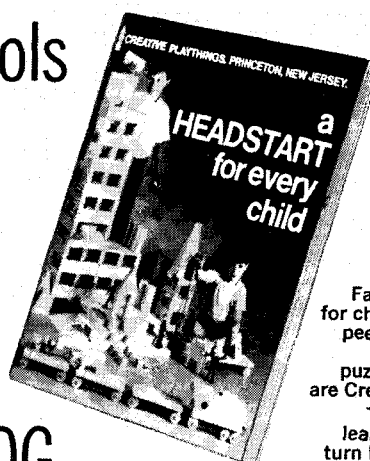
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Report on Texas

liberals' champion, Senator Yarborough, in 1964.

According to the other principal theory, Johnson and Connally are simply old and close friends who now represent vastly different constituencies and who therefore for political reasons from time to time must seem to conflict. Thus when the word filters out from an off-the-record press conference in Austin that the two are having a falling out, the explanation is conveniently at hand: it's all a smoke screen. Connally, so goes the explanation, is running for re-election and can't seem too closely tied to the man whom so many Texans can't abide. But at least one knowledgeable politician turns this thesis upside down. "Johnson and Connally," he observes, "are too much like brothers to be good friends. They gave up on each other long ago, but they keep smiling and talking for appearances' sake."

Not quite. The two men are indeed startlingly alike and at the same time startlingly different, each wrapped in an ego as gaudy as a prairie rainbow, and each convinced that the other is only a lesser version of himself. Yet they need each other and feed on each other, and somehow each is nourished. Johnson created Connally, but the governor, who managed campaigns and raised money from the men who had it when Johnson needed it most, can make pretty much the same claim. Today their relationship is wearing thin under political and personal friction, but they continue to need and use each other.

The plain fact, however, is that Connally today is more popular with the Establishment than Johnson ever was. There are those who support Connally despite their dislike for Johnson, but there are not many who support Connally because they like the President. In Texas, there are few funny jokes told about Lyndon B. Johnson, but there are many savage stories told by Establishmentarians who thought he was all theirs in the past and by liberals who feel betrayed. He is lucky, after all, that his country is still bigger than Texas.



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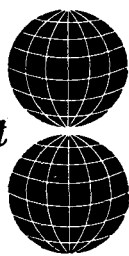
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IN THIS tense anniversary fall, the ten-year-old postrevolution regime of János Kádár in Hungary faces precisely the same domestic problem that confronted, and defeated, his predecessors. The problem is, of course, endemic to dictatorships everywhere: how to loosen the reins without having the horse bolt away underneath you. But in Budapest today, as in 1956, restlessness is growing, and the regime is being forced to take calculated risks to satisfy it or stifle it.

Here the parallel ends; for under the surface the picture is quite different from ten years ago. In 1956, the demand and the hope pulsing through the country were for an immediate end to the Soviet occupation and an end to the Communist regime itself. The tide of agitation was political. These political hopes have long since been abandoned. The restlessness today is basically economic — the cry for higher living standards — with an agitation for certain “nonpolitical” freedoms thrown in, such as better facilities for travel to the West. In other words, whereas ten years ago almost the entire Hungarian nation seemed to be consciously gathering itself for that great October leap to change its way of life, now it is as though ten million Magyars have all made their own personal pacts with a regime which is apparently unshakable, and each is concerned only with getting the best possible terms for himself.

As a result, in contrast to most societies, where the young are in the vanguard of agitation and the old represent the detached virtues of tolerance, most of the political intolerance and ferment in Hungary today seems to come from the older generation. It is the ferment of bitterness, the outbursts of those too set in their ways and too proud of those ways to make any sort of pact with the Communist devil.

Take, for example, one typical anti-Communist ex-bourgeois Budapest intellectual, a man fifty-seven years old, who was imprisoned for his right-wing views in Stalin’s day, released ten years ago, and since has scratched out a living for himself in that trading jungle where the private and

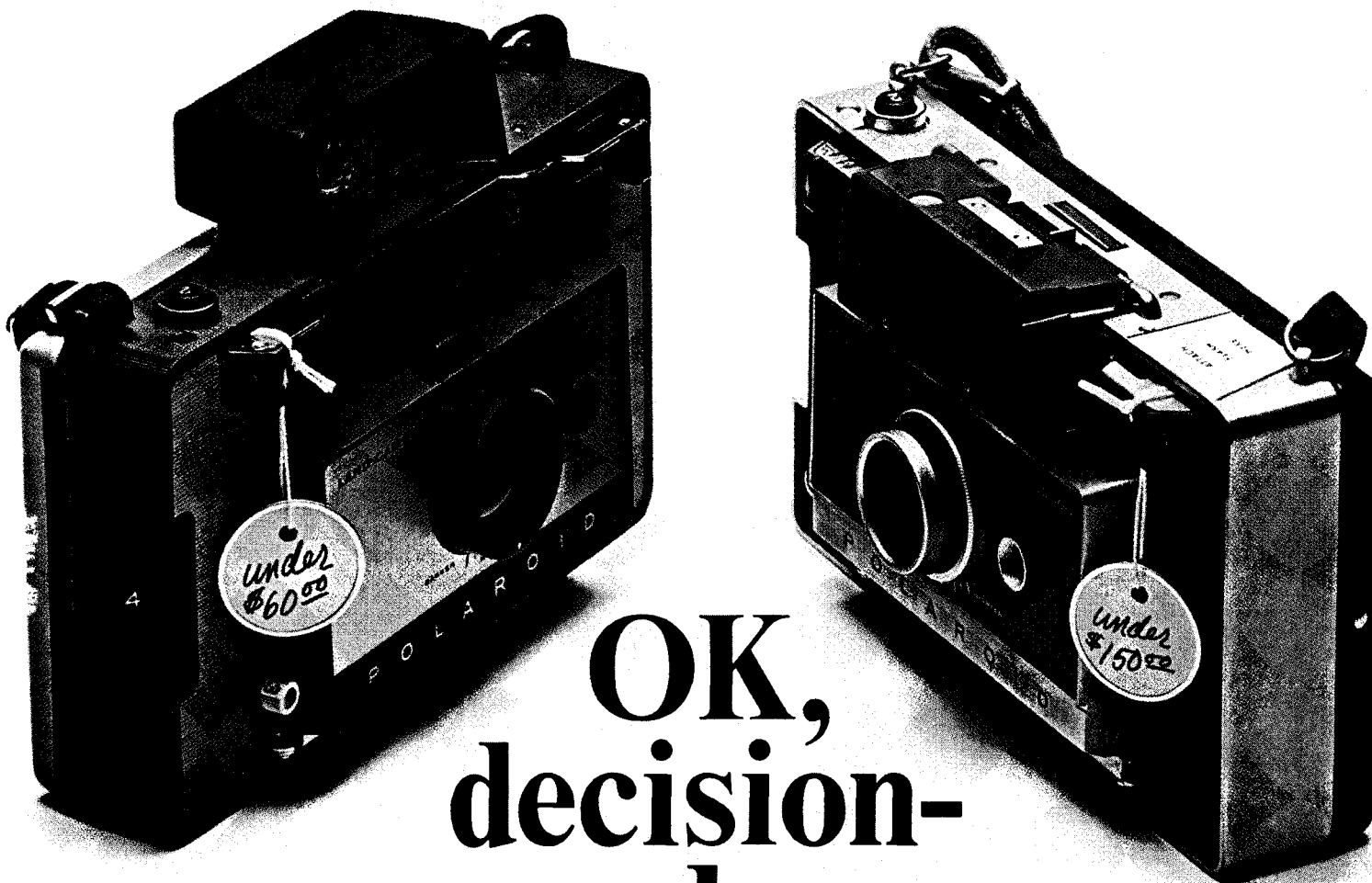
“socialist” sectors of the Hungarian economy meet. “I cannot understand what has happened to our young people,” he said. “Their apathy appalls me. All that the Communists have given us since 1956 is some bread and circuses, and even the bread — by which I mean better living — has been getting steadily scarcer again since 1960. On the spiritual side, there is bankruptcy. That is what the indifferent youth of today don’t seem to grasp. Moral bankruptcy! The Communists have turned the Hungarians into a nation of habitual liars. Children have to put on one face to their Communist schoolteachers and another at home to their usually anti-Communist parents.

“Party members still go to church — often, in the country, walking to the next village to make it look less obvious. Everyone has two jobs to make ends meet and lies to both employers. Everyone has two loyalties to save his skin and is therefore false to both. Can this ever be stopped? And if it is, won’t it take us a generation to wipe out the effects? We used to be proud of being a great Central European people. It’s the Communists who have balkanized the Hungarians, and that’s worse, I tell you, than anything else their secret police may have done to me and the likes of me. But no one seems to care anymore.”

He was equally bitter when asked whether anything had improved since 1956. “Jobs for the boys, jobs for the boys,” he snapped. “Of course they must make concessions here and there, and for that we have the revolution to thank. But the concessions cannot be allowed to go to the point where they threaten the hold of the 500,000 Party members. Not because of doctrine, but because of the power and privilege they are determined to hang on to. And nearly everyone just lies down under it all.”

Descent into pragmatism

György, his son-in-law, was one of those who “just lie down” — provoking countless family quarrels in the process. György is now thirty-five, the son of a minor landowner (dispossessed, of course) and therefore a bad risk from the re-



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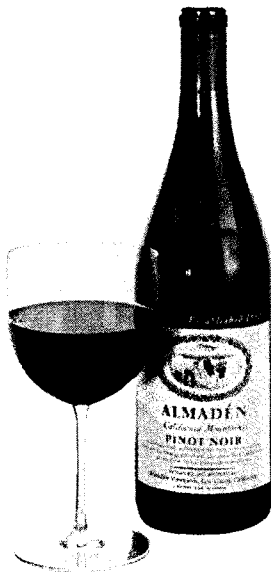
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Report on Hungary

gime's point of view. Despite this, by working hard and studiously avoiding politics, he had become one of the departmental heads in a light-industry factory. He had just realized a fifteen-year-old ambition by being allowed to register as a law student at the university. It was a desperately won toehold on the economic and social ladder, and he was not prepared to risk losing it just by "snatching at air," as he put it.

"I'm resigned about the general setup here," he continued. "If I ever think at all about the political future here — and even then I don't open my mouth outside these walls — I think of a sort of left-wing democracy emerging over the years out of the husk of Communism. But that's all long-term, and it's the very best we can hope for. In the meantime, the only thing that makes sense for me is to try and get a better life for my wife and myself. We want to have children, for example, but we can't do that until we get a bigger apartment."

This headlong descent into pragmatism, as you move down the age groups of Hungary today, strikes the visitor most forcibly with the students — the twenty-year-olds, for whom the revolution was a vivid childhood experience but an experience which, after all, now lies half of their lifetime behind them. One young man is typical. He comes from a family which is fairly neutral toward the regime, a family of non-Communists who have done well under Communism. He himself wants to be an architect and at twenty-one is in the middle of his advanced studies.

"It's absolutely idiotic to talk of overthrowing the regime," he said. "And indeed, why should we? After all, we were born under it and have grown up under it. What we must do is make the best of it. Of course everything isn't perfect; where in the world is it, for that matter? Take my own position, for example. My starting salary after I'm finished will be 1200 forints [about \$52] a month. It's absurd. One can't live on it! Then there's housing and all these travel restrictions. So much needs

improving. But it's the improvements we should concentrate on."

In terms of wages, the young architect's salary puts him in about the same bracket as Hungary's bank clerks, shop assistants, and other low-level white-collar employees. The average unskilled worker today may get slightly more — up to 1500 forints; while the skilled factory hand brings home up to 3000 forints a month. These basic workers' rates, not much above the 1956 levels, look far smaller in a tour of the shops. A decent pair of shoes, for example, costs around 500 forints — ten full days' labor for the unskilled workman.

The wife of a medium-grade factory clerk at Tatybanya, the big industrial center thirty miles west of Budapest, put these statistics in sober perspective. "Compared with 1956," she said, "there is a bigger variety of goods in the shops — food as well as other things. After all, there ought to be. That was ten years ago. But it hasn't increased steadily, and lately it has been getting worse, especially the food prices."

This woman was scornful about the government's claim that real wages had increased 9 percent between 1960 and 1965. "Figures, figures! They can prove anything. We hardly read them anymore. But that 9 percent is certain to include overtime as well as basic pay, and as we are all forced to do more overtime these days to make ends meet, we are in fact working harder just to stay in the same place. Then, on the other side, there are lots of dishonest things going on in the shops — substandard children's clothes being sold at full rates, for example. These are really hidden price increases but are never reckoned as such. For people like ourselves, who cannot afford to buy in the 'Maszek,' they will have to do something pretty drastic."

The gray market

The "Maszek," another of those faceless Communist portmanteau names, is a nationwide phenomenon, operating in defiance of the state. The label is short for the words "Magan Sektor," or private section of the economy. It exists not as an illegal black market but as an offi-



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cially tolerated gray market. It operates from "factories" or unlicensed shops in ten thousand cellars and attics. It bargains and advertises at a hundred thousand meetings, at street corners and café tables. Its watchword is private enterprise, its motive is profit, and its target is that great consumer goods gap which is still left yawning — above all, on the quality side — after twenty years of "Socialist planning."

Down in a cellar, for example, Mrs. X has her "shop," where she sells poultry, buying it privately from peasants, and fresh eggs. In a bad month she will clear 30,000 forints profit, and in a good month over 50,000. There are thousands like her, not just selling food but making things — women's hats or even shirt buttons — and operating more or less in the open.

Dabbling with capitalism

The regime's new economic plan, announced at the end of May, is the official answer to Maszek's challenge. The brainchild of Reszo Nyers, the party's economic planning expert, it had been under general study for eighteen months and under detailed debate in the Central Committee for several weeks preceding its final release. The declared aim is to raise living standards by injecting Western "market economy" methods into the rigid, overcentralized Socialist structure. Detailed production targets will be scrapped, and individual plants will be encouraged to find their own way to greater efficiency and "company profits." Workers' wages will be fixed individually and personal incentives given for better output. Supply and demand on the market will henceforth be a major and "flexible" factor in all planning. "Free" market prices are officially admitted as part of a new price system. Above all, the emphasis is on quality.

Introduced this year while popular unrest was mounting, these reforms represent a nervous genuflection toward the stifled spirit of the revolution and the growing supremacy of the customer. Yet their significance goes much further than market techniques. Underlying all the regime's technical debates is one

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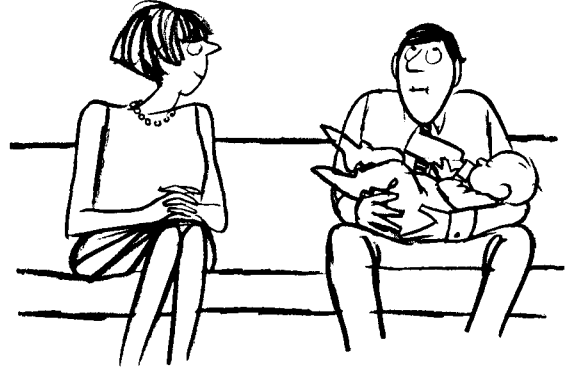
1



*I see that college costs
are going up again.*

*And I was just trying to
figure out how long we'll
have to save to send little
Nelson to college.*

2



How does it look?

*The way I figure it, we'll
have enough money by
the time Nels is 41.*

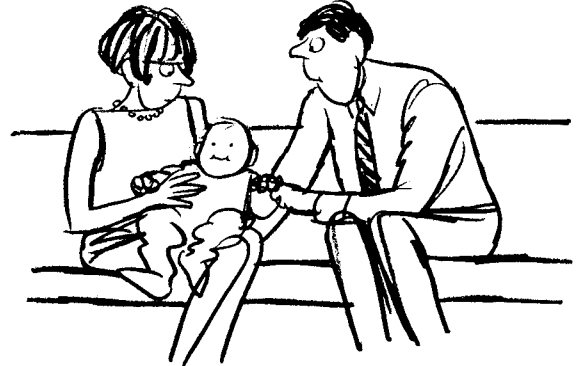
3



That's ridiculous.

*It'll make him a little
older than his classmates.*

4



*He'll be old enough to be
their father.*

*They say it's never too
late to learn.*

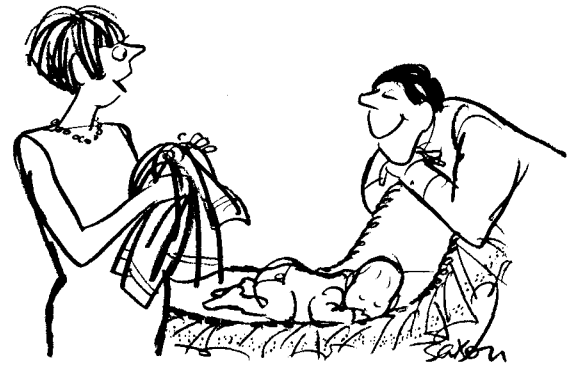
5



*What if something
happens to you before
we've saved enough?*

It would ruin our plans.

6



*Not if we plan with
Living Insurance from
Equitable. That way,
when Nels is ready for
college, we'll be sure of
having money to help
put him through.*

*And I married you for
your looks.*



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anxious, unspoken question: If economic liberty is granted, can political freedom be far behind?

No politics for writers

Hungary's writers have been at the center of its shifting political kaleidoscope ever since Hapsburg times. It was the writers, grouped in the famous Petoefi Circle, who created the whole climate of the 1956 uprising and helped to lead it when it came. Most of the literary lions of the uprising are no longer in prison. One can visit and talk to them, but, understandably, they are reluctant to be quoted.

The younger and less exposed writers, on the other hand, have no reservations, provided the talk does not become too political. Miklos Vojda, for example, discussed very frankly his job as literary editor of the English-language *Hungarian Quarterly*, a brilliantly conceived and produced "public image" publication sponsored by the regime.

"Though the government supports us, we on the editorial staff are not party members," Vojda said. "There is no party interference about the articles, stories, and poems we select for reprinting, but obviously there are certain things we know we cannot do — so we don't. Attacking the regime, for example, or Communism as an ideology; attacking Russia or the Soviet forces in Hungary, or the basic lines of the regime's foreign policy."

Laszlo Kery, the secretary of the Hungarian P.E.N. Club, said, "We have absolutely no direct state censorship anymore. It's all self-censorship by the editors of the magazines. Of course, borderline cases of politically delicate novels do crop up, and then we simply use our own judgment. Whenever this happens, there are two important criteria we use: what is the literary merit of the work, and what is the professional standing of the author?"

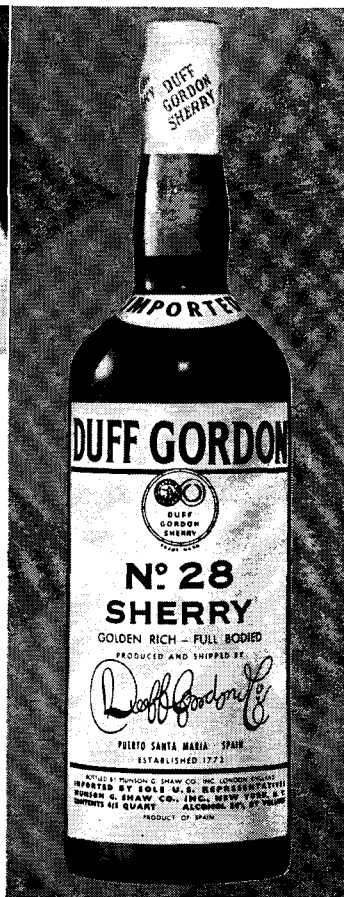
He thought that this was rather like the approach used in the West for prosecuting obscene literature. The parallel was not inapt, for to a Communist regime, real criticism is obscenity.



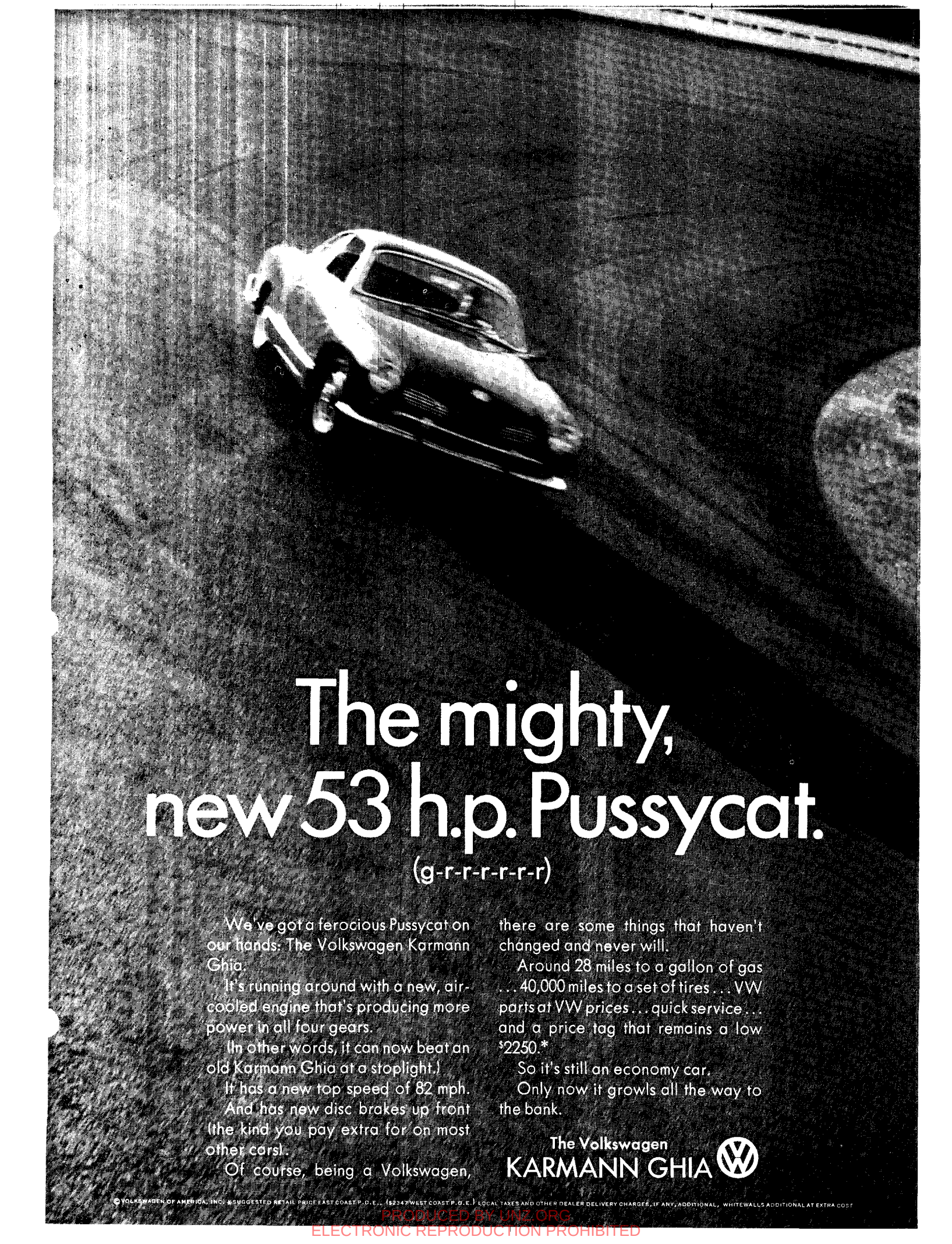
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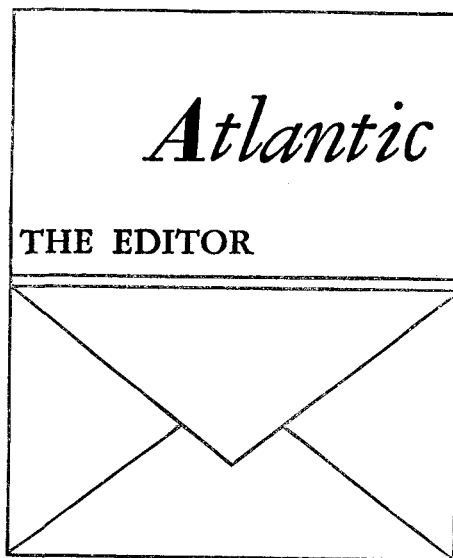
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LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR



The Obscenity Business

SIR:

Jason Epstein's "The Obscenity Business" (August *Atlantic*), occasionally a facile but more frequently a tortuous defense of the Supreme Court's 1966 Ginzburg decision, states that Ralph Ginzburg's harsh punishment engenders regret only for the man himself, not for our society as a whole. Mr. Epstein appears to have missed the point that when a society, any society, imprisons a man for five years and fines him nearly \$30,000 for publishing and promoting three publications as innocuous (and innocent) as *Eros*, *Liaison*, and *The Housewife's Handbook on Selective Promiscuity*, it is indeed that society which is to be regretted.

Far from bringing American jurisprudence closer to the "brave land" of Justices Douglas and Black (complete freedom from censorship of printed matter), as Mr. Epstein contends, the 1966 obscenity decisions have exacerbated the confusion which swirls around the question of legal censorship in this country. Far from disposing of the concept of intrinsic obscenity, the High Court has continued to hedge on this question, a point which would have become transparent had Mr. Epstein dealt with the *third* case considered along with Ginzburg and *Fanny Hill*. Edward Mishkin's lower-court conviction (three years in jail, \$12,000 fine) was upheld on the grounds that he produced and sold "allegedly" obscene books. If this represents inching toward the brave land of absolute freedom under the First Amendment, then a great many

people have misread l'affaire Ginzburg/Mishkin.

KENNETH F. KESTER
Boston, Mass.

SIR:

Jason Epstein's article portrayed Ralph Ginzburg as an unfortunate victim of a society which is unwilling (or perhaps unready) to be honest about its frustrated sexuality. Is it not possible that Ginzburg does not see himself as the hapless, poorly advised martyr that Epstein depicts? Ginzburg might even have been motivated by a philosophy less social-minded than Epstein's. He never claimed to be interested in helping Western civilization cast off its Judeo-Christian understanding of sexual morality.

The court judged Ginzburg by *his* motive, not Epstein's. That is why it is Ginzburg in jail and Epstein in the *Atlantic*, and not vice versa. I think they are both wrong.

MRS. CHARLES F. DAY
Dallas, Tex.

SIR:

While Jason Epstein's essay deserves praise for its sweetness and light, it is unfortunate that the author could not generate some heat for the plight of Ralph Ginzburg. In his effort to bend over backward in the direction of sweet reasonableness, Mr. Epstein finally condones the very hypocrisy that has condemned Ginzburg to languish in jail for the next five years.

Because he unabashedly represented himself as a purveyor of frankly erotic literature, Ginzburg has been given a stiff prison sen-

tence. While Ginzburg's honesty is the main reason for his being punished, those hypocrites who supply essentially the same kind of literature under the transparent guise that its content is aimed at an end which is higher than sexual titillation are allowed to go about their business.

In attempting to preserve us all from the vice of debauchery, the Supreme Court has only succeeded in undermining the virtue of honesty. And, contrary to Mr. Epstein's opinion, it is too much to ask that "publishers and booksellers . . . maintain a certain minimum decorum," for to ask this is to ask for a continuation of our dishonesty and hypocrisy where sex is concerned.

PAUL J. PALMERA
Providence, R. I.

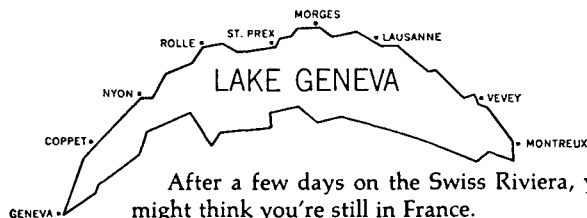
Houston's Newspapers

SIR:

I am amazed that a magazine of your reputation would print such a slanted and biased article as "Houston's Shackled Press" (Ben H. Bagdikian, August *Atlantic*). Mr. Bagdikian characterized the *Chronicle* of the 1950s as a mere "mouthpiece for the city's aging oligarchy," and as being "dull, jingoistic [and] reactionary."

Houston is a young, rapidly growing city which is far too large to be controlled by an oligarchy, aging or otherwise. A newspaper has to be owned by somebody, whether he is liberal or conservative, and that owner has an obligation to his readers and to the community to express his opinions on the editorial page.

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Mr. Bagdikian states that "there is almost nothing a community can do about a local newspaper that fails in its primary duty." I would suggest to the author that the community can and will take the same type of action I intend to take with your magazine (namely, to cancel my subscription) when a publication fails in its primary duty to accurately inform the public without bias or prejudice.

C. M. GALLMAN
Houston, Tex.

SIR:

Mr. Bagdikian certainly makes us shudder at the terrific power a newspaper has over the minds of a community.

DOROTHY S. JOHNSON
Daytona Beach, Fla.

SIR:

The August *Atlantic* has caused a great commotion among the members of our rather gutless press corps.

Members of the *Chronicle* staff are saying privately that with the *Atlantic* article there may be new hope. They are carrying copies of the article around secretly in their pockets and purses. One staff member, an executive secretary, told me that the article was the truth and that what she would like to see is Bill Steven's return and some "guts" put back into the paper.

Everett Collier, now editor of the *Chronicle*, has refused comment on the story in the *Atlantic*, just as he refused to comment on the Mecom deal. During the Mecom mess I chased Collier up a flight of stairs in the *Chronicle* building from his third floor office to the fourth floor, and he gave me eleven no comments in about nineteen steps.

So far we are the only news organization in town to touch the *Atlantic* article. One of the top reporters on the *Post* staff called me when he found that the *Atlantic* had sold out and told me, "I know we won't touch the story. I think it needs more publicity, and I hope you will give it some; more people need to be made aware of its existence." I then called one of our top newspapermen in this town, and he said he didn't want the newsstand concession around the *Chronicle*, just the Xerox concession.

The magazine has yet to appear on the newsstand in the *Chronicle* building lobby. The Houston Pub-

lic Library, which depends on grants from such organizations as the Houston Endowment, did not have any copies of the magazine as of August 4.

We are the only news medium so far to say that the *Atlantic Monthly* has attacked the establishment in our fair city; maybe it will do some good.

RICHARD EISER, JR.
Metropolitan Bureau Chief
KIKK Radio News
Houston, Tex.

SIR:

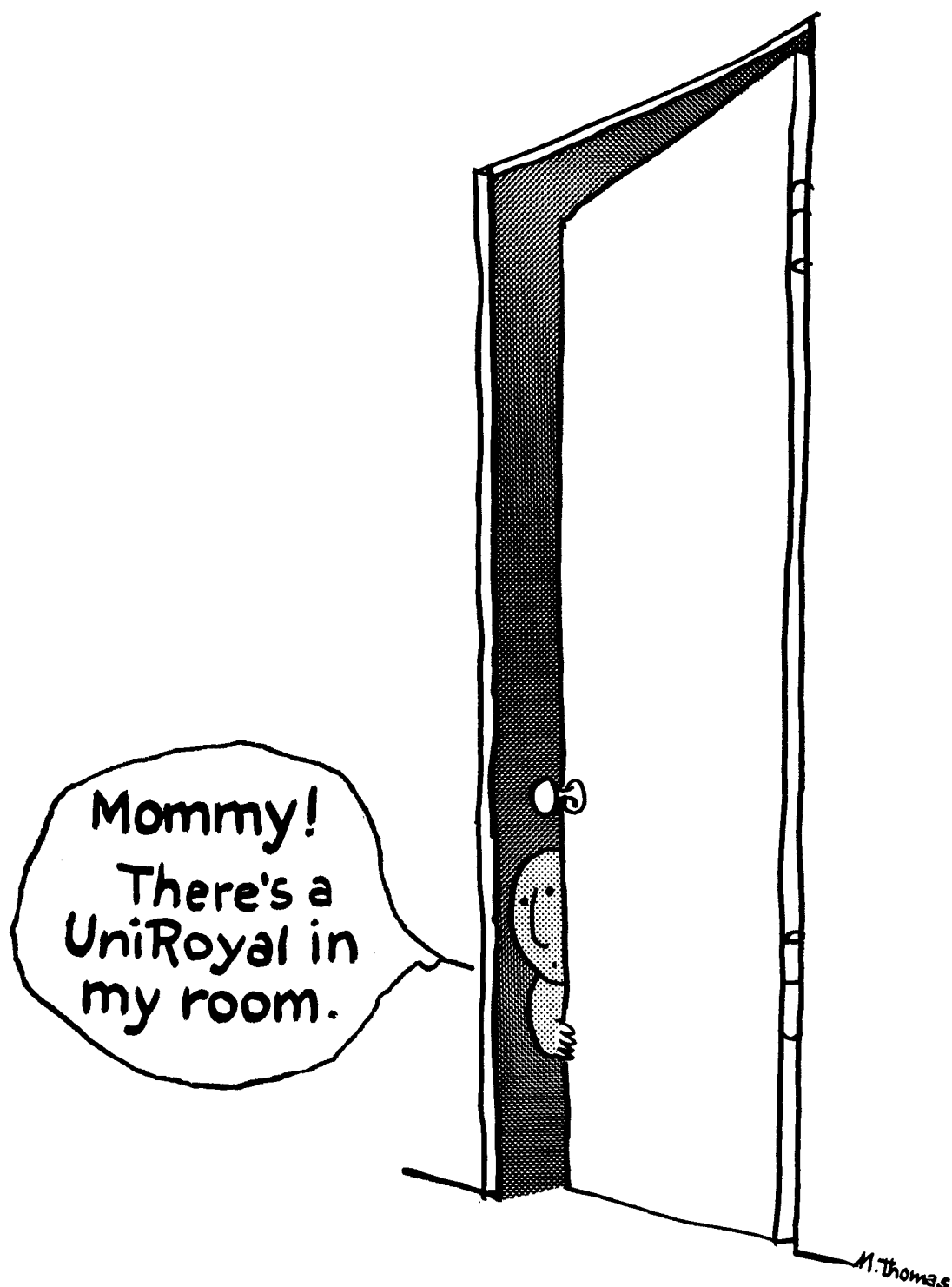
Americans have long assumed that competition between newspapers keeps them free and honest. But nothing keeps a newspaper free and honest except an owner who works at his job with a sense of awe at his responsibility and a sense of necessity to fill that responsibility in the public interest.

Ben H. Bagdikian's article is an honest report — a report noted in Houston so far only in the weekly conservative *Tribune* and on several radio and television newscasts. The dailies — the *Post* and the *Chronicle* — have had nothing to say, which is no change.

But, if I have any sense for Houston, I would venture that the *Chronicle's* inability to explain its internal problems and the problems of its ownership foundation shocked far fewer people than did the *Post's* failure to fill out the details of the story. The childlike trust of readers that one newspaper would rectify the errors or omissions of the other was shattered by the *Post's* performance.

As long as the city has two newspapers under two ownerships, there is always a chance that the law of correction and amplification may again become operative. Its present failure is not, necessarily, all-inclusive or eternal.

But there are twenty American cities with only one newspaper, to every city which has two separately owned papers. In these one-ownership cities, the owner's responsibilities are truly enormous. In Houston, competition was corrupted into collusion, but in a single-ownership city, the one newspaper is a matter of as much community concern as a single electric company, or a single board running the public schools. In such instances, where one agency administers a segment of public service, wisdom dictates more public



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revelation of the facts of the business than the public gets about most such newspapers.

Bagdikian suggests that it be required that newspaper owners be fully identified. I think, also, that newspapers should publish their annual financial statements.

The Post Office and the Audit Bureau now publish certified circulation figures; Media Records provides detailed listings of advertising lineage. Balance sheets and earnings statements would add one valuable dimension: the community could judge whether the owner could afford to print more news or hire a better staff.

I am not opposed to newspapers making money. A newspaper which is not strong financially can be venal editorially. But a newspaper which is strong financially can also be weak and insufficient editorially. This it should have to explain; not hide large profits in secrecy.

This is merely one extension of the thinking which Mr. Bagdikian provided. There are many others, and the time is ripe for a full public discussion on how to keep the press productive in the community inter-

est and profitable to its ownership.

WILLIAM P. STEVEN
Houston, Tex.

Is Schweitzer Dead?

SIR:

May I comment on the account in your August issue of the Schweitzer Convocation ("Is Schweitzer Dead?", Cornelius Scipio).

Attributed to John R. Everett is the idea that "Schweitzer could not get a job teaching philosophy in a reputable university. . . . [He] was a religious existentialist and not a philosopher in the Greek tradition at all." The fact is that Schweitzer did not, like the existentialists, engage in a protracted analysis of the ambiguous idea "existence," nor did he explore "being." He did not share their distrust of reason, their dependence on revelation, their sense of alienation, or their pessimism. As a rationalist who followed Descartes, he began by doubting everything. But where Descartes found "thought" itself indubitable, Schweitzer found he could not doubt "life." The philosophy he based on it would have delighted the Greeks.

"Time was spent showing the

contradictions, inconsistencies, and paradoxes which seem to lie in great abundance in Schweitzer's writings," says Cornelius Scipio. As one who has directed student reading of Schweitzer for many years, may I say that he at times employs paradoxes to show the complex nature of truth. No inconsistencies or contradictions remain in the final structure of his thought.

"Everett said something to the effect that Schweitzer's position can only appeal to people who have the same kind of ethical nature, religious consciousness, rational demands, and sense of mystery as he possessed. In other words, Schweitzer's philosophy is for Schweitzer." It is a known fact that thousands have found Schweitzer's synthesis of honest doubt with affirmative faith exactly what they were looking for.

Schweitzer "never . . . supported research." In her lectures in this country on her husband's work, Mrs. Schweitzer frequently said that as soon as he received trained assistance from Europe, Schweitzer set up medical research which culminated in the isolation of the germ of a tropical disease.

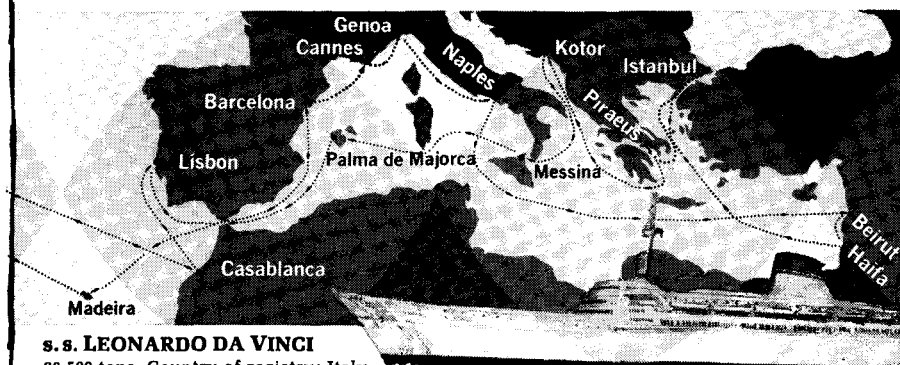
"If you take Schweitzer apart he disappears, but if you leave him in one piece he is an excellent example of what some consider the best that Western civilization can produce." As a specialist in the New Testament, Schweitzer in his theory of Jesus' "interim ethic" blazed a new trail which scholars have been exploring for forty years; as a philosopher he produced a new synthesis of classical rationalism with romantic life-philosophy; his interpretation threw new light on Bach as a composer of "pictorial" and "programmatic" as well as "absolute" music; his Bach records have inspired thousands, even though the musicians the article mentions thought his technique "only fair to poor"; his knowledge of the great European organs and concern for their restoration made him an authority in that field; as a physician he saved hundreds of lives and eased the pain of hundreds more. In which of these areas does he "disappear"?

"The convocation was supposed to have evaluated the man, and it did." Not fairly, if the statements above are typical.

J. S. BIXLER
Jaffrey, N. H.

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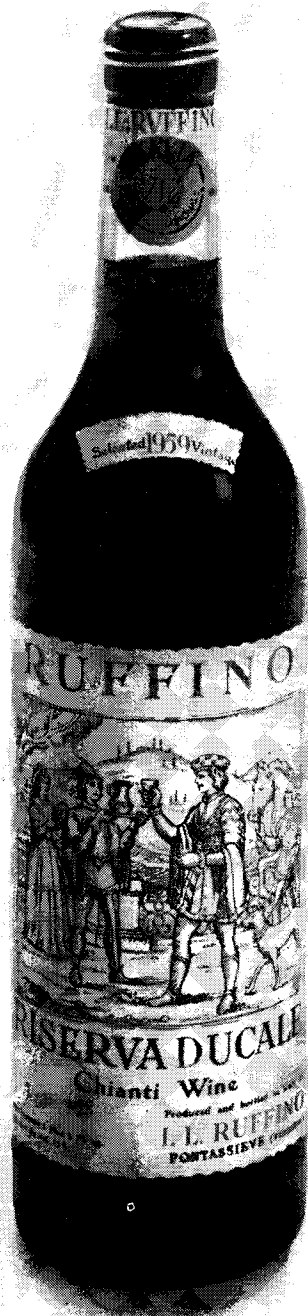
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On Dismembering Hemingway

SIR:

Philip Young's "On Dismembering Hemingway" (August *Atlantic*) is certainly the best criticism of A. E. Hotchner's claim-to-name biography that I have seen. Young's most pertinent and cruelest point is that Hotchner, because he has written falsely for his own gain, is a second-hand man. He has tried to assume an instant dignity by involving himself — and mistakenly over-involving himself — with a heroic figure of great and real respect.

In his book, Hotchner hints of an intimate and beautiful friendship with Hemingway. Actually, however, he portrays himself in an envious man-to-man relationship with "Papa" through shamefully obvious devices, making an abortive bid to share the spotlight of the Hemingway legend.

SCOTT B. VICKERS
Clinton, N. Y.

SIR:

I just read Philip Young's article, and I would like to say: (1) Young is the finest critic of Hemingway in the United States today, and (2) it is about time someone took the parasitic Hotchner to task.

ROBERT E. CONNELLY
King's College
Wilkes-Barre, Penn.

SIR:

Philip Young's review of A. E. Hotchner's *Papa Hemingway* smacks of green-eyed envy. Mr. Young writes like a man who has written a book (which he has) that is not quite as popular as the book he is reviewing.

What Young overlooks is that many skilled conversationalists do repeat themselves on occasion. The trouble with most raconteurs is that they have a bad memory.

HERBERT J. ROGERS
Elkins, W. Va.

SIR:

Apart from the fact that the article by Philip Young on Hemingway and Hotchner is an amusing and exceedingly well written piece, it is a very important one, I think. I am not a Hemingway scholar — only a Hemingway reader. But Hotchner struck me as bogus. Now, it seems, Young disposes of the matter.

JOHN KENNETH GALBRAITH
Harvard University
Cambridge, Mass.

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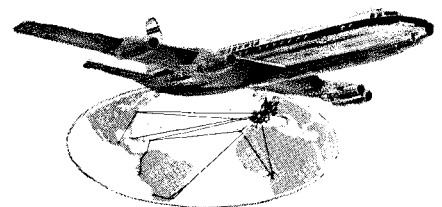
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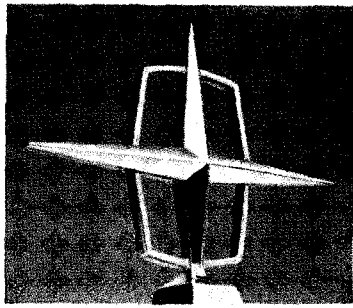
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NOBEL'S HITS AND ERRORS

BY DONALD FLEMING

Alfred Nobel invented dynamite and smokeless powder, and mistakenly hoped that those discoveries would make war too horrible to be countenanced. He held high hopes, too, that his annual five prizes for men who had conferred "the greatest benefit on mankind" would diminish nationalism and cement peace. What have the Nobel Prizes achieved? With award time approaching, Harvard historian Donald Fleming provides an illuminating survey of the Nobel Prizes and some speculation on the 1966 winners.

RIDDLE: Tolstoy, Chekhov, Gorky, Ibsen, Strindberg, Zola, Proust, Kafka, Rilke, Brecht, Croce, Hardy, Henry James, Mark Twain, Joseph Conrad, James Joyce, D. H. Lawrence, García Lorca — what do they have in common? Well, yes, but besides that, they were living after the Nobel Prizes got under way, and didn't win in literature. Sully Prudhomme, José Echegaray, Rudolf Eucken, Paul von Heyse, Verner von Heidenstam, Wladyslaw Reymont, Grazia Deledda, Erik A. Karlfeldt, Frans Sillanpää, and Halldór Laxness did.

Mendeleev of the periodic table and Willard Gibbs of the phase rule didn't win in chemistry; but Henri Moissan and Fritz Pregl did. Gandhi didn't win the prize for peace; Bertha von Suttner did. Lister didn't win in medicine; Johannes Fibiger did. Who was Fibiger? Who indeed?

Yet despite fantastic omissions and dubious awards, the luster of the Nobel Prizes has remained absolutely undimmed as the most glittering recognition of intellect that can come to a man or woman of the twentieth century. Soon the drama will begin all over again with a new cast of anywhere from three to ten people. The prizewinners and their biographers have left many accounts of the experience, only to be compared with the letting down of a ladder from heaven in the lives of the saints.

The golden moment will gild the rest of a lifetime. The prizewinner has been lifted up above his professional associates, authenticated as a world figure by the only genuine stamp. Why, exactly, have the Nobel Prizes riveted the attention of the twentieth century as no other distinctions have done? The answer is that they reflect and epitomize some of the principal historical transformations of the age, and more than this, they embody the psychological tensions that profound historical change produces. In the century that has seen the waning of nationalism as an untroubled faith, the Nobel Prizes have symbolized the harmonious world community that cannot seem to get born but clearly must. One of them is actually for peace and harmony among nations, but in a larger sense all of them together undertake to single out contributions from any source to the welfare of the entire human race. At the same time, in a world where nationalism, however tarnished morally, is still the mainspring of practical affairs, the prizes lend themselves to tabulation according to nationality in a kind of spiritual Olympics.

The other great paradox that the prizes have ministered to has been the ever increasing prestige of science and technology in a rapidly secularizing era, but an era that clings all the more desperately to the ideal of service to humanity as the only viable

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relic of traditional religion and the only bulwark against the abuse of science itself. The Nobel Prizes have been tacitly consecrated for the mind of the twentieth century by an association between service to humanity and the advancement of science.

It is easy to see how all of these trends were refracted through Alfred Nobel. He was a cosmopolitan who lived in many countries, including Russia and the United States. He was one of Darwin's congregation, a nonbeliever in religion, but a secular humanitarian as well. He was a genius at applied science, the inventor of dynamite and smokeless powder, and equally good at parlaying his discoveries into a worldwide industrial empire. Finally, he was a bachelor who could dispose of his entire fortune as he chose.

This was the man who on his death in 1896 left a will devoting the vast bulk of his fortune to the annual award of five prizes, without regard to nationality, for those who "in the preceding year" had conferred "the greatest benefit on mankind" by "the most important discovery or invention" in physics; "the most important chemical discovery or improvement"; "the most important discovery within the domain of physiology or medicine"; "the most outstanding work of an idealistic tendency" in literature; and "the most or best work for fraternity among nations, for the abolition or reduction of standing armies and for the holding and promotion of peace congresses." The prizes for physics and chemistry were to be awarded by the Swedish Academy of Sciences; for physiology or medicine by the Caroline Institute in Stockholm; for literature by the Swedish Academy; for peace by a committee chosen by the Norwegian Parliament (Storting). The early prizes were worth about \$42,000. Their cash value had dropped by 1950 to about \$32,000, but in the 1960s they have risen to about \$52,000. Of course, \$42,000 in 1901 had the purchasing power of at least \$100,000 today.

Nobel's will, though clear enough, was technically defective. Some members of his family tried to break it for ostensibly high-minded reasons and had to be bought off by the executors. Perhaps as a cover for this, the family insisted on further restrictions upon the terms of award. The awarding bodies themselves, once the prize-giving got under way, inevitably built up a body of common-law interpretations of the mandate that Nobel and his relatives had given.

The result has been that severe limitations have diminished the quality and scope of the Nobel Prizes. Three of the limitations were imposed by Nobel himself: that literature had to be "idealistic" to qualify; that science meant a discovery, inven-

tion, or improvement, with the narrow definition of "discovery" implied by his coupling it with the other terms; that all prizes should be for the work of the preceding year. In practice, the awarding bodies loosened up the last requirement by making the award for "recent" contributions, or for contributions of which the full significance had only recently been grasped. In itself, this policy was a great gain for flexibility; but combined with another perfectly sensible rule, it lent itself to grave injustices. The scientific juries early saw the wisdom of waiting till discoveries were proved to be sound. Yet by the time a discovery was thoroughly authenticated, it might have lost the magical attribute of being "recent" and be out of the running unless newly appreciated at some later date. But this meant that an absolutely fundamental discovery which had gone on slowly but surely building itself into the very fabric of modern science might never experience any sensational "re-discovery" or sudden burst of new relevance, because it was relevant everywhere and all the time.

Some of the greatest discoveries fell between the stools of soundness and recency. As a corollary to this, the scientific juries have consistently enforced the principle that a man cannot accumulate "credit" toward a Nobel Prize by making a number of unrelated discoveries. If any one of them is important enough, it can be rewarded on its merits, but a really notable discovery that has been passed over will do nothing to eke out the claims of another contribution by the same man. The system is loaded against the versatile or ranging intellect.

Two other major restrictions were imposed by Nobel's relatives: that no prize should be shared by more than three persons, and that no prize should be conferred upon a dead man unless he had been recommended for the award before his death.

Apart from these standing rules, the history of the prizes has been affected by two specific problems. In the first dozen years or so, the awarding bodies were confronted with a backlog of famous writers, peace agitators, and scientists who had made their names in the nineteenth century but lived on into the twentieth in a state of some vitality and productivity. Here, of course, the rule about recency was a big help in enabling the juries to set certain legendary figures gently aside. Even so, both the juries and the general public boggled at discarding the giants who had been at the height of their powers as late as 1885 or 1890. The result was that there were far too many towering senior figures still in the running for all of them to be squeezed into the first dozen years, even if there had been any way to space them out in the order of their more or less impending deaths.

The other problem that has cut clean across the

prizes has been the occurrence of the two world wars, both of which led to the suspension of individual prizes or the entire set of prizes. In the turmoils of the twentieth century, no other people could have kept the prizes going as well as the Swedes. Yet the fact remains that the omission of awards when combined with the recency requirement was calculated to cheat some people out of prizes they deserved.

The quality of the actual prizes that began to be awarded in 1901 has been a compound of the limitations enforced by general rules and special problems and the judgment displayed by the awarding bodies within these constraints. How good, and how bad, have the selections been? There is no authoritative answer to that, but here are one man's impressions.

The number of outright blunders is extremely small. It was preposterous to honor the complacently bellicose Theodore Roosevelt as a man of peace in 1906, even if he did serve as a broker for winding up the Russo-Japanese War. Rudolf Eucken, a deservedly forgotten philosopher who was never important, was a scandalous choice in literature. Most people would now agree that Pearl Buck was another bad choice, and some would add John Steinbeck. At any rate, the strategic moment for honoring Steinbeck at the height of his reputation was certainly missed by more than twenty years. Only one award seems to have arisen out of sheer ignorance of the facts — J. J. R. Macleod's equal share in the prize given to Sir Frederick Banting, the discoverer of insulin. Macleod's sole contribution consisted in providing laboratory space and giving some general advice. Banting's true collaborators were C. H. Best and J. B. Collip. They should have been included in the prize and Macleod left out. He is the only palpably undistinguished investigator in the whole list of laureates in science. The other principal contender for this title, Johannes Fibiger, was at least honored for his own work, on an alleged form of cancer, but it is now virtually certain that his basic conclusions were wrong. The Caroline Institute learned its lesson all too well. In the forty years since Fibiger was honored, there have been no awards for cancer research whatever. The original mistake was pardonable. The absolutely fossilized disregard of all subsequent research on cancer is a more grievous, indeed aggravated, failure.

If we consider the average caliber of each series of prizes with due regard to people who were passed over, the record is mixed. In an odd way, the prizes that are hardest to find fault with, and simultaneously the most disappointing, have been for peace. If the Nobel committee set any store by naval disarmament in the 1920s, Charles Evans Hughes should have won. Of the recent prizes, it

is possible to wonder whether Father Georges Pire's admirable work with refugees has really contributed to international peace. Martin Luther King's achievements would hardly have fallen within Nobel's own definition. Yet King's prize, and Chief Albert John Luthuli's, represented belated recognition of the principle of nonviolent resistance exemplified by Gandhi. Anybody who thinks that Gandhi ought to have won is in no position to object to the others.

Given the impossible task of rewarding people for a service that nobody has yet discovered how to perform, the Norwegians have acquitted themselves creditably.

TRULY distinguished literature has been produced in the twentieth century, and here the record of the Swedish Academy is inexcusably bad. In addition to most of the giants of world literature, the non-winners have included Anna Akhmatova, Aleksandr Blok, Karel Capek, Jaroslav Hasek (of *The Good Soldier Schweik*), Stefan George, Arthur Schnitzler, Hugo von Hofmannsthal, Robert Musil, Paul Claudel, André Malraux, Miguel de Unamuno, Ortega y Gasset, Italo Svevo, George Meredith, H. G. Wells, Katherine Mansfield, E. M. Forster, Virginia Woolf, Dylan Thomas, William James, Theodore Dreiser (the runner-up to Sinclair Lewis in 1930), Edith Wharton, Scott Fitzgerald, Ezra Pound, and Robert Frost. Prizes for Swinburne and Paul Valéry were in the making when they died — not exactly prematurely: they were both in their seventies.

The glut of secondary Scandinavian writers is notorious; but the magnificent Swedish neutrality was vindicated by snubbing the only two Scandinavian writers of genius. Neither Ibsen nor Strindberg, neither Tolstoy nor Chekhov, neither Rilke nor Proust, neither Henry James nor Mark Twain nor Joseph Conrad — how could such a record be compiled except as a joke? The answer is a combination of severely restrictive rules capriciously applied by narrow men.

The small man and the inglorious opportunity were well met in Carl David af Wirsén, the Permanent Secretary of the Swedish Academy and dominant figure in the Nobel Prizes for literature till his death in 1912. He was a man of limited horizons, vindictive, and a bigot in literature. Strindberg was out because he had satirized Wirsén — only one man even bothered to nominate him. Tolstoy was more of a problem — foolish people would go on nominating him, but Wirsén was equal to the occasion. *War and Peace* and *Anna Karenina* were great novels, agreed, but Tolstoy's recent work was full of detestable opinions on art, government, and civilization. The Academy

NOBEL SURPRISE

Explain his fame and foreign veneration?
He reads much better in a bad translation.

by Richard O'Connell

would seem to be endorsing these, and that was out of the question. The Ibsen menace was dispatched by saying that he was past his prime. It was not that Wirsén was hobbled by a foolish consistency. He tried repeatedly to get the prize for Swinburne, a writer singularly devoid of any content, idealistic or otherwise, who had lost his touch a mere thirty years before.

When Wirsén died in 1912 he left behind kindred spirits adept at sniffing out any trace of irony, acerbity, gloom, pessimism, skepticism, cynicism, or fatalism as the hoofprints of an unidealistic tendency. Anatole France finally slipped through in 1921 on the delightful argument that his works couldn't have been written by Zola. Thomas Hardy remained impossible. Sinclair Lewis in 1930 was tarred with skepticism, but the Academy was looking desperately for an American winner, the main alternative was the fatalist Dreiser, and a wholesome face could be put upon the whole affair by describing *Babbitt* as a piece of "high-class American humor." The scruples worked in reverse. Lewis had his reputation as a debunker to lose, he would be sadly compromised among his cronies if the charge of idealistic tendencies could be made to stick, and he let it be understood that nowadays all this meant was that he hadn't written solely for commercial gain. As a matter of fact, after 1930 the idealistic proviso does not seem to have made much, if any, difference. The dam had burst.

This does not mean that the record since 1930 has been satisfactory. Of the winners in the decade of the thirties (Lewis, Karlfeldt, Galsworthy, Bunin, Pirandello, O'Neill, Martin du Gard, Pearl Buck, Sillanpää), only Pirandello would now be generally recognized as a major writer of secure reputation. The winners since the Second World War — including Gide, Eliot, Faulkner, Mauriac, Hemingway, Camus, Pasternak, and Sartre — probably constitute a higher proportion of the most notable living writers than in any previous period. But the roster is weakened by the increasingly evident determination to single out the literature of previously neglected nationalities (Chilean, Icelandic, Yugoslav, Greek). In this respect, Nobel's injunction to disregard nationality has been turned on its head.

The most damning indictment of the whole list of prizes in literature is their smugly unadventurous character. With the arguable exceptions of O'Neill, Pirandello, Eliot, and Hemingway, no prize has

been given for work that was markedly experimental in technique. Neither Proust nor Joyce nor Virginia Woolf is represented. No bold experiment in literary subject matter has been recognized till the result was no longer in doubt and the power of the Nobel Prize to affect the outcome absolutely nil. The revolution in candor about sex led by Proust and D. H. Lawrence was firmly ignored till the prize for O'Neill in 1936, followed at a long interval by the selection of Gide in 1947. Even with the most conventional themes and techniques, the Swedish Academy has been leadenly cautious. With the clear exception of Yeats and the possible exceptions of O'Neill, Camus, and Sartre, no author has been caught while his career was still on the upswing: the average age of the winners has been over sixty. Only seven men, including Kipling and Camus, have been recognized in their forties. It is easy to see how this dismal record came about. The Academy wanted to be sure about the winners' ultimate stature. But this is quite simply a violation of Nobel's entire purpose. He wanted to recognize the most impressive recent book, not to set the seal upon the work of a lifetime or to reward the capacity for literary and physical endurance. This policy would probably have produced some colossal blunders by the lights of posterity, but then the existing record is uneven too.

Not surprisingly, the Nobel Prizes in science have been more impressive than the others. Yet even here the record in physiology or medicine is not as good as in physics or chemistry. This is not entirely the fault of the Caroline Institute. Medical science is inherently more diverse than modern physics or chemistry — potentially as diverse as the tissues, organs, and functions of the human body and the innumerable ills to which they fall prey — and never likely to rise to "first principles" in the way that the physical sciences have increasingly done. The upshot is that there are more medical scientists more nearly on a par at the head of their profession than there are physicists or chemists. Very few of the actual winners in physiology or medicine have been unsuitable, so that the substitution of others might have produced injustices in turn. There have been too many potential laureates. As if in recognition of this, the Caroline Institute has recently identified various nonwinners whom its Nobel Committee has regarded as "prizeworthy" but for some reason passed over in favor of other investigators.

Granted the difficulties, it is still shocking that none of the following prizeworthy men was actually honored: E. H. Starling (one of the founders of

the hormone concept); F. W. Twort and Félix d'Hérelle (independent discoverers of the bacteriophage); Sir Thomas Lewis (the pioneer in the interpretation of electrocardiograms); Walter B. Cannon (one of the three discoverers of chemical neuro-transmission and one of the greatest hormone investigators); E. V. McCollum (the most prolific single discoverer of vitamins and the pioneer student of trace elements in human nutrition); Peyton Rous (the discoverer of the viral transmission of tumors in fowl).

The following major figures were apparently never adjudged prizeworthy: Joseph von Mering and Oscar Minkowski (the discoverers of the role of the pancreas in diabetes, the basis of insulin therapy); Clemens von Pirquet and Béla Schick (two of the three principal discoverers of allergy); David Keilin (the elucidator of the respiratory enzyme cytochrome); Hans Berger (the inventor of the electroencephalogram for tracing brain waves); O. T. Avery (the discoverer with two associates of DNA as the carrier of heredity). If Sir Charles Sherrington, the greatest of all neurophysiologists, had not lived to the age of seventy-five, he too would figure in this list. He had been futilely placed in nomination no fewer than 134 times, beginning in 1902, before he was finally awarded a share of the prize for 1932. Perhaps the single most frustrating experience was that of the American Ross G. Harrison, who was actually recommended for the prize in 1917 for his epoch-making innovation of tissue culture, only to lose out because the award of the prize was suspended for the duration of the First World War. When the issue was raised again later, the discovery was dismissed as "too old" and in a longer perspective not important enough. The latter judgment was simply mistaken.

Approached from the other side, of major advances, rather than great investigators, in medicine that do not figure in the annals of the Nobel Prize, the following were deliberately passed over on the grounds that there were too many contributors involved: the discovery of sex hormones, the discovery of vitamin D and its functions, the introduction of local anesthesia, and the fenestration operation to restore hearing.

The record of the Swedish Academy of Sciences in awarding the prizes for physics and chemistry is much harder to criticize. By far the most dubious prizes, in no way disreputable but hardly up to the ordinary standard, have been three or four for rather limited contributions to technology. Apart from the unpardonable omission of Mendeleev and Willard Gibbs, the only truly imposing figure of the past whom the Academy can be accused of missing is the American chemist G. N. Lewis, one of the founders of modern valency theory.

The American Wallace Hume Carothers, the inventor of nylon, and the Englishman F. S. Kipping, who laid the theoretical foundations for the use of silicones in industry, were both dead before the practical importance of their research had fully emerged. The Academy liquidated a long-standing reproach against itself by finally giving a prize to the great organic chemist R. B. Woodward of Harvard in 1965.

ONLY about six hundred people will have won a Nobel Prize in the whole course of the twentieth century. What difference will it make to the rest of the human race? What good and what harm have the Nobel Prizes done to society?

One of the main objects that Nobel had in view was to reduce nationalism by focusing upon contributions to the world community. Here his aim has been achieved in two ways. He permanently reduced the claustrophobic aspects of life in Scandinavia by forcing the Swedes and to a lesser extent the Norwegians to be on the alert for constructive achievements anywhere in the world. On a wider scale but less intensively, the Nobel Prizes have conferred a unique international visibility upon men and women of many nationalities and annually reminded each nation of its indebtedness to the others. The effects of this are impalpable, but not to be despised.

Nobel's other principal object was to call attention to what the winners had contributed and make it easier for them to contribute more. Many authors have acquired a wider audience for their work, particularly in translation, including the motley troop shepherded into American editions by Alfred and Blanche Knopf. On the other hand, the prospect of the authors' paths being smoothed for further bursts of creativity has been greatly reduced by the high average age of the winners in this category.

The scientific winners have been younger. Besides that, it is easier to conceive of intellectually productive improvements in the working conditions of a scientist than of a writer. There is no doubt that a scientist can write his own ticket after he gets the one accolade that everybody has heard of. If he breaks a long drought of Nobel Prize winners in his country or institution, his leverage becomes tremendous. The most sensational recent example came last year when the geneticists François Jacob, André Lwoff, and Jacques Monod of the Pasteur Institute in Paris shared the first Nobel Prize in science awarded to any Frenchman in thirty years. They and their colleagues had been trying for some time to take over the administrative council of the institute from a body of antique and highly con-

servative politicians who were dragging their feet about getting the scientists' salaries up to the level of the Sorbonne, stalling on the construction of a building for molecular biology, and refusing to accept financial support from the French government. There were no signs that this revolt was getting anywhere till the bolt of lightning from Stockholm. The three winners turned the inevitable press conference into a fierce assault upon the generally bad conditions for scientific research in France. Within two weeks of their return in triumph from Stockholm, the scientists had gained control of the institute and the old council was on the way out.

This is the credit side of the ledger, but every single item can be turned inside out to demonstrate that the Nobel Prizes have done considerable harm as well. The Nobel Foundation itself has published a tabulation by nationalities, and lists of the winners almost invariably give nationalities. According to the Nobel Foundation's own rather arbitrary reckoning, generally but not always by citizenship at the time of award, 87 Americans have shared in 63 prizes, 58 winners from Great Britain in 50 prizes, 52 Germans in 50, 38 Frenchmen in 32, 16 Swedes in 16, 12 Swiss in 11, and 12 Russians in 9. Tabulations of this kind, and the mentality they reflect and foster, have infected the Nobel Prizes themselves with the nationalistic tendencies that Nobel was trying to reduce.

This is not the only numbers racket which the Nobel Prizes have created. The scientific standing of American universities is frequently correlated with their roster of Nobel laureates. For what it is worth, and that is a big question, here is one man's reckoning of the score to date. By any standard, the top of the league is Harvard. Counting men and women on the faculty when they got the prize, Harvard has had 13 participants in 11 prizes, Columbia 8 in 7, Berkeley 8 in 6, Caltech 6 in 6, the Rockefeller Institute 5 in 4, Washington University, St. Louis, 4 in 3, Bell Laboratories 4 in 2, Chicago 2 in 2, Cornell 2 in 2, and Stanford 2 in 2. By the standard of Nobel Prizes received for work done in whole or part at the institution in question, Harvard has had 13 participants in 10 prizes, Columbia 9 in 7, Berkeley 7 in 5, Chicago 5 in 5, Stanford 5 in 4, Washington, St. Louis, 5 in 4, the Rockefeller Institute 4 in 4, and Caltech 4 in 4. Of Nobel Prize winners on the faculty in June, 1966, and not emeritus, Harvard had 8, Berkeley 7, plus 1 on leave as chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission, Stanford 5, Caltech 3, and Columbia 3. By the standard of prizes awarded since 1960, Harvard has had 5 participants in 5 prizes, Berkeley 2 in 2, Columbia 1 in 1, and no other American university any at all. It is a curious fact that no member of the MIT faculty

has ever received a Nobel Prize for work done there.

As long as everybody remembers that these rankings are bound to shift about over the years, what harm can they possibly do? The answer is that here, as elsewhere, the use of the Nobel Prizes as a yardstick encourages a narrow and unbalanced conception of modern science. There are no Nobel Prizes in mathematics, astronomy, geology, psychology, or social science, let alone engineering, and no commensurate forms of recognition to be acquired. What is more, there is a basic asymmetry in the Nobel Prizes that do exist. As distinguished from the breadth of the mandate in physics or chemistry, there is no prize in biology in general, merely in physiology or medicine. Karl von Frisch, the discoverer of the language of bees, and Konrad Lorenz, the discoverer of "imprinting" in young animals — that is, the process by which they find out what kind of animal they are — have been turned down for Nobel Prizes on the ground that their work does not bear directly upon human beings. But the most serious consequence of the narrow mandate in physiology or medicine has been the exclusion of all students of evolution. If Charles Darwin had been living in the twentieth century, he could never have won a Nobel Prize.

Even if there had been a Nobel Prize in biology, the probabilities are that Darwin could not have won it for the doctrine of evolution through natural selection. For Nobel's insistence upon a "discovery," "invention," or "improvement" as the occasion for the awards he did establish was calculated to rule out the great synthesizing concepts by which "discoveries" in the narrow sense are encompassed and elicited.

In physiology, for which there *is* a Nobel Prize, the most stimulating concept to be formulated in the twentieth century has been the doctrine of "homeostasis," the self-regulating tendencies of the human organism under stress. The enunciator of this concept, Walter B. Cannon of Harvard, never got a Nobel Prize, and on the occasions when he was adjudged prizeworthy, it was not for homeostasis. Albert Einstein did win the Nobel Prize in physics for 1921, but the citation deliberately avoided any reference to the theory of relativity, spoke vaguely of his unspecified "services to theoretical physics," and hastened on to the safe ground of rewarding him for his "discovery of the law of the photoelectric effect." Sir Charles Sherrington's magisterial concept of the "integrative action of the nervous system" did not figure in his citation either.

The Nobel system has operated to exclude the greatest *ideas* in science, the integrating concepts that keep it from flying apart into a million isolated fragments. Anybody solely dependent on following

the Nobel citations would be imbibing a narrowly positivistic conception of science as an accumulation of many hard little pellets of empirical knowledge to be shaken free of any conceptual matrix in which they were unaccountably embedded. It is a peculiarly end-of-the-nineteenth-century view, comprehensible in a man of Nobel's generation and outlook but now hopelessly antiquated as a way of looking at science and the dynamics of scientific progress.

In the measure that laymen, including university presidents, form their impressions of science from the Nobel Prizes, they are missing the true scope of science and some of the greatest scientific contributions. It is improbable that many scientists are misled in the same way. The danger with them is that some of the most brilliant young men will confine their ambitions within the terms of the Nobel Prizes for which they are already bucking at the start of their careers. They will understand that it will do them no good to be deeply thoughtful about their work unless they make clear-cut empirical discoveries, or at any rate, predictions of empirical discoveries subsequently verified; and that if they make the discoveries or predictions, the deep thoughtfulness will not improve their chances. The discovery of a new technique or therapy, or better still, an elusive nuclear particle, will cut more ice than the most profound conceptual clarification. No doubt there are many factors that push a young scientist in this direction. The point is simply that the Nobel Prizes do nothing to redress the balance. On the contrary, they tend to penalize the deepest insights into nature.

Whether the Nobel Prizes have done more harm than good must remain a matter of opinion. They have certainly done more harm than is commonly suspected. But the practical question is whether they could do less harm and more good in the future.

The most profitable experiment that could be made with the prize in literature would be to go back to Nobel's express intention of honoring a recent book rather than a life's achievement. If this were done, it ought to be combined with much greater receptivity to experimental work, either in technique or in content. For example, a real service could be performed by identifying the best representatives of the theater of the absurd and differentiating them from the authors of mere-tricious work who are merely exploiting a vogue. Such awards might conceivably be "worse" in retrospect than under the present system, but they would be useful, which is more than can be said for crowning authors in their sixties after their reputations are securely established.

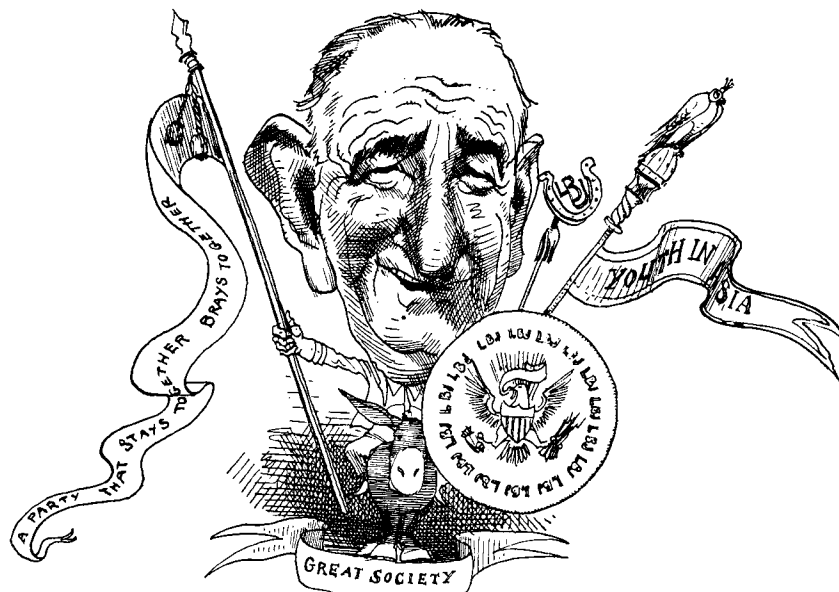
In science, there would be no insuperable difficulty in reinterpreting the prize for physiology or

medicine to take account of the best contributions to evolutionary science. In the age of space travel, the physics prize could and should be stretched to include astrophysics. In all three scientific fields, the Nobel committees should frankly move beyond Alfred Nobel's narrow conception of a "discovery" to recognize the significance of insights and conceptual clarifications.

Meanwhile the curtain is going up. Who will win this time? There has never been any telling about that, but here are some deserving people who appear to be qualified under the present system. In chemistry, Neil Bartlett of the University of British Columbia was the first to demonstrate that the so-called "inert" or "noble" gases could form stable compounds. In physiology or medicine, all of the following men richly deserve a Nobel Prize: Albert Lehninger of Johns Hopkins, the discoverer of the function of the mitochondrion in effecting energy transfers in cells; Murray Barr of the University of Western Ontario, the discoverer with E. G. Bertram of sex chromatin, by which the genetic sex of any human cell can be determined (already adjudged prizeworthy); J. H. Tjio and Albert Levan, working in Sweden, the discoverers of the true number of human chromosomes (already adjudged prizeworthy); the Englishman C. E. Ford, who first correlated human pathological conditions with the possession of too many or too few chromosomes (now the accepted explanation of mongolism). It is probably too late to hope that a prize will be given to the Australian Sir Norman Gregg for his discovery of the effect of German measles in early pregnancy upon the fetus, or the great student of the brain Wilder Penfield of McGill University. The men who have made the most spectacular recent discovery are Henry Harris and J. F. Watkins of Oxford, who succeeded in 1965 in producing the first hybrid cells between different animal species, including a cross between human cells and mouse cells. Harris and Watkins may well have to wait a couple of years for a Nobel Prize, but it is difficult to believe that they can be passed over for very long.

In literature there has never been a Japanese winner; the Swedish Academy is lusting after new literatures to embrace, and the novelist Yukio Mishima would be a respectable figure by world standards. There are at least three Italian writers of appropriate stature, the novelist Alberto Moravia and the poets Giuseppe Ungaretti and Eugenio Montale. Samuel Beckett is too much to hope for. But perhaps the most distinguished recipient would be either the greatest living poet in English, Robert Graves, or the greatest living poet in Spanish, Pablo Neruda.

Who will actually win? That is another matter.



CONSENSUS POLITICS: *End of an Experiment*

by David S. Broder

THE conversation was in the tiny anteroom just off the formal Oval Office. It is a place where Lyndon B. Johnson likes to relax with a cool drink for an hour or two during his long working day. It was Friday evening, August 21, 1964, the Friday before the opening of the Democratic convention which would demonstrate to all the world that this remarkable man, twice frustrated in Democratic conventions, now controlled the Democratic Party, lock, stock, and pork barrel. Lyndon Johnson had become the Democrats' President by the acts of two other men — John F. Kennedy and Lee Harvey Oswald — but in this next week he would put the indelible stamp of his personality on that party in everything from the choice of the vice presidential nominee to the decorations in Atlantic City's Convention Hall.

Now, on the eve of what he knew would be his triumph, he was indulging his favorite sport of reading his public opinion polls to two callers. He rattled off his percentages from this state and that, and then remarked on what seemed to him the most significant finding of them all.

"You see," he said, jabbing his finger at one page of the bulky report on a Midwestern state, "right here's the reason I'm going to win this thing so big. You ask a voter who classifies himself as a liberal what he thinks I am, and he says 'a liberal.' You ask a voter who calls himself a conservative what I am, and he says 'a conservative.' You ask a voter who calls himself a middle-roader, and that's

what he calls me. They all think I'm on their side."

Mr. Johnson fashioned his campaign for the presidency on that premise and won the most sweeping popular-vote victory in American history. Before and after that election, he tried to make the Democratic Party a home for all those voters who thought Lyndon Johnson was "on their side," and in so doing, he markedly changed the character of that party.

Today the polls make far less pleasant reading for the President. The consensus he sought is crumbling visibly. His party is in serious difficulty in the major states, and a breach appears to be opening between the President and his Vice President on one side, and younger Democrats who identify themselves with the cause of the Kennedys on the other.

None of this is news, of course, but the rudimentary facts must be set down as a preliminary to the examination of cause and effect. I hope to outline in the next few pages a theory — and admittedly, it is no more than a theory — of what might be called the rise, the flourishing, and the decline of Lyndon Johnson's "consensus politics."

The hardest thing for a journalist to do is to recognize a genuinely unique occurrence. So many events are just variants in the familiar pattern that we tend to seek out resemblances and ignore what is original. The Johnson era in Democratic politics is, I believe, unique. Let us begin with a simple but little-noted fact. Lyndon Johnson is the first President in our lifetime and longer who comes from a

The Party in Power

In April the ATLANTIC invited three top-flight political reporters to examine the policies, the men, and the money of the Republican Party. This month we present an equally sharp study of the Democratic Party: LBJ's short-lived experiment in consensus politics; the state of Democratic finances; and the most fascinating rivalry within the party, that between the Johnson and the Kennedy forces. David S. Broder, who has been covering Lyndon Johnson's shifting relationship to the Democratic Party since 1955, resigned recently from the Washington bureau of the New York TIMES to become the chief political reporter and columnist for the Washington POST.

one-party state. The pressures of nominating-convention politics normally operate to produce presidential candidates from the swing states with big blocs of electoral votes, where the two-party competition is most fierce — men like Dewey and Roosevelt of New York, Stevenson of Illinois, Nixon of California, and Kennedy of Massachusetts.

Lyndon Johnson is the product of a very different kind of politics. While Texas has voted occasionally for a Republican presidential candidate and currently has one Republican senator, the affairs of the state, in both Austin and Washington, have been managed throughout Lyndon Johnson's lifetime almost exclusively by and through the Democratic Party. The real power struggles in Texas politics have been resolved, not between the parties, but within the Democratic Party — and for thirty years Lyndon Johnson has had an ever increasing role in resolving them.

I believe that the President's "consensus politics" is rooted in his Texas experience. In Texas, the Democratic Party for years has included most of the major elements found in the national Democratic Party: labor, the Negro and Mexican-American minorities, farmers, small-business men, and the less prosperous portions of the middle class.

But in addition to all these groups, the Texas Democratic Party has also included and effectively represented big-business men, oil and gas men, banking and insurance men, the educated, the wealthy, and the wellborn — the groups that in

two-party states provide the money and manpower for the Republican Party. In fact, the Texas Democratic Party includes many who are in everything but their nominal allegiance Republicans.

I well remember my shock when, as an outsider, in the spring of 1960 I attended the state Democratic convention in Austin which endorsed Lyndon Johnson as favorite-son candidate for President. The members of the Dallas County delegation were openly wearing Nixon buttons on their lapels, but so flexible was the definition of a Democrat in Texas, even a Democratic convention delegate, that no one challenged their right to be there. Four years later, when Mr. Johnson was finally on the ballot for President, many of those old Nixon-Democrats worked for him and helped him carry Dallas.

It is no exaggeration to say that Representative and Senator Johnson and his colleagues in the Texas Democratic Party for many years suppressed the emergence of a Republican Party there by taking in and giving service and satisfaction to the business groups and others who normally would have financed and supported the Republican Party.

Thus, when that same Lyndon Johnson as President of the United States said he viewed the Democratic Party as "a great big tent," big enough to hold Henry Ford II and Walter Reuther, Martin Luther King and Orval Faubus, John Connally and William Fitts Ryan, he was simply applying on the national scale a technique that had kept the Democrats in control of Texas for generations.

SOMETHING FOR EVERYBODY

The Johnsonian technique involves more than just the standard political wisdom of staying in the middle of the road. What makes it unique is its willful effort to expand personal and party support to the point where the opposition is left with nothing to organize except fringe-group sentiments. When the opposition obliges as nicely as the Republicans did in 1964, the technique can be dazzlingly successful.

The Model-T-for-Texas Democratic Party that emerged with a landslide majority from the 1964 election was a different creature from what it had been up until that time. Not all the differences were understood by the Democratic officeholders, officials, and workers who cheered Lyndon Johnson's inaugural. Nor was there any reason why any of them except the Texans should have been able to guess what the consequences would be. For it was that rare thing — something new in politics.

With the experience of almost three years of Johnsonian politics now behind us, we can see at least five distinguishing characteristics of his leader-

ship techniques and their effects on the Democratic Party. First, his consensus politics is based on support from diverse elements of the electorate. To hold this wide variety of support, the President as party leader must provide some sort of incentive or reward to each of the major groups in his assembly.

Thus, Mr. Johnson was required last January, even in a time of rising defense expenditures, to lay before Congress a broad-front program of domestic proposals: from civil rights, to improvement of cities, to health and education measures, to repeal of right-to-work laws, to reform of election and campaign spending regulations. Not all these programs, by any stretch of the imagination, were of vital importance to him at the moment, but each of them had significance, at least as a symbol, to one or more of the groups that supported him. As Samuel Lubell wrote, "The instrument that Johnson wielded with truly revolutionary political impact was the federal budget. No previous budget had ever been so contrived to 'do something' for every major economic interest in the nation — medicare for pensioners, tax rebates for business, loosened production controls and a subsidy boost for farmers, antipoverty grants for Appalachia and for Negro slums, educational aids for a generally school-conscious public." The President had so many irons in the fire, one Democratic congressman remarked, "he damn near put the fire out." Such prodigality is necessary, for a consensus President cannot concentrate on one goal at a time without seeing his coalition split.

A second characteristic of Johnson-style politics is that it depends for its success largely on the skill, negotiating ability, and maneuvering of the President. Only the top man is in touch with all the diverse elements of his coalition. Only he knows how strong the civil rights bill must be to keep Martin Luther King pacified, whether the auto manufacturers will or will not put on all their pressure to kill reimposition of the excise taxes, whether George Meany will really cut off funds to Democratic candidates if 14(b) is not repealed. "This is," a veteran politician told the Associated Press's Saul Pett, "the most personalized presidency in our history."

COURTING THE LEADERS

A third characteristic, closely related, is that in consensus politics the President's relationships with "group leaders" are more crucial than his relationship to the general public. The tip-off to Johnson-style politics came in the parade of personages through his White House office in the first shattering days after the assassination — foreign rulers first; then the rulers of the various domestic domains, the congressional satraps, the governors, the labor leaders, the top businessmen, the civil rights

spokesmen, and, not least, the clergymen. Everyone with an identifiable constituency was drawn in to support the President in those first few critical weeks — and none of them has knowingly been cast out since.

Several, of course, have left of their own volition, some because they disagreed with the President's policies, others for more personal reasons. Mr. Johnson tends to be demanding of those who profess unquestioned loyalty but is accommodating to those who show signs of resistance. The turnover in his personal staff has been high. The rate of attrition in personal friendships among old and intimate political allies like Senator Mike Mansfield and Governor John Connally has been equally severe. But it is significant that neither of these men, nor any of the labor, business, or minority group leaders who have shown an inclination to wander off the LBJ ranch from time to time, has been allowed to stray far away. Mr. Johnson's politics do not permit him to indulge in the luxury of letting personal feuds imperil vital political alliances.

His reaction is always to reach out for the enemy and bring him back into camp. In the midst of the 1964 campaign, Mr. Johnson went straight from a partisan rally in downtown Indianapolis to a private luncheon with the city's archconservative publisher, Eugene Pulliam, a close personal friend of Barry Goldwater's. (He called on him again when starting his 1966 political forays in Indianapolis.) The President will do political business with anyone, and partly as a result of that fact, he commands deep-felt attachment from few.

Here we come to a crucial difference — crucial in its implications for the Democratic Party — between the Johnson leadership and that of a Roosevelt or a Kennedy, who based their power on their personal popularity with millions of individual voters. Their leadership necessarily involved the alienation, from themselves and their party, of millions of others. Some historians have suggested that Roosevelt practiced a form of consensus politics in his first term and even later, when he included Republicans in his wartime Cabinet. But, like Kennedy (who was automatically alienated by religion and the civil rights issue from millions of voters), he reveled in the opposition of businessmen and freely invoked the rhetoric of party loyalty. Both men were loved for the enemies they made. Mr. Johnson is not. The enthusiasm he stirs in the public at large is negligible.

He would not, as Roosevelt did, think that he could appeal to the mine workers over the head of John L. Lewis. In this summer's frustrating airlines strike, his appeals were always to the Machinists' Union officials, not the rank and file. His technique is to court the leaders — George Meany, Martin Luther King, the members of the Business Council,

and, not least, Everett Dirksen — and count on them to keep their constituents in line. In Texas they had a saying, “Lyndon Johnson doesn’t have an organization; he uses everybody else’s.” It recognized the history of his ever shifting alliances within the state, but more profoundly, it reflected the fundamental nature of his leadership — that Mr. Johnson does not deal with The Public; he deals with a great many little publics, and he deals with them through their leaders.

That is why, even though he advocates and enacts programs of far-reaching social consequences, this President is fundamentally, like almost every other Texas politician, an Establishment man. He recognizes as legitimate other men’s claims to power in the areas they control. He seeks solutions to problems that will permit them to preserve their power base as he preserves his. He is protective of their status and interests, and they in turn tend to protect him.

NO PARTISANSHIP

The fourth general characteristic of consensus politics stems directly from the basic Johnsonian technique we have been describing. His politics automatically minimizes the degree of partisanship that is permitted and reduces the role of the party organization in government. Partisanship, like race prejudice or class warfare, is the enemy of consensus. The decimation of the Democratic Party structure — the abolition of the centralized voter-registration effort that was the keystone of the Kennedy campaign, the 50 percent cutback in manpower at the Democratic National Committee, the collapse of communications between Washington and state party chairmen — all these things have been described by critics as an expression of the antagonism to party organization that has been growing for eighteen years in Mr. Johnson, ever since he ended the first phase of his political career as a loyal Roosevelt agent within the Democratic Party.

The man who fought the Democratic National Committee openly in Paul Butler’s day has told its current proprietors, “I’m damned if I can see why one guy and a couple of secretaries can’t run that thing.” Under him, the national party is beginning to resemble the Texas party, where the formal structure of state and county chairmen exists only on paper.

In Texas, the governor runs the state convention, just as Mr. Johnson ran the 1964 national convention. Officeholders and candidates build their own personal organizations. Sometimes they use them to help each other and sometimes to war on each other. When a party campaign must be organized in a presidential year, the work is done by lawyer-lobbyists, men on loan from the big companies and

union business agents. That is the way Lyndon Johnson staffed the key spots in his national presidential campaign. These part-time lawyer-lobbyists are his substitute-in-readiness for the party organization which the Kennedys had begun to build and he has methodically torn down.

But all this, I believe, reflects something more fundamental than the “Texanization” of the party structure. A party organization, in textbook terms, functions on vertical lines to unite the purpose and power of the President and his national committee with those of Democratic governors and their state committees and local Democratic officeholders and their committees. But consensus politics operates on horizontal lines, with the President reaching out, across party barriers, for other leaders, who in turn bring along their followers to his cause. Thus, it is almost inevitable that a consensus President from a one-party state would ignore the party organization.

NEGOTIATION BUT NO DEBATE

Fifth and finally, consensus politics emphasizes decision-making by private negotiation, not public debate. Debate only arouses strong feelings and tends to lock people into antagonistic positions. Consensus politics tries to minimize such feelings and encourages everyone to maneuver his group into position for a compromise. The President’s favorite plea “Come, let us reason together” does not mean “Let us gather in our schools, our legislative halls, or even around our television sets and hear our wisest men debate the issue, that we may arrive at a reasoned judgment.” Rather, it translates, “Come, let us act like the practical men we are, sit down around the table, shut the doors, and work this thing out on a basis we can all live with.”

There are hundreds of Washington anecdotes, from his days as Senate leader right up to his latest devices for avoiding press conferences, which illustrate Mr. Johnson’s inherent antagonism to public debate as a positive function of democratic decision-making. My own favorite story concerns the phone call he made to Senator J. W. Fulbright two years ago, after Fulbright had delivered his celebrated speech on “old myths and new realities.”

This was long before their serious split on Dominican and Vietnam policy and at a point where Fulbright’s purpose was nothing more or less than to reopen the basic assumptions of American foreign policy to critical public examination. As the senator tells it, Mr. Johnson’s remarks were in the vein of, “Bill, old pal, you know my door is always open to you. There’s no need for you to go soundin’ off on the Senate floor if you’ve got some little old thing that’s troublin’ you. You just trot on down here, and we’ll see if we can’t take care of it for you.”

Abhorrence of public debate has its necessary

concomitant in the effort to enforce strict secrecy and to keep the press out of the way during the decision-making or negotiating stages of policy formation. The technique is a useful, almost necessary device for a consensus President. But, as with Fulbright, it involves serious risks of alienating not only those who disagree with the final decisions but also those who disapprove of the methods by which they are reached.

Simply to describe such a system is to indicate how far it diverges from the sort of presidential leadership and party leadership we have known in the past. Indeed, it is so alien to the concepts and patterns of modern American politics that it seems remarkable in retrospect that President Johnson could make it work at all, let alone flourish as brilliantly as it did from his accession in 1963 through the end of the 1965 congressional session. I know of no other explanation for its success than the genius of the man for this peculiar style of politics — and “genius” is, I believe, the proper word.

Entering office in a time of national shock and grief, he refused to permit the nation to be paralyzed by its emotions, but instead harnessed them for a great forward thrust in the field of social legislation and civil rights. In the 1964 campaign, if he did not generate mass adulation, he concocted a substitute for it, blending fear-of-Goldwater with his own superenergized appearance as circus barker-cum-preacher-cum-politician-cum-handshaker-cum-haranguer, that registered as strongly at the polls as if it had been a genuine ground swell of affection. In 1965, he whipped through the Congress the greatest mass of social legislation in thirty years, so great that it all but destroyed a generation of theoreticians’ strictures about the inability of Congress to keep pace with the country’s needs.

THE SQUEEZE IS ON

The President has come a cropper, it now appears, on Vietnam. The rising cost of that war, in human terms and in treasure, is forcing the consensus President to do that which is most difficult and politically dangerous for him and his party: to assign priorities and choose between goals. In his salad days of 1964 and 1965, President Johnson managed almost literally to keep everybody happy. So long as profits stayed high, what did businessmen care if he squandered, as they put it, \$2 billion in a war on poverty? If income taxes were being reduced for the young father, what did he care if the President simultaneously was boosting benefits and adding Medicare for the elderly?

But now the squeeze is clearly on. All year long the Administration has been walking the tightrope on a tax increase or a Reserve call-up, either of which would signal an end to domestic business as

usual. In avoiding them, it has resorted to economic policies that have brought both tight money and inflation. Politically, the once happy allies of the Great Society consensus are chewing on each other. Labor is angry over the failure to repeal 14(b); the farmers are blaming Freeman for allegedly trying to slow the rise in food prices; the South is sore at the school desegregation “guidelines”; and even the freshman Democrats elected on Mr. Johnson’s coat-tails are chafing visibly at the rubber-stamp label.

As Alan L. Otten pointed out in the *Wall Street Journal*, the stance Mr. Johnson was forced to take in Congress this year was difficult to defend. He told Congress first “that it cannot cut any of his proposals a penny, because every cent is urgently needed to overcome long-accumulated and burdensome national deficiencies, but, second, that it cannot add a penny to what he has asked because that would aggravate inflationary pressures.”

Mr. Otten noted, “This does not sit well with Congress. Many Senators and Representatives feel the President cannot reasonably expect to have it both ways. . . . Many have turned Mr. Johnson’s two-edged argument to suit their own purposes, rather than his. If filling unmet needs is as important as the Chief Executive says, most lawmakers can’t see why they shouldn’t take care of a few of their own constituents’ needs along with the President’s. . . . Alternatively, if inflation is as ominous as the President portrays it when attacking increases in his budget, many Congressmen would be glad to help combat this dire threat by spiking a few of the innovations he’s proposed.”

The slippage of control must be galling to Mr. Johnson, especially when added to the frustration he frequently expresses at the obduracy of the other side in the Vietnam war. The President’s whole political technique is geared to resolving issues, not letting them drag on. But here are those damned Communists, and neither bombings nor diplomatic blandishments will bring them to the conference table where men can “reason together.”

While Vietnam is the source of the President’s miseries and the Democrats’ political problems, I am inclined to believe that if consensus politics had not foundered there, it would have been impaled on some other foreign crisis. The flaw in the system is that in this world no man’s antennae, not even Lyndon Johnson’s, are sensitive enough to warn him away from all the places where collisions can occur. An exceptionally smart politician can play the angles and maintain the delicate balance of forces inside Texas. He may even, for a time, under fortuitous circumstances, keep his equilibrium amid the shifting currents of the American economy and national politics. But the world will not hold still for the Johnson treatment.

Philip L. Geyelin points out in his excellent book,

Lyndon B. Johnson and the World, that an essential ingredient of his success as a Senate leader, and in domestic politics, was his "sense of timing that told him the moment was not propitious." But, Mr. Geyelin correctly notes, no President, not even this one, can set the timetable for other nations or command international decisions to wait "until he has his ducks in a row." In the Dominican crisis and others, Mr. Johnson was forced to act hastily and saw spur-of-the-moment decisions turn sour.

A second factor noted by Mr. Geyelin is Mr. Johnson's lack of intimate knowledge of the players and methods of international politics. "The trouble with foreigners," he quotes him as saying in a wonderfully Johnsonian remark, "is that they're not like the folks you were reared with." Finally, by deepest instinct, Mr. Johnson is a mediator of conflict, a reactor to other men's initiatives. But the United States is not the middleman in world affairs; it is the most powerful nation and must take actions that other countries may find objectionable. This consensus President, some of his former advisers have said, lacks the confidence in his own instincts on foreign affairs to play the role assigned to him by the circumstances of history.

THE BIGGEST PROBLEM OF ALL

Be that as it may, Vietnam has shattered the consensus which the President labored to achieve. The consequences for his party and, indeed, the future of our politics are likely to be substantial.

More serious than the war itself, in political terms, is the spreading doubt about the President's capacity to end it on terms acceptable to the American people. If our view of Mr. Johnson is correct, if he is a political leader whose power rests not on widespread popular affection but on his capacity to solve the problems that threaten to disrupt the society, then his failure to resolve the prolonged conflict in Vietnam is certainly costly. What kind of problem-solver is it who cannot solve the biggest problem of them all?

The aura of omniscience and omnipotence so carefully cultivated during the 1964 campaign, the "Let Old Lyndon Take Care of *Your* Needs" psychology, once damaged will be hard to restore.

In visible ways, the Johnsonian system of consensus politics is coming unstuck. Debate, which he sought to stifle, is raging in the Senate, in the universities, and in the political campaign. The Republicans he sought to disperse or co-opt are regaining their identity and their sense of direction. Business leaders, civil rights leaders, labor leaders, and farm leaders, finding him preoccupied with the one great unsolved problem of Vietnam, are seeking independently to make their own political arrangements.

Younger Democrats, resentful of what they take to be his insistence on rigid support for his policy in Vietnam, are forsaking his leadership. Their disaffection is heightened by his habit, essential to his operations as a consensus President, of dealing with the politics of Congress and the fifty states on the seniority principle, favoring men of his own generation over the ambitious youngsters on their way up. The 1966 campaign among Democrats has turned out to be much more of an every-man-for-himself struggle for survival than the ratification of the Great Society President Johnson had in mind.

How all this will end no one can know. But it seems to me unlikely that consensus politics will prove to be more than a passing phenomenon.

There is a change in generations coming in American politics, more likely in 1972 than in 1968, but coming certainly. The struggle that is emerging is a battle for the allegiance of the intellectuals and the young between the Kennedys and their allies in the Democratic Party, on one hand, and the bright new faces of the Republican Party — the Evanses, the Chafees, the Hatfields, and their like — on the other. The President barely speaks the language of this new generation. His methods of politics are not likely to be carried over into their era of ascendancy.

But even before these men in their forties have their turn, the politics of consensus will probably go into decline. Presuming that Mr. Johnson is willing and able to run again in 1968, he would clearly be the favorite. But never again, I daresay, even if he serves a second full term, will his rule be as unchallenged as it was in his first two years in office.

Should he give way in 1968, it would probably be to one of four men in their fifties — Hubert Humphrey, George Romney, Richard Nixon, or Ronald Reagan. All of them, it might be noted, come from the normal presidential breeding ground of competitive two-party states, and none of them seems remotely capable of adopting the peculiar Johnsonian style of consensus politics.

At some future date, we may conceivably have a President who is a super-Johnson — with the background and skill for manipulating the entire spectrum of domestic interests, plus the personality to attract genuine mass support, plus a sure touch in foreign affairs. Such a combination sounds more like a messiah than a President, however, and I for one do not expect to see him.

Meantime, even at this short remove, I find myself marveling at the unique and short-lived political artistry of Lyndon Johnson's 1963-1965 experiment in consensus politics. Look back on it in wonder; we shall not see its like again. Even the Democrats now realize that, like it or not, two-party politics is returning. For my taste, it will not be a moment too soon.

ROBERT KENNEDY AND THE WHAT IF GAME

by Douglas Kiker

An epic novel's worth of intrigue and fate, hope and despair, alliance and feud has been telescoped into the life of the Democratic Party since the Kennedy-Johnson ticket was forged at the Los Angeles convention six years ago. Douglas Kiker, New York Herald Tribune White House reporter for two and a half years and now an NBC news correspondent, examines "the tangled relationship between Robert Kennedy and Lyndon Johnson," and predicts how, why, and when the plot will thicken.

THE singularly most impressive feature about Robert F. Kennedy is that at the age of forty he possesses the casual confidence of a man who knows that one day he is going to be President of the United States. It might not happen in 1968, and it might not happen in 1972 either. But Kennedy knows it is going to happen one day.

Neither is he going to be Vice President in 1968 — at least, he and Lyndon Johnson are each quick to say today that this possibility does not exist. No matter how low the President's national popularity might dip or how high the Senator's might soar during the next two years, no matter what intense political needs or popular pressures may arise, no matter *what* happens, Johnson is not prepared to offer the vice presidency to Kennedy in 1968. Kennedy fully realizes this but doesn't care, because he would not accept the offer if it were made. This is what the President says, and it is what the Senator says, and at this point there is little reason to doubt either of them.

President Johnson, according to his assistants, believes that his massive 1964 victory over Barry Goldwater and his incumbent position as the Democrat in the White House give him more than ample power to meet any challenge Kennedy could make to his authority. He is as confident as a Black Belt karate expert lounging over a lemonade in a rough-and-ready barroom. The President believes Kennedy can neither block his own renomination at

the 1968 convention nor dictate the choice of a running mate. And because he gives Kennedy credit for high political intelligence, he assumes the Senator accepts this fact of life too, and has more sense than to try. He is, as he is never hesitant to remind his staff and his country, the President.

Kennedy's position is equally forthright. He knows his star is rising, and he senses it will be sky-high, shining brightly, two years from now, but he has not the least intention of leading any sort of party revolt at the next Democratic national convention. He assumes that Johnson will be renominated, and is prepared to support him. He believes that Hubert Humphrey will be renominated without incident as Vice President. He will sit this one out, thank you.

Yet the theories persist and the speculation increases — and with good reason. It is a long time between now and 1968, and circumstance, fate, and necessity often dictate changes of both mind and tactics in politics.

Johnson's personal popularity is dropping, his consensus appears to be falling apart, and according to most theories, things are going to worsen, not improve, over the next two years. By the spring of 1968, the Vietnam war, rising living costs, and racial unrest in urban areas will be burning issues which, racked together, make a bonfire, and Johnson, the proud owner of a historically huge popular mandate just four years earlier, will be in trouble.



Meanwhile, Kennedy's popular appeal — and the political power he converts it into — will continue to rise in direct proportion to the decline in Johnson's fortunes. It is that prospect which has produced the great "What if" game now being played in Washington.

What if poll after poll confirms the late summer Gallup findings that a majority of Democrats really would prefer Kennedy to Johnson? What if delegation after delegation approached Kennedy and offered support? What if there were a genuine rebellion? Would Kennedy be forced to lead it?

What if this situation developed a few months before the convention? Would Kennedy find the opportunity irresistible, accept the risks involved, and become the first Democrat in modern times to mount a serious challenge to the renomination of an incumbent Democratic President?

That is unlikely, but what if he used the power to force Johnson to drop Humphrey from the ticket and replace him with some politically weak caretaker Vice President, thus eliminating Humphrey as opposition in 1972? In late August, a reliable Minnesota poll on 1968 vice presidential preferences showed Kennedy running 2 to 1 ahead of Humphrey in the Vice President's home state.

What if Johnson concludes that he can win reelection only if he has Kennedy as a running mate? He might not like it, but wouldn't he quickly swallow his pride and do what he thought was necessary? (Isn't it apparent by now that some law of opposites has bound the destinies of these two men together, like untended red and white rambling roses hopelessly entangled around the trunk of a tree so that they must grow together?)

What if the offer were made to Kennedy? It is good politics now for him to proclaim a lack of interest in the job, but Dallas proves that the vice presidency is too valuable an office to refuse. In addition, because he would serve during Johnson's final term and because of his own independent power base, he could be his own man practically from the beginning. So wouldn't he gamble on the odds, much as Johnson did in 1960?

THE tangled relationship between Robert Kennedy and Lyndon Johnson is always thorny, but it blossoms into fresh new controversy every presidential election year. What happened in Los Angeles in 1960 no longer matters. What matters now is what Johnson believes to have happened, and it is his conviction that Kennedy acted impudently and without authority in an attempt to keep him off the ticket. Neither will he ever quite forget those subsequent lean days as John F. Kennedy's Vice President when — as one White House source politely

puts it today — "Bobby was not as considerate of him as his brother was."

Kennedy will not discuss the events of that famous night in Los Angeles. But recent remarks of his and published accounts sympathetic to him convey two strong, consistent suggestions: that Robert Kennedy was his brother's utterly faithful lieutenant and never would have undertaken such a mission except upon command, and that Johnson knows only one of two persons could have been responsible and wants him not to be John Kennedy. On the other hand, Robert Kennedy is now quick to praise Johnson's performance as Vice President.

Everyone assumes today that Kennedy was anxious to be Johnson's running mate in 1964, but Kennedy says nobody has ever asked him if this truly was the case. The fact is, he says, that the only decision he ever made was that he wanted to consider such an offer; he would have accepted only if adequate "compensation," in the form of a guarantee of assignment to meaningful duty, had been offered. Does he now believe that Johnson's refusal to consider the possibility constituted a lucky break for him, one which might equal the break politicians have concluded his brother got when he tried but failed to become Adlai Stevenson's running mate in 1956? It is easy to say yes, considering the present state of his political fortunes.

It is inaccurate to say merely that Johnson did not want Kennedy as his running mate in 1964 — his feelings were more emphatic than that: it was *the very last thing in the world* he wanted, and he considered Kennedy's interest in the office a direct challenge to his position as both leader of the party and President of the republic.

Today, people close to the President insist this fear of challenge no longer exists as a reason why he will never pick Kennedy. Instead, they suggest that "you have to consider what the reaction of the public would be to such a purely political maneuver." But so pious a consideration has not deterred Johnson before. More credibly, they say he would not enjoy four years in office "with the country under the impression that Bobby won it for him."

Johnson is "a realist who is aware of the dynamics of politics," these White House men say, and he realizes that a Kennedy-Humphrey nomination fight in 1972 is shaping up. He believes that his selection of Humphrey in 1964 "put him pretty much on an even par with Bobby." But "the rest is up to Hubert."

The delicate impression conveyed by this is that Johnson would be willing to keep out of the nomination wars in 1972 if Kennedy will mind his manners in 1968. This impression is strengthened by evidence that Johnson has recently begun making friendly overtures to Kennedy.

When the Senator returned from his trip to South

Africa this summer, the President invited him to the White House, asked for and received a personal report on the visit, and subsequently instructed aides to describe the get-together as "an informative and affable meeting."

Johnson has a healthy respect for Kennedy's political courage, it is said; he appreciates Kennedy's position, and if their roles were reversed, he would not act much differently. He approves when White House aides such as Bill Moyers, Joseph Califano, and Cliff Alexander accept invitations to dine with the Kennedys at Hickory Hill. "Don't let people around Bobby and me stir up trouble between us," he is quoted as saying not long ago. He has remarked on other occasions that there are Republicans who "would like to destroy the Democratic Party by promoting an Armageddon between Kennedy and me."

Why all this sudden neighborliness? The best explanation is that Johnson, searching for ways to patch up his unraveling consensus, is alarmed by the growing extent to which liberal Democrats are shifting their loyalty to Kennedy even while a Democrat is in the White House, and has concluded something must be done about it. By establishing somewhat friendlier public relations with Kennedy, he might be able to continue to command the nominal allegiance of Kennedy's growing partisan army. White House aides report that Kennedy has told them he believes "basically the President is doing a good job, although he has some policy differences, of course." If the leader thinks this way, shouldn't his followers feel it their duty to agree?

Kennedy grins. He receives five thousand letters and three hundred speaking invitations every week. Kennedy shrugs and says, believe it or not — it's up to you — he just doesn't think about the next six years. He agrees with a melancholy nod when it is suggested that he is a fatalist. "I just think there's one time around, and you don't know when it's going to end, so it's better to do what you can that's productive now," Kennedy says. "Kennedy is a fatalist, but one who won't let anything interfere with his fate," a White House assistant suggests. "Yes, I think that's right," Kennedy says softly, after long silence for thought, with a faraway look in his eye.

IN HIS determination to free his fate, he employs a sizable battalion of men for a senator: thirty-nine full-time workers — thirty in his New York senatorial offices in Washington, seven in New York City, and two in Syracuse — seven part-time workers, and twenty-two college interns every summer. Part of the payroll comes from personal funds.

As yet he has around him no Ted Sorensen, no

Kenny O'Donnell, no Larry O'Brien. He confers frequently with some of the men who served on his brother's White House staff, including Sorensen, who is now a New York lawyer, writer Richard Goodwin, and historian Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. They are close, but not really intimate.

There is a growing company of "idea men" to whom he often turns for policy advice. They include Washington lawyer William Rogers, a former AID administrator; psychiatrist Leonard Duhl, an official at the Department of Housing and Urban Development; banker David Rockefeller; former Deputy Secretary of Defense Roswell Gilpatric; General Maxwell Taylor; and Richard Boone, a former Poverty Corps official who now heads a private antipoverty program sponsored by the United Automobile Workers.

From the colleges and universities, he has drawn advice from, among others, John Fischer and Robert Dentler of Columbia Teachers, Lee Rainwater of St. Louis' Washington University, Scott Campbell, Fred Burke, and Robert Stephens of Syracuse, Eugene McCarthy and Frank van Dyke of the Columbia School of Public Health, Kalman Silvert of Dartmouth, Richard Neustadt and Raymond Vernon of Harvard, and Leslie Rubin of Howard.

"We have as many people as we think we need," his office manager, Joseph Dolan, says matter-of-factly. As the Democratic senator from New York, Kennedy serves one of the largest, most diverse and demanding constituencies in the nation, and he needs a big staff. Even acknowledging this, however, there remains something of a baronial atmosphere about his operation; there are people aplenty, and still more where those came from if they are needed.

Kennedy says he enjoys serving in the Senate "under the present circumstances." Yet the Senate really does not consider him — as it is beginning to consider his younger brother, Edward — one of its own. "He's not really a senator. He's just boarding here," one powerful Southern member says.

He has friends in the Senate — Joseph Tydings of Maryland, Birch Bayh of Indiana, George McGovern of South Dakota, Henry Jackson of Washington, and his brother. But his closest friends probably remain his old Justice Department buddies, men who helped him deal with civil rights crises in the South and chase James Hoffa down: Washington lawyer Louis Oberdorfer, IBM general counsel Burke Marshall, Los Angeles *Times* national editor Edward Guthman, Nashville *Tennessean* editor John Seigenthaler.

Yes, he has friends. In fact, at forty, Robert Kennedy has everything: He has money. He has youth. He has a power base. He has vast political experience for a man of his years. He has his brother's name, and the older he gets, the more he

resembles him — or is that fancy moving forward to capture the mind as memory slowly retreats? He has ambition (“Bobby, I appreciate your desire to lead this country,” Johnson once said sarcastically to him). He has a sense of duty. He has great intelligence. There is nothing he does not have except the presidency, and he even has the inner knowledge that this inevitably will be his too.

But he seems to stand amid all this like some troubled young man in white flannels, gazing at the grounds of his vast inherited estate, vaguely troubled and not knowing why. It seems to give him no sense of excitement, no real challenge, and it may be something which he feels deep within is not rightfully his own. He is his brother’s heir.

He is heir to the Kennedy glamour; Johnson is the nation’s first public figure, but Kennedy is its first public male celebrity.

He is heir to the tragedy of Dallas, to the fact that the American people feel guilt over John F. Kennedy’s death and must make retribution for it.

He is heir to what is apparently an unlimited treasure of public goodwill; the American people will forgive him anything. His national image, at this point, is golden and unassailable.

He is heir to a political party being administered in trust for the moment, consisting of a network of senators, congressmen, governors, mayors, state and county chairmen, and vast hordes of volunteer workers, many of whom came to power with his brother and wait now to serve him.

He is heir to the nation’s young, over twenty-three million of whom will come of voting age between now and 1972. He is heir to the very aura and mystique which surround such political riches, for there are few in the Johnson Administration today who would deliberately offend a possible future President. He is heir to all of this, but it doesn’t seem to give him much satisfaction. He is heir to the White House, and he plans to claim it one day, but he appears to be able to wait for it.

It is this sublime confidence, this coolness, this disdain (many others have called it arrogance), that is most striking about the man. The political estate he has come into might not give him vast happiness and satisfaction, but — to the manner born — he has assumed ownership of it with assurance and deft control. That it belongs to him is a fact he takes for granted. He truly does want to be President, and he is moving toward it. His more partisan aides will argue for hours that all he has done is to vote and speak his convictions, and that all the rest of this business is just an accident. That he seems always there to fill any political vacuum created by Johnson or Humphrey is sheer coincidence, they maintain, because the move initially was motivated by conviction. Yet he would have taken the vice presidency in 1964; that seems clear;

and whatever he does in 1968 will be motivated by his own self-interest, not Johnson’s, and certainly not Humphrey’s.

The four years in between are being used to establish his credentials beyond doubt as a liberal Democrat and an internationalist. He is traveling abroad frequently. He urges the adoption of a nuclear nonproliferation treaty. He defends foreign aid when both the Congress and the White House forsake it. He urges that social and economic rehabilitation in South Vietnam be given more emphasis. He urges a massive crash program of federal aid to American Negroes. He complains when anti-poverty funds are cut. He is staking himself out a position just to the left of Johnson, yet he is moving carefully and with special caution not to be identified as the leader of any anti-Johnson movement. There is reason to believe that he mistakenly assumed that he was only just ahead of — not opposed to — the Administration’s policy when he suggested earlier this year that the Viet Cong must be included as active participants in any negotiated settlement. When he learned this wasn’t the case, he changed course quickly. Nor can it be proved that he has as yet made any attempt to organize a national pro-Kennedy movement.

So he is not so much plotting against the king as he is plotting and planning for that day ahead when the throne is vacated and the Democratic clan must choose a new chieftain. And in the meanwhile, and at Humphrey’s expense, he is taking over, one by one, these remote provinces of the party’s empire left unguarded by Johnson in his preoccupation with Vietnam and other problems close at hand.

If the fate that Robert Kennedy protects so well is leading him to the White House, the probability is that he will approach it in 1972, not in 1968, and the possibility is that the last major interference may come not from Hubert Humphrey but once again from his old antagonist, Lyndon Johnson.

Humphrey tells friends that only one of his concerns has priority during his first vice presidential term — “pleasing the man across the street.” But given renomination, he readily says that he will have to move slowly away from the President’s side and re-establish his own independent political identity. He will have faithfully served Johnson for a long time, and political courtesy would demand that Johnson pay the debt by supporting him for the presidency.

Johnson’s political wars will be ended then. There will be no more campaigns to wage, no more consensus to maintain. He will only have to cash in what political chips he has saved, play them all at the convention, and then go back to Texas. He would dearly love to make that trip home after winning the final victory from Robert Kennedy.

MYSTERY IN THE COUNTINGHOUSE

by Walter Pincus

As in his study of Republican finances in the April ATLANTIC, Mr. Pincus here examines the Democrats' bookkeeping and comes up with some questions that are as interesting as his facts about the party's money matters. The author has reported Washington affairs for nine years, and for three years has focused on political fund-raising and spending. He is editor of "Potomac," the Washington POST's Sunday magazine.

WHY should I contribute to them?" a New Yorker growled at me during the 1964 presidential campaign as we both stood on a curb watching candidates arrive for a political street rally. "They'd just stuff it in their pockets. You know," he confided, "they're all a bunch of crooks."

New Yorkers are not unique in this country. The image of politicians as corrupt has been deeply etched in the American mind — and it's the attitude that works most against any candidate who seeks campaign funds from the average voter. This reluctance to give money to politicians, combined with rising campaign costs, makes fund raising the major single problem facing almost every candidate for public office.

Against this background it is sad to report that the Democratic Party in recent years has done more rather than less to increase the public's already grave doubts about honesty in the handling of political money. Four times since 1964 the President's party organization has been involved in embarrassing "exposés" of its fund-raising efforts: heavy promotion of the \$1000-a-membership President's Club (the Budweiser, Brown & Root, and California right-winger incidents being the most recent); the \$15,000-a-page corporate advertisements in the 1964 convention program, which were, despite criticism, brazenly repeated in the 1965 \$15,000-a-

page movie premiere book; and stories of the \$10,000-per-couple invitations to participate in the White House social whirl — though denied — which worked along with the others to harden attitudes toward political giving.

Making matters worse have been the headlined inquiries into the Washington activities of former Senate Majority Secretary Robert G. Baker and Senator Thomas J. Dodd of Connecticut. Both men, it has been alleged, used political funds for personal expenditures, and both as Democrats have been directly linked through friendship to the President. The press and the public have always had severely limited knowledge of party finances, shaped mostly by sensationalized stories. What is new and most disturbing in today's situation is the growing cynicism of professional politicians and donors who have attempted to follow the handling of Democratic Party funds in the past three years.

From the beginning of the 1964 presidential campaign year, through midsummer, 1966, \$20 million or more have passed through the Democratic treasury — in the form of cash, checks, and bank loans. Yet despite the requirements of good business practices and state and federal laws regulating the reporting of contributions, less than a handful of persons know how it all was raised and spent. The professional "pol's" normal hesitancy

to speak of campaign money was carried to its extreme during this period by the Democrats' former treasurer Richard Maguire, who not only refused to talk with newsmen, but made it a practice to keep his own counsel even within the party hierarchy.

As a result, there are some severe strains within the party organization created by the distribution of political funds. For example, the Democratic National Committee, which has had problems collecting its share of state fund-raising dinner proceeds since Maguire's departure, now requires local politicians to turn over 50 percent of the gross receipts before the President arrives to speak at a function. In addition, the status of various accounts and programs worth tens of thousands of dollars has been hidden while the party's legal campaign-fund filings under the federal Corrupt Practices Act have been both incomplete and inconsistent, creating a large credibility gap.

While the press frets over this tarnished public record, the professional politicians are quietly shaking their heads over a series of behind-the-scenes fund-raising problems. The Democrats destroyed a major source of state and local campaign money by inspiring Congress to pass a law specifically denying a business tax deduction for corporations purchasing ads in political program books. Such political ad books have been the mainstay of local party financing. On the national level, they had been considered outlawed by federal statutes which bar corporations from contributing directly or indirectly to federal candidates. The new legislation was a direct response to the two Democratic ad books. Most of the corporation purchasers in one or both books either did business with the government (such as top defense contractors General Dynamics, and Douglas and Lockheed aircraft manufacturers) or operated under federal regulation (such as Continental and Pan American airlines or Union Pacific and Southern railroads).

The 1964 Democratic convention-program ad book raised \$1.75 million, and the second book, linked to an ambitious program of nationwide fund-raising movie premieres, collected about \$1 million worth of ads. No reports have ever been made public concerning the distribution of the funds raised by either book. Democratic Party chairman John Bailey said any funds raised by the program book in excess of the 1964 convention costs would be used for "educational" purposes. Early in 1965, well after the election, it was disclosed that one 1964 "educational" project was the supposedly nonpartisan National Council for Civic Responsibility, a group headed by Arthur Larson and organized to combat right-wing groups during the presidential campaign. Some \$50,000 taken in by the convention book was passed on to the Larson group,

using a Washington-based foundation, the Public Affairs Institute, as intermediary. What was done with the remainder of the 1964 money has never been disclosed, though rumors have circulated — and been denied — that funds were channeled into the South to support Negro registration drives by civil rights groups.

Proceeds from the 1965 ad book, said to total more than \$600,000, have rested for almost a year in a New York City bank. Originally the money was to have been distributed among Democratic congressmen participating in the fund-raising premiere program. However, when adverse publicity indicated such corporate money might find its way into congressional campaigns, President Johnson stepped in and asked that a new plan be developed. Negotiations with the American Heritage Foundation for a bipartisan registration drive to be financed with the ad book money fell through.

In 1965, the Democratic National Committee took another fund-raising step that made professional politicians wonder. Together with the Democratic House and Senate campaign committees, the national group sponsored a \$100-a-plate congressional fund-raising dinner. The purpose of the affair was to pull together an early war chest to get a head start on the 1966 election. Proceeds of the dinner were to be divided equally among the three sponsoring groups. A dinner committee was established, and by tradition it was to receive the funds. At least that was the understanding of the two Hill committees.

The dinner was a big success, with the party controlling both the White House and the Congress out selling tickets to every interest group and constituent it could reach. On the night of June 24, 1965, more than 8000 people crowded both the D.C. armory and the new Washington Hilton Hotel. However, July and August came and went, and the Hill groups expectantly awaited their share of the receipts. In September they learned that the national committee had taken the money as its own, using the Hill committee's share to finance their ambitious movie-premiere program.

Unhappiness on all sides led to a complete separation of Hill fund-raising efforts from those of the national committee. Though the President spoke at this year's congressional dinner, the solicitation and handling of receipts were controlled entirely by the Hill.

THE Democratic Senatorial Campaign Committee, headed by Commerce Committee chairman Warren Magnuson, expects to give \$10,000 to each Senate candidate this fall. In addition, it provides to incumbent Democrats funds for air travel and



limited public relations activities. The House committee limits its candidate aid to funds — anywhere from \$500 to \$2500 — for Democratic candidates depending upon need and the whims of a leadership group headed by Michael Kirwan (D., Ohio). Both groups also serve as conduits through which various interests, such as the trucking industry, channel contributions they do not want traced directly back to the donor.

The Democratic National Committee, in its publicized statements, has said it hopes to raise funds this year for its own distribution to selected House and Senate candidates. The figure most often mentioned is \$1 million — equal to the combined resources of the Hill committees. Though officials are quick to say that all party contributions will be coordinated, candidates will be forced to make separate pleas to each committee.

What really has the professionals shaking their heads, however, is the Democrats' so-called 1964 campaign deficit. According to top party aides, there was only one period prior to election day, 1964, when the shortage of money was made an issue among those directing the campaign. "It was October at the time of the final big payment for television time," one official recalled recently. Other than that moment, however, the Johnson-Humphrey campaign appeared to have had no money problems. In fact, some veteran politicians still remark about the unusual \$20-per-diem payments to workers, always in advance and always in cash. And those cash payments were not limited to party employees. When White House staffers

traveled with the President, they too were reimbursed in cash, their payments coming from the Democratic National Committee through the White House finance office. One career employee in that office later remarked that it was the first time he had ever seen cash passed out to presidential assistants in this manner.

At the Democratic National Committee meeting held during inauguration week in January, 1965, party officials called their deficit from the recently concluded campaign modest, "in the neighborhood of \$1 million." Against the 1960 Kennedy record deficit of \$3.8 million it seemed modest. Perhaps to illustrate their lack of concern, the Democrats turned the inaugural gala — traditionally a \$100-a-person fund-raiser — into a free show for the \$1000 President's Club donors of 1964. Treasurer Maguire, in his three-minute report to the national committee, advised them to enjoy themselves — and promised them an audit of the party's financial position. Twice during that meeting Maguire was given a standing ovation.

Yet less than six months later, while the national committee had under way ambitious and costly programs in support of freshman congressmen, news stories quoting Democratic officials cited a \$2 million debt from the 1964 campaign. In December, Maguire resigned, and in late January, 1966, a top party official told a private press group that the 1964 deficit was over \$3 million. A year and a half after the campaign, he said, bills were still coming into Washington for payment. In June of this year, President Johnson himself told a Presi-

dent's Club meeting in New York at an off-the-record session that the party was over \$4 million in debt when he was inaugurated in 1965.

Recalling past statements and even sworn reports filed with the Clerk of the House pursuant to the federal Corrupt Practices Act, professionals now are giving little credence to these "deficit" stories. In the past three years, the party has played fast and loose with figures. For example, early in 1965 the Democratic National Committee reported that it spent \$900,000 more than it received during the first five months of the year. Despite the fact that this was money actually paid, not owed, party officials called it a deficit. When pressed, they said it was an accounting problem. Just recently, Cliff Carter — who briefly replaced Maguire as party treasurer only to retire suddenly — said that such excesses of payments over receipts were made up by loans. He added that under his interpretation of the campaign-fund reporting laws, loans do not have to be listed as contributions. Justice Department officials disagree with him.

If there is no 1964 deficit, why have the Democrats made one up? The answer to that rests with the traditional problem of raising money for a national committee during a nonpresidential election year. During 1965, the Democrats were unable to get enough money to operate at the levels they had programmed. The President's Club, which provided over \$4 million in 1964, reportedly was good for less than half that much one year later. And although the party had been successful in wooing the big donors, it had lost touch with its little contributors. In fact, a 1965 contest designed to stimulate \$10 donations was such a failure that it would have been dropped except for press inquiries. The winner, when finally named, turned out to be a Washington labor official who also works for the national Senior Citizens Council, a group which in 1964 and 1965 was financed in part by Democratic National Committee funds.

Under these circumstances, a 1966 appeal for funds to pay off debts incurred in 1965 would have little chance for success. The professional donors, like the professional politicians, this year have their eyes and money on congressional races. The only broad solicitation for support to aid the national party would have to be made on the basis of the last national election, ergo the growing 1964 deficit.

IF there is a certain cynicism and duplicity characterizing the Democrats and their campaign financing, the sources rest with two individuals. Few men have left an important Washington post with less public notice, having personally had a greater impact on the American political scene,

than pink-cheeked Richard Maguire. It was in character that the announcement of his resignation last December came late one Saturday afternoon when the Sunday papers were already filled with news of Vietnam and a Gemini space flight.

Before Maguire, a Boston lawyer, became party treasurer in 1962, Democratic finances had been disorganized and primarily dependent upon 50,000 small contributors and a handful of wealthy liberals. He took the informal \$1000-a-membership President's Club — formed in 1961 under John F. Kennedy to help pay off his 1960 deficit — and turned it into the prime source of party campaign money. He instituted benefits to these big contributors: a personal handshake with the Chief Executive at a cocktail party, a signed picture, access to Administration officials on problems, an invitation to a White House social function, special treatment at the convention, and private luncheon briefings from Cabinet members.

When the President's Club became successful, Maguire turned to another technique, the political ad book. Though his predecessors had dropped ad books in 1940 after passage of a federal statute aimed directly to prevent the practice, Maguire went right ahead and successfully promoted the convention program book. With the assistance of others, particularly former White House appointments secretary Kenneth O'Donnell, Maguire also developed an organized method for soliciting government employees for \$100-a-ticket Washington fund-raising functions.

For Maguire, the job of treasurer was a very personal task, and few, if any, were privy to his handling of fund records. His unconcern for the public's interest in such matters is apparent in the filings of committee records, required under federal law made during his term of office. Names were often misspelled, contributors were studiously listed *out of* chronological order, and figures occasionally failed to add up. For example, on November 17, 1965, the Johnson-Humphrey Committee (under Maguire's control) closed out its activities with a transfer of \$8000 to the Democratic National Committee. That committee (also under Maguire's direction) never recorded receipt of those funds.

While things were going well for the party, these matters were overlooked. But when public criticism developed over the ad books, and Hill leaders complained over their lost dinner money, and civil servants complained about being pressured, the character of Lyndon Johnson began to assert itself.

"President Johnson," one of his key aides said during the 1964 campaign, "is trying to stay as far away from campaign funds as he can. Do you know he will only take large contributions from personal friends? He won't take them from people he has never met before. They have to go to Walter

Jenkins or Cliff Carter.” The reason was simple. Lyndon Johnson had been hurt by the Bobby Baker scandal, and he didn’t want to get close to anything that might turn into a scandal.

He began to get uneasy over Democratic money early in 1965. A newspaper story appeared in April saying that the Democrats had not paid for use of the presidential plane during the 1964 campaign. Within hours after the story appeared, a check for \$149,019.69 was hand-carried to the Treasury Department from the Democratic National Committee. Maguire had been called in from vacation to take care of the matter. Other criticisms were voiced, not only of the second ad book but also of Maguire’s general handling of funds. The President requested an audit of the party treasury — the one Maguire had promised in January had never appeared. The failure of the 1965 drive to raise enough for the party’s expanded activities did not help Maguire at the White House. And the President’s fall illness, which forced cancellation of two fund-raising appearances, cost the party nearly \$1 million.

Maguire’s resignation from the committee had long been rumored. Immediately after the 1964 election, friends said he wanted to pick up his Boston law practice. The President’s inability to get a successor — specifically United Artists President Arthur Krim — led to Maguire’s staying on through 1965. The disappointing fund-raising results of last year, combined with the costs of the ambitious public relations programs undertaken for Democratic freshmen, and adverse stories on Democratic money, made Maguire’s position at the committee uncomfortable toward the end. Nevertheless, he has a warm letter from the President which will look impressive on the wall of his law office. In the wake of his leaving, however, his former colleagues are more and more openly pointing to him during talks about the money mess.

Since Maguire’s departure, the President for the first time since he took office has come out with a campaign-fund reform bill. And while he takes the legislative high road, his aides quietly indicate that much of the old secrecy and obscurity in Democratic fund handling was part of Maguire’s system. A close check of the record today, however, leads to almost as many unanswered questions. A Texas friend of the President’s is listed with his wife as contributing \$8000 to the party this year. Asked to confirm how much he gave, he counters, “How much does the record say I gave?” When told he is reported as giving \$8000, he replies, “If that’s what it says, that’s what I gave.”

The final irony of the recent course of Democratic fund-raising is that under Maguire during the Johnson Administration, the party took steps toward the only realistic reform that will solve the

dilemma of money for politics. While traditional reformers have called for broadening the base of party financing, Maguire — who faced the task of raising adequate rather than ideal funds — went to the larger rather than the smaller contributors. And he turned directly to the corporations in the ad books rather than going through receiving contributions from individual corporate officials.

The Republicans have been quick to recognize Maguire’s genius. In late 1964 they formed a \$1000-a-membership congressional Boosters Club, which provides limited services to donors. Though it can’t produce the President, the Boosters can hold off-the-record seminars featuring top GOP leaders. As a fund-raising program it has been enormously successful. In addition, the Republican House leaders were quick to put together an ad book of their own in 1964, soliciting the same corporations that bought ads in the Democratic book. In 1965, plans were under way for a second Republican book when Congress passed the law preventing tax deductions for such ads.

Big individual contributors, corporations, and unions — like it or not — are the present-day financial constituents of political candidates. The federal statute books contain a variety of sections aimed at controlling their solicitation and expenditure of campaign funds raised from them. For the most part, however, these laws are the result of pious reactions to some campaign-fund scandal. They make it harder to raise funds, but contain loopholes large enough to permit their evasion by all but the meticulously honest.

Maguire knew how to reach the real money-men, and by keeping their funds in the states he protected them from disclosure under current fund-reporting laws. His methods may not have been the way reformers would have liked to have it done, but then Maguire never claimed to be a reformer. He knew political campaigns are not financed like ordinary businesses. You are measured only by whether you win. You get no additional votes if, after Election Day, your books balance or you have a surplus.

And if the problem of campaign financing is ultimately to be met, the answers will have to come from politicians such as Maguire, not from persons bent solely on reform steeped in the traditional “all politicians are crooks” attitude. Ways will have to be devised to permit today’s contributors — big donors, corporations, and unions — to play their roles publicly. And in that vein, perhaps Maguire was way ahead when he brought back the political ad book. Legalized, the ad book presents a much stronger fund-raising potential than does the current proposal to give deductions for individual contributions of up to \$100.



A GREEN-BROKE STUD

A Story by TOM MAYER

An ATLANTIC contributor whose short stories and articles have appeared in many magazines, Tom Mayer now lives in Mexico, where he is working on a novel. The winner of a Guggenheim Fellowship last spring, he is, at the age of twenty-one, one of the youngest American authors ever selected for this honor.

WHEN I was a kid we done a lot of riding, but I was never as good as my old man or my brother Jack. I liked horses fine, and was all right with them, but Jack was something special, and the old man was so good I don't know how to tell it. Jack rode Roman better than most people ride setting, and four years running he was in the money calf-roping at the Rodeo de Santa Fe. And my old man, well there wasn't nothing he couldn't do with a horse if he put his mind to it. He was stunt riding at rodeos when he was eighteen, and later he was an eight-goal polo player, which is going some for a man who never heard of polo or even rode English until he was twenty-five. On weekends he used to truck a couple of ponies two hundred miles to San Patricio, and play down there with Pete Hurd and his Mexicans, and twice he was chose to play on some team against England.

In those days we had us a little spread down in the Estancia Valley, about thirty miles south of Santa Fe, and in the mornings, when it was most always cold enough so that I got goose-bumped and shivery, Jack and the old man would feed the horses. I followed them around, being careful to stay clear when Jack pitched the hay, and nobody said much, and the loudest sound was the horses crunching grain. After breakfast Jack and the old man worked them, while I watched from outside the

corral. They gentled the colts, getting them used to halters and being handled, and they longed the two-year-olds, and I remember once when Jack rode a mean little bay filly.

She tried to bite him when he mounted, and he slapped her nose and swung on, and then she begun bucking, twisting and whip-snaking and lunging and trying to get her head down. He stayed with her, and I was scared for him, but then I seen he was grinning and enjoying himself. He raked her and spanked her with the reins, and no matter what she tried, Jack had it figured out two jumps ahead, and she couldn't shake him. She bucked until she couldn't buck no more, and then she stood froze in the center of the corral, so tired she was twitching.

Jack got off her, and the old man said, "Gaw-damn, son, that there's valuable horseflesh," but Jack said, "Hell, she had it coming to her." The old man shook his head and said, "You might of wind-broke her," but then he punched Jack on the arm, and you could tell he wasn't sore and thought Jack was something special.

It used to bother me that I couldn't ride like Jack or the old man, and for a long time I thought it was because I was yellow. I worried a lot about being yellow, although Jack or the old man never ragged me none about it, but then when I was

Drawing by Russell Carpenter.

twelve my mother and the old man split, and she took me with her when she moved up to Raton. At first I missed the old man and Jack and the horses crunching grain and the leather smell of the tack room, but in the fall there was school and I made some friends and begun playing football. I played football all through junior high and high school, and senior year was all-state, so I got a scholarship to Las Cruces. In Las Cruces I separated my shoulder and stove up three ribs in the third game, and the next year I never went out. Instead I done some drinking and went down to Juarez weekends.

I was thinking about quitting school to rough-neck when my mother died, and after the funeral I didn't know what to do, so I went home to the old man.

Things there was changed. The old man was older, and had less hair and a fair-size pot, and couldn't ride much because of a bad hip he got off a bucking horse. He kept eating and running a few head of Angus and teaching a riding class for rich kids in Santa Fe. Jack was dead, neck broke in Cheyenne by a Brahma bull named Bluetail, and you could tell the old man missed him. In the tack room Jack's gear was all laid out still, his rope coiled neat and hung from a peg and his saddle gleamy in the dark light from saddle-soaping. The old man had took to nipping bourbon and setting around a lot, so that most of the fences needed work, and there was always a few empty Hill & Hills in the trash can.

But he still kept horses, good horses, even though he didn't do much but curry and feed and look at them. One he had was a big black bastard, a green-broke stud named Aaron, that went near seventeen hands and twelve hundred pounds and was the old man's pride and joy. If his hip wasn't bothering him the old man would longe Aaron, but otherwise he'd just look at him in his stall, and after dinner and a few bourbons he'd say that Aaron needed work, needed to be rode, and gawdamn if he didn't hate having a piss-ant hip.

I kept pretty much to myself, working some at thinking and some at the fences, and by and large the old man and I got on fine. We ignored each other, but stayed polite. Then one afternoon I was down cleaning out the barn, putting fresh sawdust in the stalls and flushing the water troughs, and I decided to ride Aaron. I didn't think about it much one way or the other, just looked at him standing there in his stall pawing at the side wood, and decided I wanted to ride him. I locked the mares in stalls away from the corral and tossed them some hay to cut down on the commotion, then haltered Aaron and put him in crossties. The old man had gentled him good, about as good as you could gentle a stud, and he handled fine. He tried

to nip me twice, just kidding around, but he had teeth could take off your arm kidding, so I slapped his jaw and said, "Hu, you sonofabitch, hu."

In the crossties I brushed him down and saddled him. I used Jack's blanket, an old sweat-stiff and stinking Two Grey Hills Navajo that Jack had said was lucky, and Jack's saddle, and Aaron puffed and put a hump in his back the size of a sick camel. I yanked the cinch up tight as I could but knew I'd have to tighten it again before I rode, then buckled the back cinch, and bridled him with a gentle curb. The old man had said he'd broke him with a snaffle, but Aaron's neck looked about six feet around, and I was damned if I wanted him getting his head between his knees, so I used the curb. I shoved it between his teeth, and he chewed on it, making a grinding, clattering sound. I left the halter on under the bridle and snapped the end of a fifty-foot-long rope to the halter ring. Then I tied the reins around his neck, put on my gloves, got the long whip off the wall, and took him out into the corral.

He led good enough, but that hump was still in his back, and I wondered if maybe riding him was such a bright idea. He was a lot of horse and moved easy on his feet like a big black cat. Once he seen a sun glint off the windmill and snapped his head up, lifting me about three feet off the ground. When I had led him up and down a couple of times I stopped in the center of the corral and let him have some rope. He backed off a little, head held high, white-eyed, nostrils flared; then he belted on me. I could feel the rope go tearing out through my hands, and I shouted, "Hu, you bastard," and tried to snub him with the rope over my hip. He dragged me halfway across the corral, but finally I got him back, and after I had cussed him I got him going round.

A horse being longed is supposed to trot or gentle canter, but Aaron ran some and bucked more, and a couple of times I could of swore he got around the circle without his back legs touching ground once. I let him run. I didn't care about his manners, I just wanted him tired and the hump out of his back. The old man always said, with a buck you should run the living piss out of them before you done any riding. After maybe a half hour he was lathered and I was sweated up pretty good myself, with my hands so stiff from holding the rope I wasn't sure they'd open.

I stopped him and worked down the rope to him. He was breathing heavy, but not heaving, and tried to nip my shoulder again. I tightened the cinch, getting it up another notch easy, and led him a little more, and thought, well, what the hell.

I swung up on him and found the right stirrup with my boot toe. He stood still a second, not sure what was happening, and it was like sitting on a

steam engine with a time bomb inside the boiler. I had about two seconds to set myself and squirm once into the seat, and he exploded. It wasn't what you'd call serious bucking, not the kind of mean bucking a rodeo horse or an outlaw will do; it was just high spirits, high, wide, and lonesome, but it was plenty high and wide, and if I'd had the time, I'd have been so scared to death after the first jump that rigor mortis would have set in. He went straight up headed one way, and come straight down headed the other, stiff-legged and steep-angled and brain-shaking, and then he begun crow-hopping. Not just plain side-skidding, but springing as if he had a diving board under him, and I felt like Superman on a pogo stick. If I hadn't been licked for it twenty times as a kid, I'd a grabbed leather sure.

He crow-hopped right over to the side of the corral and banged off the boards, with my knee in between, and I felt something pop, but didn't have no time to worry about it. Then he did a few straight jumps and throwed in a twister or two at the end before he stopped dead and turned around to look at me like he was surprised I was still there. "You moose-hung mother-humper," I said. He pawed with his forehoof and blowed air like blowing bubbles under water.

The corral was big, and I rode him up and down it, making him walk and trot and canter. He was smooth-gaited, so that setting his trot was a pleasure, but his canter was rougher, and I guessed he was long-legged to where he wouldn't smooth out until he was really running. He had some idea what neck-reining was all about, and when I put him through figure eights he even changed leads for me a couple of times. The old man used to say that is something hard as hell to teach most horses, and one that does it naturally is rare.

After the figure eights I got off him and damn near fell flat on my face the knee hurt so bad. I had forgot all about it. First I thought maybe the cartilage was broke, but then I found I could hobble, and figured if I could walk, maybe it was OK and just bruised. I took Aaron in the barn, unsaddled and rubbed him down, and then put him in the stall. I fed him, graining him extra, and let the mares back outside.

When I got to the house I come around to the front and found the old man setting in the living room with a shot glass looking out the picture window at the mountains. The picture window my mother put in, and the old man bitched at her steady for a month afterward about cleaning it. My mother pointed out he didn't have to clean it, but then he bitched about how much it cost. In those days he had more fight. I come in, trying not to limp, and he said, "How them horses, son?"

"Fine," I said. "I got the stalls cleaned up good."

"I appreciate that. You been a big help. I know you ain't keen on horseflesh."

"No mention." Then he sort of drifted off, and I thought maybe he had forgot I was there until he asked, "How's that stud horse? He oughta be worked more."

"He's fine," I said. "The black bastard."

"Black bastard is right. Ain't he some horse? Your brother Jack would sure a liked to rode him I bet."

"He would of."

"Well, I appreciate it your cleaning up down there."

"No mention," I said. "Gives me something to do."

He drunk off what he had in the shot glass and poured another, and massaged at his bad hip. I stood there waiting to see if he'd say anything else but he didn't, and I figured maybe he was thinking about Jack and didn't want to be disturbed. I wanted to say something about having rode Aaron, as I thought it would make him feel good, but I didn't know how to begin. He was always hard to talk to, and never paid no attention to me, and I didn't want him to think I was the kind of kid that run off at the mouth, so I kept quiet, and went into the kitchen, trying to walk even so that he wouldn't notice the limp and ask how I got it.

NANCY PRICE

MAPLE FOOLS,

MISER OAKS

Maple trees cannot wait. They turn first
before frost, prodigal, unrehearsed,
holding no leaves back when the night cold
comes promising winter. They are gold
when oak lamps have only begun to burn.

Oaks hoard, dole out their russet, turn
only at winter's touch. In the hard frost
when maples darken, shiver, their light lost
on every wind, autumn is carpeted
with fool's gold, but the miser oaks burn red.

SECOND ROUND FOR AFRICA

Independence on Trial

by Scott Thompson

A recent graduate of Stanford University, Scott Thompson is a Rhodes Scholar who took leave from Oxford to write a dissertation about Ghana. His report on the new African realism that has supplanted the false hopes and easy confidence of the first days of independence is based on two years of travel and study on the continent.

THERE'S been too much glib talk in Africa since we all had our independence. Nonsense about one-party states that Western liberals too often bought, about pseudo-Marxist plans of industrialization that have dissipated our scarce resources — pretty heavy frosting on a Western cake of excessive expectations.”

My friend who spoke was a Ghanaian government economist who had watched his country nearly collapse during the Nkrumah regime. He continued, “Well, what are America’s intentions now: are you still bored with Africa because we’re not ‘strategic’ enough, or will you use this chance to help us build at a time when we’re ready to talk sense?”

A group of us were chatting in my bungalow at the University of Ghana about Africa’s recent round of coups, the hopes stirred by them, and the chances for economic development in the new and calmer atmosphere prevailing everywhere save the southern tip of the continent. The university’s former vice-chancellor, Conor Cruise O’Brien, had recently written two controversial articles — in the *Atlantic* and in the London *New Statesman* — and these provided our focus. If the necessary “revolutionary social and economic changes” were to occur in the developing world, then there must be “disciplined, revolutionary, political movements . . . likely to be of communist type” to carry out these changes, Mr. O’Brien argued in the *New Statesman*. But this ferment would, he feared, bring

about increasing Western support for militarized regimes seeking to repress such desire for change. Were his premises correct? we asked; were political movements of a “communist type” what was needed? It seemed a good time to reflect on the changes in America’s attitude, and Russia’s too, before we could consider what had gone wrong in Africa and what could now be done.

I recalled my first encounter with an African eight years ago at a Friends’ meeting hall in Cambridge, England. Kenya’s Tom Mboya, then twenty-eight years old, was arguing that it wasn’t for Britain to judge whether Kenya was “ready” for independence; Kenya would go on struggling, and America could choose its side. But Mboya said that America had a unique chance in Africa to help in nation-building because it was untainted by a record of colonial occupation on the continent.

In various ways America began to take up the challenge, and in the 1960 presidential campaign, Africa and its problems constituted an important issue. It was “Africa’s year at the UN,” with the admission of sixteen new African states. The continent seemed important, and the attention President Kennedy began to give it in 1961 helped sustain such an image in the new African leaders’ minds.

But if these countries had few birth pains at independence, they were all sooner or later baptized with fire when domestic crises set in. And the most serious one — in the Congo — could not

be contained; it split the other nations into factions, and engendered a sense of futility in the minds of many American policy-makers. Kennedy's effort — well chronicled by Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. — to press for democracy in Africa was simply too late. Some states, like Ghana, were already by 1960 one-man shows, and there was a curious Western chorus echoing Ghana's line that a one-party state was natural to African conditions and efficient for the "war" on underdevelopment. Others, like Nigeria, a composite of at least three major traditional nations, had democratic institutions far too fragile to withstand the stress of corrupt politicians and spreading unemployment. Still another group, the former French colonies, had in some cases to be virtually forced into independence, an independence that made mockery of the term. "France's client states," the *Economist* was to call them in 1965.

Indeed, independence had come too easily to too many, and Western liberals had unrealistic expectations, perhaps a reaction to conservatives who hid badly their contempt for the principle of African self-rule. But all this made the growing disenchantment with things African the more painful. By 1964, it seemed as if Africa could find its salvation only in further international turns to the left and closer alignment with Moscow and Peking.

Early in 1964 Chou En-lai traveled through the continent and concluded that "an excellent revolutionary situation exists in Africa." I was following him — on my first trip to Africa — and feared he was right. And when Washington decided to back Tshombe in the Congo that summer, after having virtually financed the effort to defeat him when he had led breakaway Katanga, it looked as if America had come full circle, thus playing into Chinese hands. After the Stanleyville landings at the end of the year provoked so violent an African reaction at the UN and in various capitals, *Time* wrote that a martyred missionary's death "did more than prove that Black African civilization — with its elaborate trappings of half a hundred sovereignties, governments, and UN delegates — is largely a pretense. . . . Virtually all these nations echoed the cynical Communist line in denouncing the parachute rescue as 'imperial aggression'; when this happened the sane part of the world could only wonder whether Black Africa can be taken seriously at all, or whether for the foreseeable future, it is beyond the pale of reason."

Le Monde, in Paris, echoed that the world was "fatigué d'Afrique."

THE various Communist states had for so long preached that Africans were victims of pitiless ex-

ploitation that they became, in the words of one observer, "prisoners of their own propaganda." Moscow and Peking believed that anything they sent — technicians, scholarships, ideas — would be deemed preferable by the Africans to the colonialists' offerings. For a time things worked out well. In the fall of 1961, Ghana, Guinea, and Mali sent "fraternal observers" to the Twenty-second Party Congress in Moscow, a sign of new status that was a bad omen for America. But within months the Russians seemed to have overplayed their hand, and in December Guinea's Sekou Touré expelled the Soviet ambassador for alleged involvement in a plot against the state.

Ghana, however, learned little from its would-be partner in the never-consummated "Ghana-Guinea-Mali Union." It tightened its links with Russia, and with Soviet help opened secret subversion-training camps, from which it launched sporadic, though generally unsuccessful, forays against neighbors.

On the international diplomatic front, it became Russian policy to seek out areas of African interest and sensitivity and support the African position. The West was certainly vulnerable on such issues as South African apartheid and Portuguese colonialism, and it would be naïve to fault a Communist country for what was a good, if easy, stand. More hypocritical was the semantic attempt of the Communists to assume a mutuality of interests on all issues, playing on the predilection of Africans to term their own social-welfare systems "socialist." Neo-colonialism, imperialism, the national liberation movement all became sloppy words that almost misled a generation of young Africans. Once a country was committed to "socialism," however mild the variety, it was simple to argue that there was only one socialism, "scientific socialism," as the Marxists running the Ghana press began unceasingly to proclaim.

The self-deception can be seen most clearly in Ghana. In the summer of 1964 the Stanford-educated (and democratic-socialist-minded) Ghanaian director of state planning, author of the Seven-Year Plan the country was following, tried to get away from the self-deception by arguing in an address at the University of Ghana that in fact Soviet Marxist experience had limited relevance for a tropical country like Ghana. He stated that foreign capital judiciously invested was a necessary prerequisite if a country without "surplus labor" was to industrialize, a tenet Ghana had in practice accepted. But the press and politicians reacted violently. One writer countered that if the war-torn Soviet Union could in forty-five years increase its per capita income seven times over, Ghana ought to be prepared to make the concomitant sacrifices to achieve the same result. Questionable

statistics aside, there was no reference to the fact that tropical Ghana simply wasn't Russia. In fact, there was only one area where Marxist experience seemed to be relevant: the corrupt use of power on the part of the elite. One recalls Theodore Draper on Cuba: "They can find in Marxism an ideological sanction for the unrestricted and unlimited use of the state to change the social order, and they can find in Leninism a sanction for *their* unrestricted and unlimited power over the state."

One began to fear that this increasing discrepancy between Marxist economics — that weren't used — and power rationalizations — that were — would spread across Africa. The economy might very well be a mixed one, with even the commanding power positions in private hands, but the controlled press could scare away the needed foreign capital on which development plans counted for their success. Thus in 1964 Ghana attracted a tenth of the capital that its plan provided for: a vicious downward-spiraling circle set in, with the politicians accusing the West of perfidy, increasing their power as economic chaos grew, all in the name of "the immutable laws of Marxism-Leninism."

One of the men in our discussion had recently returned from two years in Russia. He told us: "We were taken for a very long ride indeed. . . . All they talked about was fighting colonialism and neo-colonialism, assuming we had scars on the back from the British. We might have been fooled had they not bought our cocoa at low prices, sold it secretly to the West for convertible currency, in return for which we got — foreign exchange? Never. We got their third-rate products, their machinery that wasn't competitive, their food that was nearly inedible — ask any Ghanaian. We were their dumping ground. Last fall at one point they owed *us* over a million pounds. They had our politicians sewn up — and they had to believe those crooks in Ghana really represented 'the masses,' lest they admit their entire ideology was based on ridiculous premises. And meanwhile, Ghana's party, press, youth movements increasingly resembled Russia's."

The indictment seemed severe, but the facts checked out. Certainly Ghana was an extreme example of bad Soviet tactics, but one hears stories and sees statistics all over Africa which confirm that, as one observer in Accra put it, "Africans have been given an inoculation against Communism, not an infection of it."

CONOR CRUISE O'BRIEN went further, though. The West must of course grant the right of a developing nation to be nonaligned, he wrote, but must also "recognize its right to 'go communist,' if

that is the tendency of the political and social forces inside the country." But what does this mean in 1966? The "communist" world has changed since 1960, and it is difficult to imagine any African country "going communist" in the sense that Cuba did in 1960-1961. However many trade agreements an African country may have with the centrally planned economies of the East, it is far more involved, through historical and geographical accident, in what O'Brien calls "the international capitalist economy," which includes about two thirds of the world. Nehru in 1947 noted that "ultimately, foreign policy is the outcome of economic policy," a realization that seems to be on the minds of every African leader these days. Russia has neither the resources nor, it would seem, the will to buoy up any African country that cuts its economic lines with the West: Cuba has been too expensive, and the Ghana failure too embarrassing. For the fact is, the West did "allow" a nonaligned country to move about as far toward "going communist" as is possible in a polycentric age. What more could Ghana have done when its trade agreements with the East were not even fully used, and when unfulfilled aid agreements with the bloc had become a standing joke? Moreover, Ghana desperately needed the West to fulfill its Seven-Year Development Plan. Trade statistics since 1960 make clear that Russia, for one, was not prepared to exploit its favorable political position to the limit.

Had Nkrumah gone ahead with the plans we now know about — to break the university (a move O'Brien had courageously balked during his three years there), to nationalize various privately held businesses, to finish the job of absorbing the army into the Russian-influenced President's Own Guard — would this have made Ghana so much more a member of the "socialist" bloc than he had already *declared* it to be? Even the airfield the Russians were building in the north would hardly have released him from his economic dependence on the West. Ghana had for some time been subverting its neighbors with Russian arms (and serving as a channel for Chinese money to Kenya's former vice president, Oginga Odinga), but the discrepancy between economic reality and political fancy had reached a point at which something had to give. The country, in short, was broke, and when the Russians rejected Nkrumah's request for aid in 1965, he turned quite expectedly to the West.

"What has happened is this," said a Nigerian lawyer with us. "We quite naturally went through a period of hostility to the West just after our independence — and at the same time 'discovered' the East, from which we had been so stupidly isolated by the colonial powers. If the Nigerian government didn't feel this way, intellectuals in the country did. It was the same in Indonesia, Algeria,

and in a different way, in Egypt — and no doubt in Latin America. But as Eastern solidarity collapsed, the Russians seemed to have pinned their hopes on a loose time-marking association of what they will now call 'revolutionary democracies,' such as those which met in Havana in January [the Tri-Continental Conference].

"But the naïveté of the so-called radical leaders of the third world flew more and more in the face of a reality that the civil servants — and army — appreciated. And thus the coups of Indonesia and Ghana; earlier of Algeria. What has happened is a recognition of reality, not what O'Brien thinks is a harnessing of the military by an unprogressive West. Nkrumah couldn't have gone any further to make Ghana a Russian base for its African operations."

My Ghanaian economist friend added, "If non-alignment is to have any meaning, it must involve an honesty and integrity of purpose. We can't expect the West to help us become 'spearheads of Communism.' We can expect them to appreciate our efforts to benefit from association with both sides, if we're not trying to fool anybody. We accept gladly our ties with the West, and such does not necessitate our becoming American puppets. But the Nkrumahs of this world will continue to push themselves off the cliff not because the CIA wills it, but because the people — the 'masses' — will not put up with them. And if the Russians come back, we'll tell them we welcome their aid and trade, this time on an honest basis; but we prefer them to refrain from their silly talk about ideology, which has no relevance for Africa."

ALL this sounds good, but in no sense means that the West is off the hook. For the moment, the strategy of the radicals has been proved to be without hope of success — as most of the 200,000 Guineans who have gone to the prosperous Ivory Coast would probably testify — but the next ten years will be the most difficult, and who knows what alternatives a doubly disillusioned generation would look to? The problem is economic; a recent report from Nigeria stated that in a decade the Nigerian economy would be self-supporting, and jobs would be available to match the increasingly sizable reservoir of manpower, assuming continued aid and capital investment. But how to get through those ten years? The rate of unemployment in Lagos is at least 25 percent, and one wonders whether agricultural development will work fast enough to create sufficient jobs on the farm to keep young men from further crowding into the slum-ridden cities. Twenty percent of American aid to Africa is going to Nigeria, and the United States

committed \$250 million to their Five-Year Plan; yet a look at the mounting dissatisfaction with the price of food, the growing unemployment, and the recent political turmoil suggests it isn't enough. And Nigeria was in many ways the most hopeful African country.

And what will happen in France's "client states" when De Gaulle is gone? There are indications already that France, whose total aid is five times as generous, proportionately, as ours, is unwilling to continue to subsidize its former African colonies on the same scale, and there is growing realization that too much of the French aid simply subsidizes inflated budgets and postpones effective solutions to basic problems. Yet the lines between Paris and Niger, Dahomey, Upper Volta, and eight other nations are still tightly drawn. But were De Gaulle to give up his special attention to the former French empire, where would these countries go? They have followed the Western lead almost embarrassingly, and if the Ivory Coast is becoming a dazzling model of economic development since independence, one can hardly be so sanguine about the others.

"The West has a golden opportunity and had better not miss it," a Ghanaian scholar said. "You people should by now have realized that no one part of the world can any longer be considered 'strategic' or 'nonstrategic'. . . . The difference between Africa and the rest of the developing world is that there haven't been so many unlearned lessons here. We're ready for a second round with the West, but there will be a *quid pro quo*, of necessity.

"You can see a community of states develop where democratic values are important — nobody has proved that these values are more relevant to the United States than to Ghana, nor why they should be. This would be in itself an object lesson and an accelerator to the Russians in their own internal reorganization. You might even see us questioning Soviet colonialism in central Asia, or on the Baltic.

"But the price is high: we expect something done about our terms of trade, we expect you to stimulate cooperation amongst ourselves, rather than to play us off against each other. We expect you to set minimum standards for your businessmen, who too often have encouraged the corruption that has been ruining us, and we expect you to work to bring about majority rule in South Africa, the Portuguese territories, and, of course, Rhodesia."

America has heard these demands before, though not usually from men who through bitter experience have learned to value democracy for its own sake. It is perilous to underestimate the political sophistication of the urban African, for the one area in which development has been explosive is education. Russians never experienced "democracy,"

but most Africans were taught to expect it with independence and are now demanding it.

The *quid pro quo* is really only a suggestion of what must come to sustain the present hopeful developments. First of all, it is widely realized now that the "terms of trade" of the developing world are getting worse rather than better. A UN study shows that while the adjusted net balance-of-payments deficit in the developing world was approximately \$5 billion in 1959, at present growth rates it would be \$20 billion by 1970, and \$57 billion by 1980. This deficit must be made up by outside support. Yet world aid is *decreasing*, both in amounts and in buying power. In the two years since the United Nations conference on Trade and Development at Geneva, at which numerous remedies were proposed, essentially nothing has been done to try to give the poor world a fair deal for its primary products — 86 percent of its exports. Indeed, one of the first attempts to implement the Geneva proposals was the Cocoa conference held in New York this past summer, attempting to stabilize the prices of a commodity which in ten years had dropped from about \$1300 to \$300 a ton. But the first stage of discussions between suppliers and manufacturers ended in failure, and Africans reluctantly, but rightly, blamed American intransigence.

Second, the most painful lesson of the past few years in Africa is that states do not come together, economically or politically, without an outside stimulus, or without a single state powerful enough to call the shots within the system. While Nkrumah's insistent appeals for a "continental union government" were ludicrous in their lack of realism, there is definitely a need for far greater political cooperation within Africa if the continent's economic development is to be realized. Could not America stimulate this movement by supporting regional development projects, thus giving an incentive to leaders to think in terms of transcending their own national borders? There is at least a beginning in this direction. In Washington last May, President Johnson, in his most positive address to African diplomats, offered to help establish regional communications links and to support the development of regional universities. The State Department has long favored, in principle, such an approach, but greater imagination and push are needed. In Africa itself, there are hopeful developments, like that of the new common market among the five states of Equatorial Africa, and the discussions for development of the Senegal River by Senegal, Mali, Guinea, and Mauritania. These projects can become models, or they can go the way of the now disintegrating East African common market.

Third, the involvement of Western businessmen in so much of the recently exposed corruption in Ghana and Nigeria is shocking, however much it can be explained away as the necessary price of obtaining a contract there. African governments are likely to be more careful after the exposures in Ghana, but in the meantime it is worth asking if there are steps Western governments could take, such as refusing to guarantee credits extended by businessmen, when it is known that the project will be used only for prestige purposes, or when it is a project from which too much West African "dash" (maybe 10 percent) is derived by the local politician. As an example of the former, the British extended a credit guarantee for a \$14 million frigate for the Ghana Navy, and one fears their concern was less for Nkrumah's military prowess than for unemployment in the British shipyards. And as for "dash," we are now told that some tens of millions of dollars were poured into ministerial pockets in Nkrumah's Ghana. How many schools could have been built with the millions that Nigeria's ministers allegedly pocketed before the January coup ousted them, or that Nkrumah demanded as the price for contracts? Africans have, to date, blamed only their own leaders for these excesses; but when Ghanaians, for instance, fully realize that 25 percent of their export earnings will go to service the debts piled up with the connivance of Western businessmen, their charitable attitude may well disappear.

Finally, Africans are quite aware now that the West has a sizable financial stake in southern Africa, and will not act rashly to jeopardize its investments. But no one action of America would earn more friendship than to design a policy to force South Africa to alter its course. This could be done as a by-product of the Rhodesian crisis, or it might come about as the result of a hardened attitude at the UN among Afro-Asian states regarding the World Court, following its surprising decision not to pass judgment on South Africa's use of its mandate in Southwest Africa. A billion dollars of American investment in South Africa, when our gross national product has reached \$700 billion, does seem a paltry reason for dragging our heels.

President Bourguiba suggested last fall that "Africa would be better off when its leaders stopped denouncing imperialism, colonialism, and neo-colonialism, and began working for the welfare of their population." As my African friends pointed out, and as is confirmed in newspapers and political developments throughout the continent, they have begun to do just that. We in turn should not miss this chance to help nations who want to assist in establishing a democratic world.

THE SWISS WATCH

A Story by Peter Ustinov

The versatile Peter Ustinov here re-enters the pages of the ATLANTIC with another example of his talent for combining plot with character and the crinkles of a smile. The story will be included in a new collection of his short stories, THE FRONTIERS OF THE SEA, to be published next month by Atlantic - Little, Brown.

LIKE many other Italian women whom marriage has passed by, Pia Chiantella had gone abroad, a miniature Christopher Columbus, to escape from the real or imagined miseries of her homeland and to make her living elsewhere. Too sentimental for bitterness, she worked in Paris as daily help in the house of a French banker, Monsieur Petiton, who ignored most of her qualities but appreciated her honesty, a virtue toward which bankers have an extraordinary sensitivity, more especially on the level of petty cash and minute gestures of confidence.

When Christmas approached, the Petiton family made preparations, as always, to move to their chalet in Switzerland, a new and rather vulgar building conceived in the fertile imagination of Monsieur Petiton himself, who, as many self-made men, believed he knew more about architecture than those trained in it. The chalet stood on a sunless slope watching over a sunlit village, with something medieval about its arrogance and hostility, lightened only by lavish use of modern wrought iron on a background of pink Mediterranean stucco and pinewood, and by grounds peppered with hideous dwarfs and gnomes in colored stone and a handful of monstrously stylized rabbits and gigantic squirrels.

It was Madame Petiton who suggested that on

this occasion they might take Pia with them, both as a reward and in order for her to do a great deal of hard work, helping to look after the four rebellious children which the banker had sired almost negligently in the midst of his multifarious activities. Monsieur Petiton agreed at once, and several days before Christmas the group left Paris, the family by fast train, Monsieur and Madame Petiton in their chauffeur-driven Cadillac.

Pia had the children all to herself on the first day up in the mountains, aided only by Madame Demoruz, a local lady who cleaned the chalet the year round, two hours a day. A kind of firm friendship was struck between these two, who had nothing in common, but then, the world over, firm friendships are formed for no reason at all except loneliness, especially if there is the cement of a sensed mutual unhappiness to lend poignancy to the unspoken moments.

The Cadillac had become ignominiously stuck in a snowdrift some sixty miles away, and Monsieur and Madame Petiton had been reduced to spending the first night of their holiday in a hotel on the banks of Lake Lemman. The Dutch chauffeur, who might have been a hero in saving the huge car from a flood, was completely nonplussed by conditions in the mountains, which he had never seen before. It was typical of Monsieur Petiton to place his trust



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in foreign servants, believing in a remotely uneasy way that he sensed criticism from those of his own nationality, and allowing this complex free reign by declaring that the French could no longer be honored with his esteem.

It was during this first evening alone in an overheated kitchen that Pia felt the exasperating solitude of all great public holidays. They tend to bring people together, and thereby leave people who are alone with nowhere to go. The children were running about upstairs with wild shrieks, but officially they had been put to bed. The parents were away, and they were not Pia's children. There was a Christmas tree in the village, lit with colored lights. The snow was falling. A lump formed in Pia's throat. She had agreed to go to Switzerland with a show of willingness and even of excitement, but that was merely her instinctive devotion to anyone who was kind to her. It had meant leaving her man in Paris. Her man (she called him *il mio homo*) was a spendthrift, reprobate ne'er-do-well of an Italian waiter who could never keep a place. Nothing really passed between them except money, of which she always had a little and of which he had none, but they talked in Italian, and she felt sure of herself and even safe in his company. There was something of the mysterious relationship between prostitute and pimp in their attachment, and now she wondered what he would be up to in Paris without her. He would probably get drunk, and in his festive stupor find another girl to protect.

In her mounting rage at these nagging thoughts, she switched on her little transistor radio, and found that the Italian network was broadcasting a performance of *Cavalleria Rusticana* in its entirety direct from La Scala. This didn't help matters. During the affecting scene in which Turiddu bids farewell to his mother, Pia broke down and wept, and having wept, she prayed. Deriving a little solace from the act of prayer, she began to think against the background of dramatic *verismo* at its most untrue.

She thought of her sister Margherita, who had been such a good companion until her marriage, but who subsequently seemed to adopt a condescending attitude toward her unmarried sister and resented any contact, however formal, between her sons and their "aunt in domestic service." They were fine boys, Giorgio and Manlio, aged twenty-eight and twenty-six, even if they had not yet chosen professions for themselves. Of the two, Manlio was easier to forgive for his indolence because he was very handsome, while Giorgio was frankly ugly, but the fact was that both tended to

lie about in the sun, waiting for something to happen. While they waited, they dreamed of emigrating to Australia, of opening snack bars in Rome, of winning the Giro d'Italia on their bicycles, but neither of them had the energy to cycle the distance of a block without lying down again and dreaming of something else — as often as not of the misery of Italy's deep South, with its ancient jealousies and age-old habits, its sickeningly blue sea and sky, and its servitude to the sun. Poor Italy and poor us, and yet, as is the way with those who are good for nothing, they never seemed to lack pocket money, although nobody ever knew where it came from or how much it amounted to.

Now, under the influence of Mascagni's musical excesses, Pia began to form a fierce and unreasoning love for these two boys, who were of her blood by proxy, and who would surely have been hers if a capricious God had not decreed otherwise. She also developed a fierce hatred for the snow, that slippery apparel of the earth in high places which hides its malice behind a show of innocence. She longed for the hot cracked earth which burned her bare feet, for the pungency of warm pines, and for the harsh smell of dried fish and herbs in the shops.

The next morning, after the arrival of Madame Demoruz, she took the opportunity of slipping down to the village. There was a shop at the other end of it which sold practically everything, from coat hangers in the shape of reindeer antlers to ski boots, and from lesser Swiss watches to wooden souvenirs. Here she bought Manlio a Christmas present, with a hundred eighty francs and all her love. She didn't buy one for Giorgio for a variety of reasons. First of all, he was ugly, and if it came to the pinch, she would gladly surrender him to her sister, even in her imagination. Secondly, if she had to cater to Giorgio as well, she couldn't afford to buy a really fine present for Manlio. Lastly, Giorgio was the older of the two, and could look after himself.

With the help of Monsieur Knüsperti, the shopkeeper, she selected an octagonal wristwatch which not only told the date but had an alarm system as well. He packed it in a handsome box, decorated with a recurrent holly motif, and she mailed it to her nephew.

The Petitions arrived a few hours later, and life took on a routine: Monsieur Petition going for long walks of a few hundred yards, armed with a stick and wearing a green alpine trilby studded with shaving brushes and lucky favors; Madame Petition, who was younger than her husband, skiing in the eternal company of a celebrated alpine guide; and the children creating havoc on the nursery slopes, with the forlorn figure of Pia, dressed awkwardly in her city clothes, holding a sledge and an armful of garments at the bottom.

The days passed quickly, and soon the time came for school to begin again. Pia was asked to take the children back to Paris, where Miss Frazer, the Scottish nanny, was waiting for them after home leave for Christmas. The Petitions decided to stay on a little longer — she because the great guide had promised to show her some new tricks on the remoter slopes; he because he had found a non-skiing companion of the opposite sex in a neighboring chalet. The Cadillac obediently awaited their fancy in the plain, so that Pia was compelled to take the squealing rabble back to the stern gaze and hard palm of Miss Frazer by night train. She arrived in Paris in a state of physical and mental exhaustion to find a packet awaiting her. It was the watch back again, with an apologetic and uncertain note from Manlio asking her if it were possible to exchange it for another model which didn't have an alarm, since this one had waked him up on occasion when he had least expected it, and he feared it might prove bad for his heart.

The note was as short as one would expect from a person of his limited stamina, and he forgot to thank his aunt for her gift. She bore him no malice, since men don't have to remember such things as gratitude, but she racked her brains to think how she could possibly exchange the watch now.

Eventually she put it back in an envelope and addressed it to Madame Demoruz, the only human contact she had made in the village. Cheerfully, she asked Madame Demoruz to take it back to Monsieur Knüsperli's shop, and to exchange it for a watch without an alarm. She said she was willing to honor any adjustment in price, but stated that, in her opinion, a watch without an alarm should logically cost less than a watch with one. On the envelope she declared the contents of the envelope to be a "Gift of No Value," as she had been taught to do in Italy.

WHEN Madame Demoruz received the watch, she took it to her husband to deal with. Since he was a man whose profession was officially that of a farmer, but who had always gone to great lengths not to possess a farm, he had more time on his hands than his wife, who slaved away cleaning four or five chalets a day to keep her family in pocket.

Monsieur Demoruz cast his great envious black eyes on the watch and rattled it. He set the alarm, and derived visible pleasure from hearing it ring. After he had repeated this process for over half an hour, Madame Demoruz permitted herself to warn him that he ran the risk of breaking it.

"Shut up," said Monsieur Demoruz, and downed another glass of Lie, a white liquor made from the sediment of grapes. His spirit fired, he put on his

heavy farmer's boots, and walked down to the village to see Monsieur Knüsperli. There was no love lost between the two men. This had little to do with their characters, but more with tradition. For centuries the Demoruz and Knüsperli families had peopled this alpine valley, with its indeterminate and special character, hemmed in between German, French, and Italian worlds, and with the residue of lost Roman legions thrown in. They had intermarried and interdeceived each other, and yet, preposterously, they had maintained their own proud identities, together with a handful of other families. The phone book was dominated by six names. All the rest were outsiders or latecomers.

Now Monsieur Knüsperli looked up from his counter with undisguised displeasure as a Demoruz, never mind which one, entered his shop.

"What d'you want?" he asked, or rather, "What dost thou want?" to emphasize his annoyance.

"It's a question of this watch," replied Monsieur Demoruz.

"What watch?"

"This one," said Monsieur Demoruz, opening the packet. "It was bought here by an Italian maid who works up at the banker's."

"Yes?"

"It's not what she wants."

"How d'you know?"

"She wrote my wife. She wants one without an alarm. I think she's crazy, mark you. It's a nice watch. I wouldn't mind having a watch like that."

"You could never afford a watch like that."

Something about Knüsperli's tone aggravated Demoruz, but that was nothing new.

"It's none of your business what I can and what I can't afford," he countered, "and you can be sure that if one day you see me with a watch like this, I won't have bought it here."

"What does this Italian woman want me to do?"

"I told you. What's the matter, you deaf or something? She wants to exchange it for one without an alarm."

"A cheaper one?"

"She said in her letter that she'd be willing to make an adjustment, but thought one without an alarm ought to cost less."

"That's not necessarily so," said Knüsperli, shaking his head. "No, not at all. Your white-gold Vacherin, biscuit-thin, hasn't an alarm or even the date, and yet it comes out about twenty times the cost of the Zona Wakemaster. It's a different class of timepiece altogether."

"I'm not saying I don't agree with you," declared Demoruz with a sly look, "but an Italian maid wouldn't want to go overboard, would she? And then," he added, with gratuitous malice, "you don't stock the really good watches, do you?"

"I only have to send a cable to any one of the

major manufacturers to have any watch in any catalogue here tomorrow morning," snapped Knüsperli, riled.

"I'm prepared to believe you," replied Demoruz, with his mocking sidelong look, "but you don't *stock* them, do you? I mean, the Italian maid couldn't come in here, could she, and say, give me that Vacherin or that Piaget out of the window?"

"She could if I showed her the catalogues. Yes, she could."

"But she didn't, did she? I mean, you didn't, did you? Show her the catalogues, I mean."

"What are you driving at?" asked Knüsperli coldly.

A wild look of innocence burst on Demoruz's face. "Driving at? I'm making conversation!"

Knüsperli frowned, and there was a long pause.

"You know what she did?" Demoruz went on in a voice suddenly small and moralizing.

"No."

"She sent the watch back in an ordinary envelope — unregistered, that is — and written on it was 'Gift of No Value.'"

Knüsperli emitted a low whistle of disbelief.

"I've got the envelope here! I've brought it with me!" Demoruz cried, as he dug in his pockets for the evidence.

Knüsperli smoothed out the envelope, and then looked up, his own eye as dramatic in its smaller, sourer way as Demoruz's. "Attempting to deceive the Swiss customs," he said.

"That's a federal offense!"

"If they'd opened the packet, it'd have meant confiscation, at least."

"Or a fine," added Demoruz, "or even prison. They're getting very tough these days. Or even all three of them, running concurrently. That's what happened to my wife's sister Edith. She got it concurrently. First time ever in the canton anyone ever got it concurrently. And she's a woman at that, although you'd never know it. What's more, your name's on the packet, see? That's the way they got my wife's sister too. She used to take things out of shops. What got her was the name of the shop on the bag. And such things get around. I mean, they get distorted. It starts out someone smuggled a watch bought at your shop, and by the time it's been the rounds, it's *you* who's been smuggling watches *into* your shop."

"I'll tell you one thing," said Knüsperli, after a moment of dour reflection on these verities, "I'm not taking the watch back. It's been abroad. And it's come through customs with a false declaration of content. I'm not going to soil my hands."

"Quite right," agreed Demoruz. "And yet it's a lovely watch." He produced it and fondled it. "Though it seems to be dented . . . Look, here."

"No," said Knüsperli. "That's a feature of the

design. It's got a dent on the other side too, see?"

"Mm, I admit that, but this dent seems a bit bigger, doesn't it? The longer you stare at it, the bigger that dent becomes . . ."

The two men looked deep into each other's souls.

"Can you afford forty francs?" asked Knüsperli.

"Can I afford forty francs?" Demoruz laughed.

"Don't try to pull the wool over my eyes. I know you for what you are — a drunk . . . a wastrel . . . a disgrace to the entire valley."

"I can afford whatever I want for whatever I want whenever I want it," said Demoruz at the top of his voice. "The point is, do I *want* to afford forty francs?"

"Well, do you?"

"For this watch? Yes, I do."

"Right. Take it. But there's one condition."

"What's that?"

"Here's a watch worth forty francs. It's a Pomonas Evergo, in a shockproof chromium-type case. For the price, it's a good value. You send it to the woman, and tell her you picked it out yourself and that it's of equal value to the one she sent back. That's your responsibility."

"Done," whispered Demoruz, forking out forty francs in change which became smaller and smaller toward the end.

Knüsperli counted the money twice, and put it in the till.

"There's only one thing," said Demoruz.

"Yes?"

"Who pays for the postage?"

Knüsperli thought quickly. He had made a good deal and wished to appear generous. "We share the postage."

The two men shook hands.

THREE days later, Pia received the substitute watch in Paris.

It had traveled in the same envelope, which had been readdressed. Her claim that it contained a gift of no value was still written on it in her handwriting. The new watch looked suspiciously cheap to her, and when she tried to wind it, the winder dropped out. She took it quickly to a watchmaker, who told her it was hardly worth repairing, since the repairs, which would be frequent, would quickly amount to more than the cost of the watch. She asked him to put a value on it, but he told her he had no experience with merchandise of that nature. When pressed, he thought twenty francs would be exorbitant.

Pia returned home in a fury, and in her desperation she wrote a long letter to Monsieur Petiton, explaining the nature of the deceit to which she had fallen prey. Monsieur Petiton read

the letter at breakfast, at first with amusement, but eventually with a welcome anger. Frankly, Monsieur Petiton was bored being up in the mountains. He disliked the snow. What made it tolerable was the manner in which the women dressed to face it. He had a predilection for the smart blouses they liked to affect, and especially for the skintight *après ski* pants, which featured the female figure in a way that was at once subtle in repose and gross in motion. He was the kind of voyeur who would never stoop to a keyhole. But even this innocuous pastime had now begun to pall. The telephone and the television were not sufficient to engage his attention or to challenge his acumen. However, his profession was one which had made him conscious of fraud and transgression — in fact, he often fancied he recognized symptoms where none existed. Now Pia's letter came to him like a chance bone to a somnolent dog. He decided to deal with the problem, and mobilized all his vast and bitter experience in the field of mortal duplicity in order to carry out his delicate charge.

He entered Knüsperli's shop just before lunch, when Madame Knüsperli was helping her husband out. Knüsperli quickly abandoned a couple of other customers and smiled egregiously at his distinguished client.

"It isn't often we have the honor to see you in person, Monsieur Petiton," he said. "I trust there is no complaint about the ski boots for your son?"

"I didn't even know they had been purchased in this shop," Petiton replied.

"Oh, yes . . . we have fitted the entire family. In fact, Madame was in here only yesterday with her instructor, selecting some more advanced skis. I suggested Lone Eagles — the champion's favorite."

Petiton looked at him sharply.

"I am not here to make a purchase," he said. "On the contrary, I want some money out of you."

"Out of me?" Knüsperli paled.

"There is the question of a watch," Petiton went on, in his quiet, efficient way.

"A watch? I don't seem to remember —"

"On the contrary, I have reason to believe you know exactly what I mean. My maid bought a watch here —"

"An Italian lady? Oh, yes —" Knüsperli's affected innocence compelled him to be as helpful as possible.

"Precisely. An Italian lady. She bought a watch here for a hundred eighty francs."

"It actually cost one hundred ninety-eight francs, Monsieur, but I made a special price for her."

"That was most generous of you, I'm sure. We will now consider whether your subsequent actions were motivated by the same spirit of generosity. I

understand that the watch in question proved unsuitable, and so she sent it back to you with the idea of exchanging it, a practice which is normal in all the better shops."

"I agree, Monsieur."

"I am glad to hear it. In fact, you proved your point by sending her in exchange a watch worth about twenty French francs . . . about eighteen Swiss francs at the present rate of exchange —"

"Oh, Monsieur, I protest! Who valued the watch?"

Monsieur Petiton consulted a piece of paper on which he had prepared his brief.

"The firm of Augier, Dupont et Fils, 118 Boulevard de la Victoire, in Paris, the official agency for at least three reputable Swiss watches."

"But, Monsieur, the watch is a Pomona Evergo!"

"I've never heard of such a company," said Monsieur Petiton, "and I do a great deal of work with the major companies in Geneva and in La Chaux-de-Fonds. However, it is always possible that there is a deficiency in my knowledge. In that case, all you have to do is to produce the Pomona catalogue, and we will see together how much you owe my maid."

Knüsperli faltered, especially now that his wife was listening. "The Pomona people don't put out a catalogue," he said.

"Why not? Isn't it usual business practice?"

"I don't know, Monsieur. They're a curious company in many respects."

"I can well believe it. Perhaps you could give me their address and telephone number so that we can clear this matter up."

"I don't have their address on me."

"Then how do you get the watches?" asked Monsieur Petiton. "You don't make them yourself, by any chance?"

"I'll be frank with you, Monsieur —"

"Ah, at last."

"What's the matter, Heinrich?" asked Madame Knüsperli.

"Nothing. Nothing's the matter." He leaned forward. "You have in your employ a certain Madame Demoruz, who cleans your chalet."

"That is correct."

"When your Italian maid selected the one-hundred-eighty-franc watch —"

"And paid for it!"

"I'm not saying she didn't! I never said that! Never, Monsieur!"

"All right, go on . . ."

"She — the maid, that is — sent the watch away to Italy, I believe, as a present. This present turned out not to be suitable. Instead of sending it back to me, as she should have done, she sent it to Madame Demoruz, who gave it to her husband, whose name is Monsieur Demoruz."

"That seems logical."

"Now, this Monsieur Demoruz came down to see me, and point-blank refused to surrender the watch. He said it wasn't a new watch anymore, since he was wearing it. He also pointed out that it had been dented in transit. What was I to do? I couldn't afford to be out of pocket. I told him to buy the maid another watch and to sort it out with her, since she had sent him the watch in the first place. He selected the Pomona Evergo, which he said was suitable. He paid for it. Both watches have been paid for, and as far as I am concerned, it's a closed chapter. People come in here all the time and buy things, and so long as they pay, I'm not going to concern myself with what happens to the merchandise once it has left the shop. After all, I'm not a charitable institution!"

"Very well," Monsieur Petiton said quietly, "I have your story. All I can tell you is that someone will be compelled to pay up the difference between eighteen and one hundred eighty francs, and the next time you see me I may well be accompanied by a gendarme."

"The watch cost forty francs, Monsieur, not eighteen!"

"I prefer to believe the assessment of a reputable watchmaker, especially since you seem unable to put your hands on any official Pomona price list. *Bon appétit.*"

"Damn Demoruz!" shouted Knüsperli after Petiton had gone, but his show of fire didn't prevent him from being scolded by his wife in a most degrading fashion.

PETITON lunched at the ski club, and watched the elegant ladies parade before him. After lunch, he returned to his chalet, knowing that Madame Demoruz would be cleaning there.

"Your husband has a handsome new watch, I am told," he said, apparently reading *Le Figaro*.

"A new watch, Monsieur? I really haven't noticed."

"Oh, come, come, Madame Demoruz, of course you've noticed. By the brilliant manner in which you wrinkle out every speck of dirt in this chalet, I can see that you notice everything."

"He may have a watch, but it isn't new," said Madame Demoruz doggedly.

"Not new? How old is it? A couple of weeks, shall we say?"

"What are you getting at, Monsieur?"

"Just this, Madame Demoruz," he replied, looking straight at her, almost kindly. "Pia sent you a watch she had bought for her nephew and which had been found unsuitable, didn't she?"

"That's right."

"Perhaps you'd care to continue telling the story yourself from there on?"

"Why, what's up?"

"I'll tell you when you've finished."

Madame Demoruz shrugged her shoulders. She certainly behaved in a less suspicious manner than Monsieur Knüsperli, but then she was a woman, Monsieur Petiton reflected, and even if there is not enough beauty to be shared by the sisterhood, the art of lying is a mine of inexhaustible profusion.

"When Pia sent me the watch, I gave it to my husband, naturally. I haven't got time to do more than my work. That evening, when I saw my husband, I remarked on the watch on his wrist, and asked him how he'd got hold of it. 'Well,' he said, 'Knüsperli refused point-blank to take it back.' 'Oh,' I said, 'so he gave it to you.' 'No,' he said, 'it's been paid for. He can't keep it, especially since he won't take it back, so somebody's got to have it.' 'Well,' I said, 'Pia paid for it — she ought to have it.' 'But she doesn't want it,' he said. 'I've got a letter telling us that much.' 'That's all very well,' I said, 'but she wanted another one.' 'I know that,' he said, 'and out of the goodness of my heart,' he said, 'I bought her one. It cost me all of forty francs.' 'Forty francs!' I said. 'Well, thirty,' he said. 'You can't buy a decent watch for thirty francs,' I said. 'Well, forty,' he said. So he needn't have bought Pia anything, you see, Monsieur. It was, as he said, out of the goodness of his heart. He didn't wish her to go empty-handed, she being a foreigner, you see, Monsieur, and not Swiss."

"In other words, Madame Demoruz, you maintain that Monsieur Knüsperli refused to take the watch back?"

"That's what my husband told me," said Madame Demoruz, one of her lips quivering in premature outrage.

"Well, Monsieur Knüsperli maintains that your husband refused to give the watch up. I am not calling anyone a liar," Monsieur Petiton remarked coolly. "All I am interested in is the reimbursement of a sum which I estimate at one hundred sixty-two francs, and I will go to the gendarmerie this afternoon."

Monsieur Demoruz was with Monsieur Knüsperli when Monsieur Petiton arrived with the local gendarme, Broglio, who was a cousin of Knüsperli's and a nephew of Demoruz's, and who had reason to mistrust both. Madame Demoruz had hurried home and told her husband what Monsieur Petiton had said. Monsieur Demoruz, who could always be found at home during the day, bestirred himself, and bellowing with rage, rampaged down to the village. Now he and Knüsperli were frozen

like statues at the height of their argument. They both greeted the gendarme by saying "*Adieu, Jules,*" rather sullenly. The gendarme took off his cap in order to keep the row within the family.

"Shall I start?" asked Monsieur Petiton.

"I already have cognizance of the facts, Monsieur," said the gendarme.

"You have cognizance of the two different stories, Monsieur le gendarme. It is up to us, to you, to unravel the facts," corrected Monsieur Petiton.

"As you wish, Monsieur," said the gendarme, who struggled to hide his slow-wittedness behind an affectation of weariness. Slowly he took out a pad, and found the appropriate place after a lengthy examination of a blank sheet of paper.

"Where is the watch?" he inquired.

"Which watch?" asked Knüsperli. "There are two watches."

"Two watches," agreed Monsieur Demoruz passionately.

"Two watches?" The gendarme looked at Monsieur Petiton as though he had been told an untruth. "If there are as many as two watches, this may be a matter for headquarters," he said.

"I told you the whole story in your office," Monsieur Petiton remarked with elaborate patience.

"I know that, Monsieur. I'm not an imbecile."

"You stated that an Italian lady, Chiantella, Pia, in service with you at Number 91 *bis* Avenue Foch, Paris, Seine, France, had bought a watch — *one* watch," he emphasized powerfully "— one watch, at the shop of Monsieur Knüsperli, Heinrich, for a sum of one hundred eighty francs —"

"Swiss francs," interrupted Monsieur Petiton.

"Since we are on Swiss soil, Monsieur, francs will be taken to mean Swiss francs unless specified as being French. On receiving the watch, she decided that it would be unsuitable, and sent it to Madame Demoruz, Irène, of the Chalet Souriante Colline in this village, for her to take and exchange for a watch of similar value or less without an alarm attachment. Whatever transpired, she received in return a watch in a chromium-type case claimed to be a Pomona Evergo, estimated by the firm of Augier, Dupont et Fils of 118 Boulevard de la Victoire in Paris as worth twenty French francs, without any reimbursement for the difference in price. The watch in question, when wound, refused to go, and the winder fell to the floor. Is that correct?"

"That is correct," agreed Monsieur Petiton.

"Then it is a question of only one watch," said the gendarme. "Since it was not the intention of Mademoiselle Chiantella, Pia, to purchase more than one."

"She hardly expected to receive one at the cost of another, more expensive one; therefore the case involves two watches," argued Monsieur Petiton.

"Did she expect to own two watches?" asked the gendarme.

"Of course not."

"Then it is a case involving *one* watch," he insisted. "You wish her to pay the correct sum for the Pomona Evergo?"

"Yes."

"Then that is the watch which concerns us here."

"But she has already paid for the more expensive watch!" cried Monsieur Petiton, losing his composure.

The gendarme sighed. "Who is conducting this inquiry, Monsieur, you or I?"

"You are," agreed Monsieur Petiton, with evident regret.

"Very well, then." The gendarme faced Knüsperli and Demoruz. "Now, when Demoruz, Albert, brought in the watch to you, Knüsperli, Heinrich, did you refuse to take it back?"

"I did not," stated Knüsperli, categorically.

"That's a brazen lie!" shouted Demoruz, banging his gnarled fist on the glass counter.

"Take that back," flared Knüsperli, "or leave the shop!"

"Nobody's leaving the shop while I'm here," said the gendarme. "You were willing to take the watch back?"

"As Monsieur Petiton correctly pointed out, it is normal business practice."

"Then why didn't you take it back?"

"Demoruz refused to surrender it."

"As God is my witness —" roared Demoruz, bringing down his fist again, and this time breaking the glass on the counter, "as God is my witness, that is a stinking lie. The Italian woman sent the watch back in an ordinary envelope marked 'Gift of No Value' in an evident plan to defraud the customs."

The gendarme's eyebrows shot up to meet his hairline. "Are you making this part of the record?" he asked.

"Yes, I am!"

"Prove it!" cried Petiton.

"I *can* prove it, and will!"

"Produce the envelope!"

The steam suddenly vanished from Demoruz's boiler. "Oh, no," he said, "I used the same envelope to send the other watch back."

"Still allegedly marked 'Gift of No Value'?"

"I — I don't remember."

"So much for the high moral principles of these people," Petiton declaimed.

"At least it was a much cheaper watch!" yelled Demoruz. "It really was a gift of no value."

"Ah, you agree!"

"Of course I agree."

"An admission at last," said Petiton, satisfied.

"I never denied it was a cheaper watch," warned Monsieur Knüsperli.

"You evaded the issue every time I asked you its worth," accused Petiton.

"Forty francs he charged me, while you tell me, Monsieur, it's only worth twenty!" Demoruz howled.

"And who's going to pay for the damage to my counter?" Knüsperli roared back.

"Gentlemen," said the gendarme, with that pained dignity which schoolmasters use in order to impress on their pupils that they are disappointed in them, "gentlemen, what is at stake here, as I see it, is not so much a few francs as the honor of the commune." With an instinct shrewder than his conscious thought, he made a move to shift the discussion onto the plane of pride and away from the facts, of which he understood not one. Knüsperli was the quicker of the two litigants to realize that an escape road was being opened for him. "I'm not a fool," he said, suddenly reasonable. "I value Monsieur Petiton as a customer more than I value a slight extra profit, and I care for my reputation even more deeply. This shop was opened in 1902, by my grandfather —"

"You take after him, the old bastard," said Demoruz.

Knüsperli brushed aside the insult with a sadly indulgent smile. "— and we have served the community faithfully ever since," he went on, "so that I am prepared, if all the parties are willing, to reimburse the difference in price myself. The sum in question is one hundred forty francs. Is that agreeable to everyone?"

"You can't do that!" cried Demoruz. "Don't you think I can see through you, you hypocrite? You're trying to put me in the wrong!"

"Perhaps you're willing to join me? We'll put down seventy francs each," suggested Knüsperli.

"You think I'm an idiot or something?" growled the cornered Demoruz. He looked at the others, and then back at the hated Knüsperli, who was smiling, a meaningless, fixed, maddening smile. "I won't pay a centime," Demoruz said in anger, "but you're all mad if you think I'll continue to sully my wrist with this tainted watch!" He took it off, and placed it on the cracked counter. "There!"

"I wouldn't touch that watch now. You take it right out of here, and I never want to see either of you again."

Demoruz looked hunted and outdignified. Suddenly, foolishly, he held it out to the gendarme.

"Are you trying to bribe me, Uncle Albert?" asked the gendarme coldly. "I'm on duty, you know."

Desperately Demoruz presented it to Monsieur Petiton, who waved it away impatiently. "I've got more watches than I know what to do with," he said, "and of better quality than that."

"All right!" shouted Demoruz, who suddenly saw daylight. "Tell you what, I'll send it back to the Italian woman, and I'll declare what it is and its value on the envelope. That's what I'll do. The rest of you do what you damn well please!"

"Does that satisfy you, Monsieur?" the gendarme asked Petiton.

Petiton was frankly a little disappointed by these unexpected fireworks of generosity. He had not foreseen them, since they never occurred in the field of investment banking. "I suppose the solution is reasonable," he said, "although the palpable attempt to defraud a domestic servant is going unpunished. If I hadn't taken the matter in hand, we could today be confronted by a grave example of social injustice."

"How much do you pay the Italian?" asked Demoruz, his eyes huge and ironical.

"That is, I suggest, none of your business," Petiton replied cuttingly.

"While we're talking about social injustice, I thought I'd bring it up," Demoruz added. "I just hope it's a bit more than the miserly pittance you pay my wife. Six francs an hour. He's stinking rich, rolling in money, and he pays the lowest wages in the whole damned village. Easy on the social injustice, Monsieur. Easy on it."

Petiton flushed with anger.

Knüsperli came to his help. "Six francs an hour? That means it took your poor wife over six and a half hours to buy you that watch. You'd better go easy on the social injustice, too, Albert."

"I'll kill you if you call me by my first name! I'm Monsieur Demoruz to you, you scum!"

THE gendarme separated them, and frog-marched Demoruz unsteadily and elaborately back to his chalet. That evening he got really drunk. He hated everybody, hit his wife, and drank his Lie straight from the bottle. The front of his shirt was wet from the times he had missed his mouth. When his wife put his meal before him, he threw it across the room. He lit a vile cigar, and it made him sick to his stomach, so he threw it out of the window. It landed on a pile of straw, which soon began to smolder and then burn, in spite of the cold. Madame Demoruz was the first to smell the burning, and she rushed out with a pail of water, but the wind blew some bits of flaming straw against the walls of the old barn, which quickly took fire. The local firemen, volunteers all, appeared on the scene when the barn was already an empty shell. They were never very quick off the mark on these occasions because of their insistence on appearing at the scene of a conflagration in uniform. All they could do was to abandon

the barn to its fate, and to throw snow against the walls of the chalet in case the wind should change direction.

Demoruz stood and watched, a fiendish expression on his face. He muttered the one word "Knüesperli," relieved himself on the embers, took an ax out of the woodshed, and reeled down to the village. There he destroyed the window of Knüesperli's shop, and offered no resistance to the gendarme when the latter came to arrest him.

Relatively sober the next morning, he refused to believe that Knüesperli hadn't set fire to the barn. "He had it in for me, because I showed him up for what he is!" he repeated endlessly.

Knüesperli proved that he was in the café playing cards with relatives, but Demoruz insisted that these relatives had to be liars if they were relatives of Knüesperli's. He even claimed he had seen various suspicious characters flitting about in the twilight while he was eating his supper, and remembered that he had said to his wife, "That's funny. Those people running about in the dark outside look like Knüesperli's relatives. They've no business out there."

Madame Demoruz agreed rather shamefacedly to everything her husband alleged, and explained her black eye by saying that she slipped and fell while trying to identify Knüesperli's relatives in the dark.

Knüesperli resorted to the law in his exasperation, but while these due processes were tortuously underway, Demoruz was manhandled and left bleeding one night on his way from the café, an empty bottle of Lie in his hand. Soon after, the tires of Knüesperli's car were found gashed. It became clear to the gendarme that factions had been formed and that the venerable hatreds of the valley had been revived. Rather than resorting to Lausanne, and dragging all these sinister happenings into the open to the degradation of the village, he convened a meeting of the elders.

The doyen, Monsieur Willy Demoruz-Knüesperli, who was related to everyone's relatives, and who was ninety-two years old, put forward his views at this meeting. He stood up, his sparse hair standing like a field of exclamation marks on a red and freckled soil, his alpine eyes blue suns setting in rivers with scarlet banks, his nose a crystal drop trembling among the hairs of its prow, his carelessly shaved neck rising to his jaw in a series of corrugations, his toothless gums biting on memories, and he spoke.

"To destroy each other's goods is as blind as destroying one's own. We are here, by God's will, to live in peace. We fought all our wars at the beginning of history. We have learned to do without. God, in His infinite mercy, gave us high mountains to protect ourselves, good cows to milk,

good wood to build with. And, as if that were not enough, He even sent us foreigners to exploit. We have everything we need, and more. But I tell you, if now we have fallen out among ourselves, it is only because there are two uneasy consciences at the root of the trouble. I won't say who is right and who is wrong. It takes two uneasy consciences to make the kind of unpleasantness we've been having. One is not enough. I've no more to say, except that it will serve us right if the Almighty, whose wisdom passeth all understanding, takes away the foreigners. Then we'll be reduced to exploiting each other as we did when we still had wars."

"Why do we see you so rarely in church?" asked the priest, smiling, when the meeting was over.

"Don't like it. Bore me. Sleep better at home," murmured the old man.

Meanwhile, Pia, in Paris, was amazed and gratified not only to have her money refunded but to receive both watches as well. She sent the valuable one back to Manlio in a fresh envelope marked "Gift of No Value," explaining to him that the shop refused to take it back, and that it had cost her a lot of money, and that every time the alarm rang he should think of the love which had motivated its being sent. The other watch she sent to Giorgio.

When she went back to Italy in the summer, she noticed that the two boys hadn't changed. Giorgio was as ugly as ever, Manlio perhaps even more beautiful. Only the bicycles seemed to have aged a bit.

"Well, and how are the watches?" she asked.

The boys looked at one another.

"Mine arrived broken," said Giorgio.

"*Porca la miseria*," Pia grumbled, "you can't trust the posts. It left Paris in perfect condition."

"Zannonelli said it wasn't worth mending."

"As bad as that?" moaned Pia. "Madonna. And yours?" She smiled winningly at Manlio.

"Mine? I lost it."

"Lost it! You're lying!" Pia accused.

Manlio shrugged his shoulders in a noncommittal way.

In a fury, Pia took him by his bare arms, and shook him. "Where is it?" she screeched.

"I sold it," Manlio said, only half apologetic. "I needed the money more than the watch. I sold it to an American sailor."

"How much for?" Pia whispered dramatically.

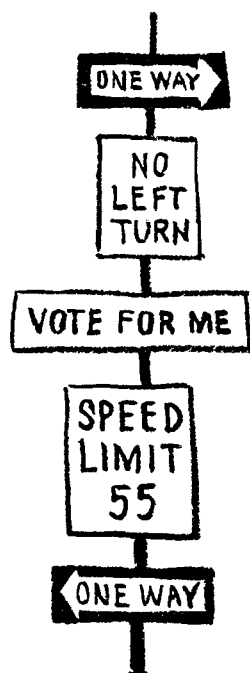
"Four thousand lire."

Pia slapped his face so violently that it had to be a gesture of love. "*Mascalzone!*" she cried. "You sold it for less than I paid for it!"

Manlio shrugged his shoulders again, and lay down in the sun.

THE POLITICS OF AUTO SAFETY

by Elizabeth Brenner Drew



In this continuation of her intimate reports on big government at work, Mrs. Drew tells what happened when the powerful automobile industry (or so they said) collided with the officials and lawmakers suddenly bent on making automobiles safer.

IN MARCH, 1964, Lawrence A. Ernest of Whitefish Bay, Wisconsin, wrote to his senator, Gaylord Nelson (D.), to complain about what seemed to him a lack of safety standards for automobile tires. A couple of months later, a young attorney named Ralph Nader was hired as a special consultant to a group in the Labor Department that was studying, among other things, traffic safety. During that same period, late in 1964, Abraham A. Ribicoff, a freshman Democratic senator from Connecticut, had won himself the chairmanship of a minor subcommittee and was looking for a way to make the most of it. The November election landslide foretold early enactment of most of the social-welfare legislation which had for years provided the Democrats with their major issues. And back in Detroit, the giant \$25-billion-a-year auto industry nestled comfortably in its corporate cocoon, content in the knowledge that this was the pride of private enterprise, the backbone of the American economy (accounting for nearly one sixth of it), and the only major transportation industry so free of government regulation.

Yes, automobile fatalities were climbing, reaching nearly 50,000 a year, or roughly 1000 a week, and the number of people suffering automobile injuries was nearing 4 million a year. (The comparison with other means of travel: 5 passengers die for every 10 billion miles traveled by train; 13 die for every 10 billion miles traveled in buses; 14 die for every 10 billion miles flown; and 570 die for every 10 billion miles traveled by car.) The response of the industry was typified by a statement of Harry F. Barr's, vice president for engineering at General Motors, quoted in the January 28, 1965, New York Times: "We aren't given any credit whatever for our real concern, technically, about the problem," said Barr. "The driver is most important, we feel. If the drivers do everything they should, there wouldn't be accidents, would there?"

But Nelson's constituent's letter, Nader's accelerating research into the safety of automobiles, Ribicoff's forum, the Johnson Administration's time for new issues converged in 1965. The result, little more than a year later, was a law directing the federal government to set safety standards for all automobiles sold in the United States. The new law, whatever its built-in difficulties — and there are several — is a radical departure from the government's traditional, respectful, hands-off approach to the automobile industry, an industry which politician and businessman alike had long considered sacrosanct. How did it happen?

Politicians discovered that, beyond the merits of the issue, automobile safety was good politics.

Nobody loves an automobile company. Congressmen were deluged with what one office dubbed its "lemon letters" ("I just bought a new — and it's a lemon"). It is a rare car owner who has not had servicing problems. Also, to talk about the importance of safe driving was to produce yawns; to mention that the car itself might be at fault was to arouse new interest. This discovery touched off a political car-safety derby, with politicians jockeying for the position out in front.

Ralph Nader, who had for years been pushing for focus on the role of the car, engaged in a one-man lobbying operation probably unprecedented in legislative history.

As the auto-safety issue developed, it had all the makings of a good news story, complete with good guys and bad guys and horror stories, and the press gave it big play. This, in turn, spurred the politicians on, and it also provided a constant monitor over attempts to weaken the legislation. The widely syndicated columnist Drew Pearson staked himself out as a sentinel against encroachments on a tough bill, and senators, representatives, Nader, and Capitol Hill staff members virtually tripped over one another leaking stories to Pearson about who was mangling the bill now.

Finally, the giant, fearsome, incredibly wealthy automobile industry — and politicians are prepared to stand in awe of industrial giants — when it reluctantly lumbered into the unfamiliar political arena turned out to be a paper hippopotamus.

A DIZZYING array of safety committees, councils, and agencies were already busy urging greater traffic safety, but they somehow managed virtually to overlook the role of the car. Some thirty-seven private and semi-public groups — including the National Safety Council and the Insurance Institute for Highway Safety — all serve on the advisory council of the strangest creature of all, the President's Committee for Traffic Safety. The President's committee is staffed by civil servants paid by the federal government, but its director and assistant director are hired and paid by the automobile and insurance industries. The committee has made unabashed use of the prestige of the presidential seal to spread the industry gospel: traffic safety is preserved by careful driving, good car maintenance, vehicle inspection, traffic laws, and bigger and more highways; since a good traffic-safety program is driver-oriented, traffic safety is rightfully the province of state and local governments. The interlocking directorates and mutual dependence of virtually all safety groups on the same sources of revenue — the automobile industry and commercial allies — produced a re-

markably harmonious point of view. (The Administration says it will end industry dominance of the President's committee.)

Some sixteen government agencies have had a hand — or finger — in traffic safety, but most of these programs involved timid inquiries and piddling research grants (several co-sponsored by the automobile industry). Largely through the efforts of one congressman, Kenneth Roberts (D., Alabama), whose dogged efforts from 1956 until his defeat in 1964 attracted little notice, Congress had at least passed laws requiring standards for brake fluid, that all cars be equipped with seat belts, and, in what was to be the opening wedge, that all cars purchased by the federal government meet specified safety standards. The General Services Administration was to set safety standards for the 36,000-odd passenger cars it buys for the government each year — and by extension was to prod the automobile industry into more widespread application of higher safety standards. The GSA bill became law in 1964. In mid-1964 Representative Nelson had introduced a bill to require federal safety standards for tires. By early 1965, Nelson and his staff had become interested in all aspects of automobile safety, and Nelson at that point introduced a second bill to require that the GSA standards be applied to all cars.

In the meantime, Ribicoff and his energetic aide, Jerome Sonosky, had decided to lead off Ribicoff's career as chairman of the Senate Government Operations Committee's Subcommittee on Executive Reorganization with an inquiry into (to justify use of the subcommittee) the federal role in automobile safety. Ribicoff had, after all, established himself nationally as "Mr. Safety" by cracking down on speeders while he was governor of Connecticut (even though during that period Connecticut's number of accidents and injuries went up, as did the injury rate per vehicle miles traveled). The national auto-safety picture had not improved since then, and Ribicoff was aware that new safety research was coming to light. In mid-February, 1965, therefore, Ribicoff announced hearings aimed at curbing the "fantastic carnage" on the highways. The first round, of bureaucrats reciting their deeds, attracted little notice. Then, after the industry beat off enactment of a Ribicoff proposal to make part of a reduction of automobile excise taxes contingent upon installation of safety devices, Ribicoff introduced a bill to expand federal research into traffic safety and to authorize grants for vehicle inspection and driver-education programs. The top executives of the "Big Four" automobile companies — General Motors, Ford, Chrysler, and American Motors — were invited to appear before his subcommittee.

The segment of the new hearings which electrified

the audience, received the most newspaper and TV coverage, and helped put the auto industry on a one-way street to federal regulation was the following exchange between Senator Robert F. Kennedy (D., New York), the latest entrant in the safety derby, and the top officials of General Motors:

Senator Kennedy: What was the profit of General Motors last year?

Mr. Roche [GM president]: I don't think that has anything to do —

Senator Kennedy: I would like to have that answer if I may. I think I am entitled to know that figure. I think it has been published. You spent \$1¼ million, as I understand it, on this aspect of safety [research outside the company]. I would like to know what the profit is.

Mr. Donner [GM board chairman]: The one aspect we are talking about is safety.

Senator Kennedy: What was the profit of General Motors last year?

Mr. Donner: I will have to ask one of my associates.

Senator Kennedy: Could you, please?

Mr. Roche: \$1,700 million.

Senator Kennedy: What?

Mr. Donner: About \$1½ billion, I think.

Senator Kennedy: \$1 billion?

Mr. Donner: \$1.7 billion.

Senator Kennedy: About \$1½ billion?

Mr. Donner: Yes.

Senator Kennedy: Or \$1.7 billion. You made \$1.7 billion last year?

Mr. Donner: That is correct.

Senator Kennedy: And you spent \$1 million on this?

Mr. Donner: In this particular facet we are talking about.

Senator Kennedy: Just tell me what you spent on this whole program of safety.

And then the inquiry trailed off into a rambling discussion of proving grounds and test centers.

The executives of the other auto companies, benefiting from GM's experience, came in primed with facts and figures to display their dedication to safety research, and GM later announced that it had spent \$193 million on safety in 1964, but these figures were met with widespread suspicions that the definition of "safety research" had become a very loose one. ("I saw the 'tilt' sign light up," says one federal official.) At this point, in July, Ribicoff adjourned his 1965 hearings.

Senator Warren G. Magnuson (D., Washington), the powerful chairman of the Senate Commerce Committee, was annoyed at Ribicoff for horning in on his committee's territory. If there was to be a safety bill, Magnuson's committee had the jurisdiction. In late May, in fact, with no great sense of urgency, Magnuson's committee took up Nelson's tire bill. When, in the face of common knowledge to the contrary, the automobile industry insisted that new car tires were the safest money could buy, the committee felt it should act. Magnuson, who

had been warned by advisers that he had lost "visibility" with the voters back home, told his staff to get ready for final action a revised tire bill in 1966.

Down at the White House, President Johnson was receiving the signals from Capitol Hill. Other Presidents had talked about traffic safety, but hadn't accomplished much. At last the time seemed ripe. In midsummer, Mr. Johnson told Joseph A. Califano, his Special Assistant in charge of the 1966 legislative program, to work up a transportation program that had in it, among other things, a traffic-safety bill. The White House signal to the Commerce Department to work up a bill was, in turn, good news to a small — very small — group of Young Turks who had been trying from within to push the department into a meaningful role in traffic safety. Their basic problem had been that the Commerce Department's charter is to promote American business, and this is viewed as incompatible with regulating American business.

The activists had made a partial breakthrough when the department, after considerable infighting, said that it "would not object" to standby, discretionary authority to set tire-safety standards if no industry voluntarism developed. And the safety activists' position was considerably strengthened by the publication, on November 30, of Ralph Nader's book, *Unsafe At Any Speed*.

The publication was a front-page story for the *New York Times*, and the book shortly received widespread and largely favorable reviews. Subtitled "The Designed-in Dangers of the American Automobile," it is a well-written, heavily documented criticism of the automobile industry for emphasis of style over safety, and its "engineering stagnation." The book's most important contributions to the growing safety controversy were to turn the gruesome yet familiar fatality and injury statistics into singular personal — and, Nader argued, unnecessary — tragedies, and to enhance public recognition of the key role played by the "second collision." Nader did much to popularize the concept that automobile injuries and fatalities are caused less by the collision of the car with another car or object than by the resulting collision of the passengers with the car's interior — the steering wheel, the gear shift, the chrome knobs and fixtures, and so on. Nader's book collected material on findings that passengers could be much better protected upon impact, and insisted that no matter how many worthy precautions are taken, there will always be an intolerable number of collisions. Nader estimated that \$700 of each car's retail cost proceeded mostly from styling changes, and that most of this should be spent on safety; that some changes would not be more costly, just different. To the industry's argument that "safety doesn't

sell,” he replied that this was a self-serving, irresponsible canard, which became a self-fulfilled prophecy.

By the time that his book came out, Nader was already deep into the growing congressional attack on auto safety, doing what he could to fan the controversy. And as an interesting, compelling character, he had begun to attract respectful attention; it was less and less tempting to dismiss him as just another kook with a fixation. Nader, a thirty-two-year-old lawyer from Winsted, Connecticut, is the son of Lebanese immigrants, who went to Princeton and worked his way through Harvard Law School. During his life he had witnessed some terrible results of collisions, including one in which a little girl was virtually decapitated by a glove compartment door that flew open in a fifteen-mile-per-hour crash. As a law student, he began to wonder why the law concentrated almost entirely on the driver and not at all on the car, studied automotive research, and began to write articles. (In some post-law-school traveling, Nader also turned out articles on the economic problems of northeast Brazil, the *ombudsman* system of Scandinavia, and the future of Ethiopia; he speaks Chinese, Spanish, Portuguese, Russian, and Arabic.) While practicing law in Connecticut, Nader was a part-time advocate of a new approach to traffic safety, and in 1964 he gave up his law practice and moved to Washington to devote full time to his cause close to the center of power. He was a consultant to the Labor Department through the spring of 1965, and then, operating out of his rooming house, cutting his own stencils, living off his savings and his occasional speaking and writing fees, going sixteen, seventeen hours a day and sometimes all night, Nader worked solely for a strong auto-safety bill. Nader is an intense, lanky young man, with a quiet sense of humor and good instincts for timing and drama. “Ralph,” says one Capitol Hill staff man, “is a basically sound fanatic.” Beginning in early 1965, Nader was advising Ribicoff’s staff on areas to study, witnesses to call, and questions to ask. Noting Nelson’s interest in safety, he got in touch with his staff and encouraged Nelson to sponsor a bill authorizing the federal government to build its own prototype of a safe car (this found its way into the final auto-safety law). He made contact with the Young Turks in the Commerce Department and exhorted them and fed them information. And so it went, as all sides, with the strange exception of the automobile industry, prepared for the 1966 showdown.

WHEN President Johnson, in his State of the Union message, mentioned his intention to “propose a Highway Safety Act,” the final shape of the bill was still in dispute within the Administration.

Califano and Charles Schultze, the director of the Budget Bureau, favored a bill ordering the Commerce Department to set federal safety standards; John Connor, the Secretary of Commerce, was for simply permitting the Secretary to set the standards after two years if the industry’s voluntary action did not suffice. Connor argued that the threat of federal standards would spur the industry to come up with more effective safety devices on its own, but if the industry knew that regulation was coming, it would sit back. Whatever the merits of this logic, the issue did not seem so important at the time; it was assumed that there would be federal standards at some point, and Connor won. The President’s bill was the strongest car-safety proposal yet before Congress, and it provided focus to the growing argument, crucial backing for federal standards, and the framework for the final product. But during the time that it was being drafted, public interest in safety regulation had grown, and the safety advocates were escalating their demands. When news of the Administration’s approach was leaked in the newspapers, Nader denounced it as a “no-law law,” and on the day that the bill was forwarded to Capitol Hill, Ribicoff rose on the Senate floor to complain that the bill permitted too much of a time lag before safer cars reached the public and urged that there be interim standards for all cars based on the GSA standards, and that the Secretary be required to set safety standards. When Magnuson opened his Commerce Committee hearings on the Administration bill in mid-March, he announced that he would sponsor amendments requiring that GSA-based standards be applied to all cars by January 31, 1967, and that the Secretary must set additional standards one year later. On March 29, the Senate passed a stiff tire bill by a vote of 79 to 0.

It is difficult to imagine what further warnings Detroit needed in order to grasp the inevitable, yet its reaction betrayed a profound misunderstanding of the climate in Washington. It is not so unusual for a major industry to misread the mood in Congress; yet for one of this size, with such resources, with so many contacts, to misread it so completely is truly impressive. How did it happen?

“One of the serious problems in our industry,” said an official of one of the companies, “is provinciality. The auto industry is a giant, with a fantastic impact on the economy. But the sun rises in Detroit and sets in Dearborn. Besides, our *laissez-faire* attitude had worked so far.”

As a result, while other large industries established strong trade associations with headquarters in Washington and big names — ex-governors, ex-government officials, ex-congressmen — to preside over them and establish good Washington contacts, the Automobile Manufacturers Association remained a weak, Detroit-based organization. (The AMA is

financed according to a formula based on each of the companies' sales; there are indications that the other companies are not happy with the resultant domination of the group by GM.) GM, Ford, and Chrysler maintain Washington offices, with a staff to nurture government contracts and watch political trends, but, as an industry man put it, "In general, the Washington offices are outposts. The people who man them haven't spent a lifetime in the corporation, and they aren't slated for a rise in the corporation. It's very hard for them to make themselves heard back in Detroit."

The industry stand on the Administration bill, to be unveiled in testimony before the Magnuson committee, was drafted in Detroit by a committee of vice presidents of each of the Big Four. The essence of their position: we are doing a good job on safety, and we will do even better; leave us alone, loosen the antitrust laws so that we can get together on this, and let the states have a larger role in setting safety standards. The industry proposed a new version of the Vehicle Equipment Safety Compact, an industry-engineered arrangement whereby state officers were to get together to issue car-safety standards for states to consider. The VESC, authorized by Congress in 1958, took four years to set itself up, had no full-time staff members until early 1966, and had issued one safety standard related to cars, a standard in 1965 on tires just as a tire bill appeared imminent. By the time that the Washington representatives saw the industry proposal, it was, one put it, "pretty set in concrete." Warnings that it would be laughed out of the hearing room produced a slight toning down of the testimony's righteous adamancy, but no basic change. The warnings were prophetic. "I say, 'Ha-ha,'" Maurine Neuberger (D., Oregon) told John Bugas, a vice president of Ford, after he had presented the testimony. Not a single committee member, including the Republicans, took up the position of the automobile industry. After public ridicule of the idea by more members of Congress, and a private Dutch-uncle session between the industry and Senator Philip A. Hart, a Michigan Democrat, Detroit executives were convinced that they had crashed into a brick wall.

But as the industry proceeded to devise new proposals, land mines exploded all about. Shortly after the President's State of the Union address, but before the Administration bill was submitted, Ribicoff had reopened his auto-safety hearings, and Ralph Nader made his debut as a congressional witness. In early March, there appeared news stories that Nader was being followed, that detectives were going about the country asking his relatives and friends about his habits, his sex life, his politics, and his attitude toward Jews.

On March 9, just before midnight, GM issued

a release saying that it had "initiated a routine investigation . . . to determine whether Ralph Nader was acting on behalf of litigants or their attorneys in Corvair design cases pending against General Motors." Nader's book had been highly critical of the safety of the Corvair, and there had been over 100 damage suits filed against GM because of deaths and injuries from Corvair accidents.

Following GM's announcement, Ribicoff opened a hearing on the question of whether there had been "harassment" of a witness before his subcommittee. Before a fully packed hearing room and whirring TV cameras, GM president James M. Roche apologized to Ralph Nader. Roche also said that he had known nothing of the investigation, but he held himself "fully responsible"; the senators rushed to congratulate Roche for his "forthright statement." In questioning GM's general counsel, however, and the head of the private detective agency which GM hired (through a go-between), the senators brought out that this "routine" inquiry had indeed gone far beyond Nader's possible Corvair activities. Detective Vincent Gillen's instructions to his operatives were: "Our job is to check his life, and current activities to determine 'what makes him tick,' such as his real interest in safety, his supporters, if any, his politics, his marital status, his friends, his women, boys, etc., drinking, dope, jobs — in fact all facets of his life. This may entail surveillance . . ."

Nader testified that he did not represent clients or act in behalf of their attorneys in the Corvair litigation; that he would freely supply information to people involved in Corvair cases, as he would to anyone who was interested; that once he had been paid \$475 for help on an appellate brief in which claimants against Chevrolet had won \$225,000 ("You need a manager," remarked Robert Kennedy); and that "General Motors executives continue to be blinded by their own corporate mirror-image that 'it's the buck that moves the man.'" "I am responsible for my actions," Nader said, "but who is responsible for those of General Motors?"

The hearings were a sensation, and did as much as anything to bring on federal safety standards. "It was that Nader thing," said one senator whom I asked how it had all come about. "Everybody was so outraged that a great corporation was out to clobber a guy because he wrote critically about them. At that point, everybody said the hell with them." "When they started looking in Ralph's bedroom," said another Hill man, "we all figured they must really be nervous. We began to believe that Nader must be right."

In the summer of 1965, Nader had advised Ribicoff's staff to publicize the fact that, unbeknown to the public, many new cars were sold with defects,

some of them serious safety hazards. If the defects were discovered, the responsibility for recalling the cars and repairing them was left largely with the dealers, who, as Nader was to say later, "were suddenly called 'independent businessmen.'" On the day that the industry testified before Magnuson's committee, Ribicoff wired the manufacturers for a complete list of product-defect warnings issued since 1960. A few weeks later, Ribicoff announced that there had been a total of 426 recall campaigns by the Big Four, involving over 8 million cars, or almost one out of every five manufactured, mostly for brakes, suspensions, or steering systems. The industry did not have figures on how many cars out of this 8 million actually had defects, how many of the defects were safety-related, or how many defective cars were never repaired. The widespread publication of the defects list, indicating less than superb quality control and a disturbing degree of casualness about whether the customer found out, left another gaping hole in the industry's fenders.

THE industry outlined its new stance to the House Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee, but saved the details for the Senate group, which had completed its hearings. The industry now accepted the concept of federal safety-performance standards, "if the bill is amended to emphasize the importance of bringing both the states and the automotive industry into the standardmaking process and to provide appropriate guidelines and procedures." No more argument about *whether* there would be federal standards; the game now was to fight it out over *when* and *how*. The new stance was the product of some excellent advice: get this issue off the front pages, bow to the inevitable of federal regulation, and fight instead to make it as bearable as possible; to do otherwise is to risk a nasty showdown, a tougher bill, and stronger regulation. The advice had come from several quarters, including some Washington representatives and Lloyd Cutler, a Washington attorney who was now to quarterback the industry's final plays. Cutler, of the Washington firm of Wilmer, Cutler, and Pickering, had been working for the industry all along on antitrust problems, and had a reputation for effectiveness in presenting industry's viewpoints to Congress (he had represented the Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association during the great drug regulation battle in 1962). In mid-April, Cutler registered as a lobbyist for the Automobile Manufacturers Association and went to work. Graying, dapper, and low-keyed, Cutler approaches this work with a lawyerlike eye for precision and detail, coupled with a patient, disarming reasonableness. "I could say, 'No, Lloyd, we can't accept this,'"

said someone who worked with him on the bill, "and he would always say, 'All right, how about this?' And he'd come back with alternative after alternative until he'd finally hit one we could take. He'd never argue." "It was a tougher game after Cutler got into it," said one of the bill's advocates.

The Senate committee's hearings, thanks in great part to technical advice given by Nader to the committee's staff, and questions fed by Nader to various members of the committee, had resulted in a case for federal regulation of the auto industry. The committee had become educated about the second collision. After some stumbling by the Commerce Department, the White House got in line for mandatory standards.

The committee was now ready to "mark up" (amend) the bill. The job of sorting out the various proposals and putting together a new package that the committee might approve fell to two bright staff members, Gerald Grinstein and Michael Pertschuk. Besides the Administration bill and several senators' amendments, there were nine amendments proposed by Nader and incorporated in amendments introduced by Senator Vance Hartke (D., Indiana), and six major — and several minor — changes sought by Cutler. Nader wanted inclusion of such things as safety of nonoperating devices (safety stops on car doors, hoods, to keep them from crushing hands); publication of the technical basis for the new standards; government funding of a prototype car (to enhance the knowledge of safety engineering outside the industry); stronger enforcement powers, including investigatory ones, for the administering agency; criminal as well as civil penalties for violation of the standards (since drivers are subjected to criminal penalties); and others. Cutler sought requirements that the cost-benefit ratio of required safety features must be considered, that they must be within existing technical capacities, that they must be appropriate to the type of the vehicle, that the time allowed for industry to comply with new standards must allow for the industry's "lead time" for making the changes, that the VESC should play a major role in the setting of the new standards, that more burdens of proof should be on the government in any court challenge, and that there should be some protection from antitrust prosecution for joint development of new safety devices. "Some of Cutler's amendments represented legitimate problems for the industry, and some of them were cute," said one observer. In some cases they were both. For example, the Secretary of Commerce would not be about to order the industry to install a safety device which could not be made; yet to write into the legislation that he should not do so would burden the Secretary with the proof that a proposed device could be made, create more arguments, more

delays, and more grounds for legal challenges that could postpone the setting of standards for years. When, on the other hand, the industry had a seemingly legitimate problem with the language of the bill, to concede the point was to risk a scathing by other members of Congress and Drew Pearson.

To convince as many committee members as possible of the reasonableness of their position, the industry's Washington representatives divided up the members according to who knew which one best, which company had plant facilities in the member's home area, and so on. The representatives, together with Cutler and his law partner, John Pickering, visited the members and talked out their proposals. Roche and Henry Ford II paid visits of state on many congressmen. Yet the industry had very thin troops. A united front by the industry, its dealers, its suppliers, and its employees would, of course, confront Congress with impressive power. But such a coalition never came off. The dealers, the suppliers, and the employees have their own problems with the companies, and the dealers' and suppliers' main concern with the bill was to see that their own interests were protected (who would be liable for product defects? would dealers be reimbursed for seizure of defective cars?). The dealers, because of their widespread base, are, of all these groups, the most powerful before Congress, and there is evidence that the National Automobile Dealers Association did help the industry out by itself backing an amendment or two that the industry wanted. But for the most part, the industry was on its own, with only one state's representatives deeply interested in its problems. "That left us," said one industry man, "with emphasizing the potential damaging economic impact of the proposals; that was our only real political muscle."

So ingeniously did Grinstein and Pertschuck, together with Califano, weave their way through the various amendments that they came up with a bill substantially in the form which the committee could approve unanimously, Nader could pronounce "a significant step forward," and the industry could find not too displeasing. The committee staff had little time to produce a report on the bill. The scene was a Mack Sennett farce, with Cutler sitting in one anteroom and Nader in another, and the staff racing among the various rooms, double-checking with the protagonists to prevent last-minute blowups, well into the evening.

Toward the end, the only remaining issue was whether the industry chiefs would be subject to criminal as well as civil penalties for flouting the federal standards. So hard did the companies work to persuade the lawmakers that to vote for criminal penalties was to cast aspersions on the personal integrity of the industry leaders, and so

many senators were convinced that they had already exacted their pound of flesh, that criminal penalties were defeated in the committee, and a floor move to restore them was rejected 14 to 62. The Senate then passed the bill by a vote of 76 to 0.

IF THERE was anything that annoyed the House Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce, it was the widespread, spoken and printed, assumptions that it would "gut" the Senate bill. The assumption was reasonable enough: the House group had traditionally been more sympathetic to industry's claims than its Senate counterpart. But now it was annoyed and embarrassed by these public charges, and tired — as most House members eventually become — of being treated by the Senate as "junior partners." Furthermore, the committee had a new chairman, Harley O. Staggers (D., West Virginia), who was much less industry-oriented than his predecessor, and the auto-safety bill provided his first day in the sun. Staggers was, moreover, stung by a rather condescending letter from Magnuson explaining the importance of a strong tire-safety bill. And so the House Committee, of all things, joined the derby and set out to "strengthen" the Senate bill.

Out of pride the committee refused to start with the Senate bill. Thus Nader and the industry began all over to press their amendments via friendly congressmen. The House Committee staff did not have authority to draw up a bill, and Staggers was not yet in firm control of his group. After six weeks, the House group came up with a bill which in some ways strengthened the Senate bill, in some ways weakened it, and in some ways just made it different.

On the House floor, the committee itself proposed amendments to meet newspaper criticism and to head off still stronger proposals. After these were accepted and — through hard work by the industry — criminal penalties were rejected 15 to 120, the House passed a combined tire- and auto-safety bill by a rare unanimous vote. The House and Senate committees ironed out the remaining differences, and the final bill was cleared by both chambers for the President's signature.

By January 31, 1967, the Secretary of Commerce — or, when a Transportation Department has been established, the Secretary of Transportation — will order that all new cars must meet the safety standards similar to those already issued by the GSA for government-purchased cars. Most of these changes are not very dramatic: some, such as outside rearview mirrors, are items which formerly were "optionals" for the buyer; some, such as padded dashboards, seat belts, collapsible steering columns, safety glass, dual brakes, wind-

shield washers, are features which companies already had in effect, or say they had already planned to put into effect, for all cars. Some, such as relocated knobs, head supports for front-seat passengers, padding for seat backs, rear window defoggers, and stronger fuel tanks, should be decided improvements. All of these are expected to be in the 1968 cars. By January 31, 1968, the Secretary will issue additional safety standards, which, barring delays, are to appear in the 1969 models. The new standards must be reviewed and may be revised periodically.

The real question of how effective the new law will be lies in how knowledgeable, forceful, and independent its administrators will be. The safety proponents who had a hand in drafting the bill have tried to guard against a repeat of the GSA experience, where a meager staff was virtually at the mercy of the industry for its technical information. There is reason to think twice about the industry's claims that the GSA standards do not represent anything that the industry was not going to do anyway.

Despite the hassles over enforcement procedures and criminal penalties, it is unlikely that a company will flout the government's orders and thereby take a chance of public disclosure that such-and-such a model does not meet federal safety standards; the damage to sales would be too

great. Therefore, the struggles will come over the setting of standards. The act gives the administrators complete discretion on the extent of the new safety requirements: they could demand only a single change in windshield wipers, or they could ban convertibles and small cars. Congress provided sufficient money for the administering agency to hire a large number of experts — but there aren't many experts to be found as yet outside the automobile companies. New York State, which contracted for a prototype safe car, turned to the aerospace industry for safety innovations for automobiles, and it is likely that the federal government will too. "And," one observer pointed out, "Ralph Nader won't always be sitting in the anterooms."

While the industry, too, is still adjusting to the new day, the outcome isn't all bad from its point of view. "Sure we would have been happier with no bill," said one industry spokesman, "but that was impossible. And we can get some good from this. New York and California were getting into safety, and what they would have demanded probably would have been worse than what the Federal Government, after listening to all sides, will come up with. [The states are now pre-empted from demanding stronger safety standards.] In addition, this law will help us with our product liability problems, and it will restore public confidence in our products."

ELEPHANTS

BY MARTHA BACON

Clad in their ancient remembrance, their rage, their lust, and their longing,
They come with the sun to the river, churching their stately females,
Baptizing their frolicking heirs, old prophets and burly commanders.
The earth submits to their footsteps: ramparts of fever and thorn
Are pulp in the wake of their war. They sigh and barricades fall.
Planets bow to their bugles: the somber siege engines advance
To shatter the sunrise with psalms, with homage of ordure and ivory.
Africa mantles their shoulders; they walk the world in hexameters.

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You can dance the Limbo till dawn...
You can raft miles down the Rio Grande...**

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Photographed at the Royal Caribbean Hotel & Sea Club, Montego Bay, Jamaica, W.I.



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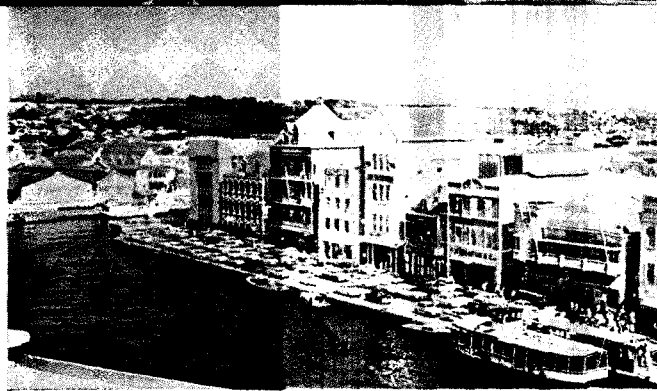
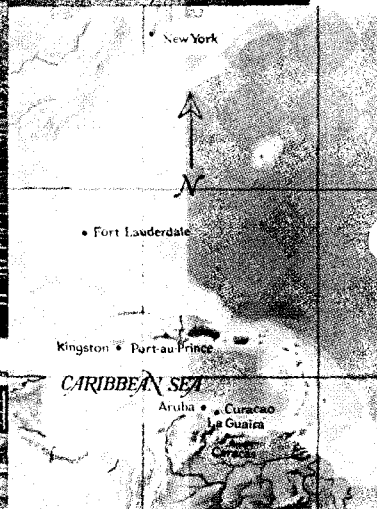
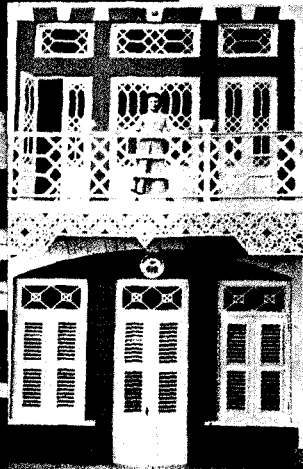


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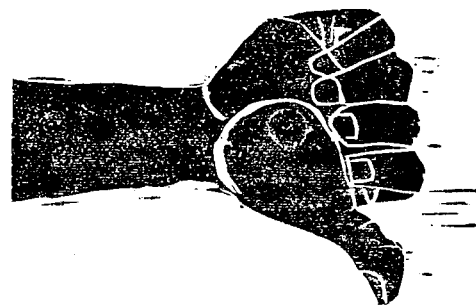
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BERKELEY AND FREEDOM

Comments and Criticisms



The ATLANTIC here gives the floor to critics of and commentators on "The Decline of Freedom at Berkeley," Professor Lewis Feuer's angry adieu to the University of California in the September issue. Additional reactions, including a final comment by Professor Feuer, will appear in the November ATLANTIC.

DEAR SIR:

Having left Berkeley to be a visiting professor at Harvard in the summer of 1965, I cannot speak from personal experience concerning what went on during the past year. I do know, having watched at firsthand the successful efforts of Martin Meyerson, acting chancellor during the spring semester of 1965, to restore an academic atmosphere to a campus that had been tied up in a civil war, that the situation could not have been handled by doing what was "right," by insisting that the rules and law and order be literally obeyed on each and every occasion. As any student of university behavior knows, administrators and the civic authorities the world over have traditionally refrained from enforcing the law and the rulebook on undergraduates. Fraternity men have gone free on many campuses after having destroyed considerable property, and even on some occasions killing pledges in initiation ceremonies. The norm that the police should not invade the campus even to seize law violators and revolutionists has been observed in many countries, including even Czarist Russia at various periods of its history. The idea that youth should be allowed to sow its wild oats, whether these be of a sexual, political, narcotic, or just plain hell-raising nature, has a long tradition in many places. Administrators, politicians, parents, the older generation generally, for good and bad reasons, allow youth and students a lot more leeway than they give to adults.

On December 8, I, together with about 250 others, voted for the amendment which Professor Feuer introduced that would have withheld endorsement of the right to use the campus for the organization and advocacy of immediate acts of force or violence. I think that subsequent events have sustained the position of this minority. In evaluating the behavior of the majority, however, I still recall that the Academic Senate meeting of that day occurred under conditions never before

witnessed on an American campus. The campus had been tied up by a student strike, backed by a faculty minority. The debate at the meeting was piped outside to loudspeakers, and over 5000 students stood outside cheering or booing the speeches made by their professors inside. A thousand academics of all varieties and disciplines, most of whom had never been involved in politics, and who had had little contact with the dispute until the Sproul Hall sit-in, cannot be faulted morally for having sought desperate remedies to gain some peace. To use force, as was done by the public authorities, against the recommendation of President Kerr and the Regents, to get the students out of Sproul Hall on December 2, 1964, only exacerbated the situation. How much better did Chicago and Wisconsin handle similar situations this past spring, when they followed the course Kerr had advocated, allowing the students to sit until they sheepishly evacuated the administration buildings. An academic atmosphere exists in Madison and Chicago, although no one went to jail.

In evaluating this and subsequent episodes at Berkeley and other universities, it is important to recall that Steve Weissman, the head of the graduate student affiliate of the FSM, and after Savio the most important leader of the movement, openly boasted to a *New Yorker* interviewer that all during the latter part of November, the FSM leadership had been consciously searching for ways and means of creating a situation which would bring the police on campus, that they felt the best way to revive their then declining forces was through a confrontation with the police in which students were arrested. Weissman commented that if the university had not given them an excuse for the sit-in by bringing new charges against key FSM leaders, the FSM would have tried to show films which had been banned by the university. This strategy of creating confrontation situations in the hopes of forcing the university to commit "atrocities," of course,

was continued in the spring of 1965 after Martin Meyerson took over as acting chancellor.

The temperate pragmatic policies followed by Meyerson in the spring semester, which were based on a sophisticated understanding of what the campus extremists were up to, were designed to avoid giving them the continuing issues they were seeking and restored an uneasy peace to Berkeley. Their success was evidenced by the fact that the pro-FSM student party, Slate, which had swept the December, 1964, campus election, was defeated five months later in the May contests. The situation is not yet completely stable, not only because of factors on campus, some of which Professor Feuer discusses, but also because there is much more political extremism both on the left and on the right in California than anywhere else in the country. Ideological compatriots of Robert Scheer received almost identical percentages (45) in two other Bay area constituencies in the June primaries. Stanford elected a New Left president of its student body in spring, 1966.

The Berkeley story is much more complex than the student activists, or their faculty supporters, have ever been willing to recognize. It was never one of a reactionary administration seeking to protect the Establishment in the community from the civil rights movement, or other forms of protest. But conversely, it has also not been one of a weak administration, fearful of cracking down on the student and faculty left, opening the door to politicization. Ideologues of the left and the right were unhappy with Martin Meyerson and Clark Kerr, because they could not accept the fact that strict morality makes for bad politics, bad administration, and a divided university.

Whatever the facts concerning the following year, 1965-1966, this still remains true, and Professor Feuer would have done all of us a better service if he had written more in sorrow; if he recognized with Aristotle that the essence of tragedy is that the human flaw is inherent in every man, that victor and vanquished are equally victims.

SEYMOUR MARTIN LIPSET
*Professor of Government and Social Relations
Harvard University*

Professor Lewis Feuer seems to have a fantasy view of what the University of California at Berkeley ought to be. His article implies a university in which the extreme behavior of the new radical left, and presumably also of the radical right, would vanish. The beat and bohemian culture attracted to the neighborhoods of metropolitan universities would move away. Nature would be bountiful and would endow professors with so much more wisdom than other mortals that resolutions passed by many hundreds of votes would be both subtle

and unambiguous. At this benign version of the University of Utopia, all persons would act democratically and decorously. Unfortunately, such fantasies do not help solve problems.

Professor Feuer exaggerates Berkeley's difficulties and denigrates the accomplishments of Chancellor Heyns and his staff. A few stupid, imprudent, and outrageous acts do take place at Berkeley. It would be unrealistic to think that all these acts could be eliminated in a population of over 35,000 students, faculty, and staff. Some faculty are leaving, but not many; their motives for doing so are diverse in this period of general job mobility for professors.

Ever since the discord in the fall of 1964, many students, faculty, and administrators at Berkeley have been trying to solve problems plaguing other universities as well as Berkeley. The problems are complex, and many have not been faced before. Students used to get into trouble mostly through sex, beer, and cheating. Town and gown cooperated; culprits turned over to university officials were subject to an arbitrary discipline which was generally accepted on campus and off. Now some students engage in political confrontations with civil authorities, and their stands on civil rights, the war in Vietnam, or other issues cannot be judged solely against earlier standards of accepted student behavior but must also be judged by our constitutional concepts of freedom of speech.

The questions raised are difficult and unanswered. Are the open spaces at a university an extension of the classroom or of the street? (In each case, the expectations of appropriate behavior differ.) How do we assure, as Professor Feuer so rightly wishes, that freedoms for those who dissent do not impede freedoms for everyone else? What does the current phrase "academic due process" signify? These kinds of issues face us at a time when faculty and students have many doubts about the nature and caliber of the undergraduate and graduate education offered at universities, and especially at large state universities.

The world is imperfect, and solutions to its and to university problems are not simple, as Professor Feuer should know. If he has superior alternative strategies to suggest for Berkeley or other universities or for the problems of youth today, those of us who admire his abilities would be grateful.

MARTIN MEYERSON
*President, State University of New York at Buffalo
Former Berkeley Dean*

Lewis Feuer's article is a masterpiece of obfuscation, deceit, misrepresentation, and perversion of truth. It is at best a superficial and consciously dishonest analysis, and at worst a malicious and premeditated attack on the students and faculty of the

Berkeley campus. Feuer discards all standards of scholarship.

There are two central themes in the Feuer thesis. The first is that the shortsightedness of the Berkeley faculty in passing the unequivocal December 8 Resolution, "That the content of speech or advocacy shall not be regulated by the university," laid the basis for the disruption and corruption of education at Cal. Feuer is arguing that the faculty resolution made possible the advocating and organizing on the campus of immediate acts of force and violence. The second theme is that the student New Left is essentially a fascist movement — a fascism of the left, if you will. Feuer defines the New Left movement as violent, aggressive, immoral, dominated by non-students engaged in "guerrilla warfare" against society, and as a movement which denies freedom of speech to its adversaries. This definition, which Feuer throughout the article seeks to illustrate, is the basis for his "left-fascist" theme.

On December 8, 1964, during the faculty debate, Feuer had offered an amendment to the resolutions before the Academic Senate. His amendment was "to affirm . . . that freedom of speech . . . did not extend to advocating and organizing immediate acts of force and violence." Had the faculty accepted this amendment, the December 8 resolution would have been rendered meaningless. The relevant and decisive questions are: Who would determine that the advocacy was illegal? Who would determine that the advocacy led to immediate acts of force and violence? The Regents? Does the professor seriously contemplate the establishment of a board of censors on a university campus to determine arbitrarily what students and faculty may or may not advocate? The FSM and the Academic Senate preferred to leave such determinations of constitutional law to the courts. Feuer is in actuality suggesting that constitutional guarantees be compromised. The faculty on December 8 courageously chose not to compromise the constitutional principles incorporated in the First and Fourteenth Amendments.

Feuer spends the better part of his article giving examples of students resorting to force and violence; of non-student domination; of student desire for confrontation and conflict. One such example was Feuer's insistence that the visit of Arthur Goldberg in March, 1966, led the New Student Left into a frenzied desire for confrontations and violence. When U.S. Ambassador to the United Nations Arthur Goldberg was invited by the university to receive an honorary degree at Charter Day ceremonies, students and faculty jointly protested. Very few non-students were involved in the protest. The Peace/Rights Organizing Committee, one of several sponsors of the protest, had two non-students on an eleven-man executive committee.

We were not objecting to Goldberg's appearance on the campus as a speaker. We were protesting the audacity of the university administration in granting one of the leading defenders of American policy in Vietnam an honorary degree in *our* name. Honoring Goldberg was offering university approval of the war in Vietnam. But a very large segment of the university community opposes that war. Feuer fails to mention that at no time did we interfere with Goldberg's speeches. He also fails to mention that the debate in Harmon Gymnasium between Professor Schurmann and Goldberg was sponsored by the Faculty Peace Committee. Finally, Feuer fails to mention that at the conclusion of the debate, over 7500 students silently stood to express their opposition to the war.

Feuer cites the report of the county grand jury which charged that the university administration had condoned "deliberate violations of criminal laws" on the campus. What Feuer conveniently avoids telling the reader is that when the Berkeley administration challenged the district attorney, J. Frank Coakley, to make an arrest (after all, the purpose of a grand jury is to offer opinion that evidence warrants arrest), the district attorney declined the challenge. One must conclude that there was no evidence with which to make a case in court. I assume that Feuer still believes in the creed of "innocent until proven guilty."

This writer cannot help but conclude with some mention of her election to the campus Rules Committee. Feuer explains this unfortunate event by insinuating that John Searle, administrative assistant to the chancellor, plotted to make the elections unduly complicated, and that this, combined with student apathy, made possible the election of a Communist. The election for the Rules Committee was conducted on the basis of a simple majority. There were five student seats open on the committee. The five students with the highest vote won the election. About 6000 students voted, several hundred more than had voted at the height of the FSM in December, 1964.

BETTINA APTHEKER
Berkeley student leader

Professor Feuer's latest broadside against Berkeley is so tendentiously reasoned and contains so many errors of fact that one cannot begin to put matters straight in a brief commentary. He has neglected to observe, among other things, that the Berkeley disturbances of 1964 have been paralleled by student unrest on dozens of other campuses across the land, and that we are witnessing not a "Berkeley problem" but the symptoms of significant changes in American society and education, the nature and meaning of which we have scarcely begun to understand.

Professor Feuer would have you believe that the Berkeley campus remains in unceasing turmoil, and that the villain of the piece is the Faculty Resolution of December 8, exempting the content of student speech from the university regulation. The restrictions on free speech favored by Professor Feuer were, in the opinion of most faculty members who expressed themselves, not only unconstitutional, but repugnant to the ideals of a university, impossible to enforce, and likely to provoke even greater excesses of student agitation than those he now deplores. Students at Berkeley, as befits Americans, are free to associate, assemble, publish, distribute literature, and engage in political advocacy. Not all of them know how to exercise these rights responsibly and for deserving causes. Civilized men have long recognized that this is a price a democratic society must pay for the freedom it enjoys. Surely a university, a center of reason, enlightenment, and learning, can do no less.

Far from having abdicated responsibility for the regulation of student conduct (as Feuer charges), the faculty in the December 8 resolution expressly called for the university to regulate the "time, place, and manner" by which student rights are to be exercised. A set of rules governing student conduct has been drafted and put into effect. Despite abuses and the sometimes unreasonable demands by the small minority of student militants who place their immediate agitational goals above the educational functions of the institution, the campus has been restored to good order; the intellectual pursuits to which a university is primarily and properly dedicated are flourishing with, if anything, renewed vigor. The new chancellor has shown precisely those qualities of intelligence, fair-mindedness, and balanced judgment that the situation requires. He has appointed to his staff a brilliant group of politically sophisticated men, whose high-minded devotion to the integrity of the university is questioned only by the few recalcitrants among the faculty and student militants who, for opposite reasons, have refused to accept the "settlement" of December 8. The small number of students who have openly transgressed against the rules have been firmly and fairly disciplined. Student demands, when warranted, have been honored; and when unwarranted, have been denied.

It is curious that Professor Feuer, who dwells so cheerfully on the alleged charges and countercharges of "paranoia," has himself represented the campus as in a state of siege, controlled by student activists who have intimidated the administration, shamed the faculty, and bullied their fellow students into silence or collaboration. That the small minority of student activists are often noisy, strident, bad-mannered, and undeservedly visible to the press and public, there can be no doubt. I am,

however, inclined to believe that the university has less to fear from their outrages than from the persistent, sensationalized, and irresponsible assaults by men like Feuer, who possess the badges though not the attributes of scholarly objectivity.

HERBERT MCCLOSKEY
Berkeley Professor of Political Science

Lewis Feuer condemns the New Left for having created "the first political university in the United States." Unfortunately, the American university lost its political virginity long before the "Great Student Uprising" at Berkeley. So commonplace are the present intimacies between academia and the institutions and ideologies of the status quo that even liberals will scarcely raise an eyebrow. Only the nation's loosely defined radical community — the "Movement" — preserves the capacity to be shocked. And with all its mistakes at Berkeley and elsewhere, only the "Movement" represents the ideal of a "free university," which to me means not only the destruction of built-in intimacies with government and business, but also the end of administration control, a sharing of power even in the classroom between teacher and student, and the creation of an atmosphere of autonomy in which individuals and communities with the university can engage in their own politics — be they right, left, or even pornopolitical.

Ramparts magazine recently exposed Michigan State's involvement with the CIA in Vietnam. Less covert — but no less political — is the intrusion of the Pentagon into the University of California. According to an unrefuted graduate student study, U.C. assembles 90 percent of America's nuclear warheads, the Livermore Radiation Lab has become a stepping-stone into the Pentagon's weapons development section (and the Atomic Energy Commission), and one Berkeley professor has invented a guerrilla detector. The Institute for International Studies — formerly headed by Seymour Martin Lipset, whose departure from Berkeley is one of the "Movement's" major contributions to intellectual integrity — conducts interdisciplinary seminars on counterinsurgency, while Lipset himself has jeopardized the reputation of other Berkeley scholars by researching Latin-American student movements for the Air Force.

Equally political is the increasing status quo orientation of the trend toward "science" in the social sciences. More and more, young economists accept free enterprise (the "mixed economy") and 3 to 4 percent unemployment as given; political scientists and sociologists measure behavior shaped by existing institutions rather than examining whether the institutions should be changed; psychologists study adjustment to and deviance from the norm rather than the norm itself; and philosophers ex-

plore the meaning of words without questioning the meaning of life. Such "specialization," moreover, brings with it the dominant "end of ideology" attitude: "It's all right, Jack. We have no real differences, conflict is outmoded, society's major problems have been solved, and administrative manipulation can handle the remaining breakdowns in communications."

The university's relationship to the status quo is so taken for granted that the Berkeley administration felt no qualms about permitting the (non-student) Marine Corps to recruit on campus during the same week that non-student representatives of the Delano grape strikers were barred from the political tables in Sproul Plaza. Nor do the administrators or Dr. Feuer find anything "political" about granting an honorary degree to UN Ambassador Arthur Goldberg. Feuer chooses rather to concentrate his fire upon "the most extreme activists," who saw the demonstration against the degree-granting as a chance to "lead the way for the student movement to stand publicly with the Viet Cong." Surely Feuer, with his experience in the Old Left, recognizes that a vast majority of "the most extreme activists" are "third-campers" — that is, they oppose both capitalism and present-day Communism. But more important, in which camp would Feuer place a university that "stands publicly" with the chief international defender of American intervention in Vietnam?

Feuer tries to make of the demonstration against Goldberg a denial of free speech. That is absurd. Not only does the government swamp the mass media with its viewpoint, but that viewpoint has been publicly defended on campus innumerable times during the last year. Moreover, even "the most extreme activists" time and again made clear that their opposition was not to Goldberg's speaking on campus but to the university's honoring him. Perhaps students would have hissed and booed at a regular speech by Goldberg; what difference? Hisses interrupt no more than applause, and the British, whose commitment to free speech is at least as strong as ours, manage quite well at their political meetings in permitting vigorous demonstrations of opposition as well as of support.

Feuer also attempts to crucify me personally by quoting out of context a remark about storm troopers which I offered in a March, 1966, debate with John Searle. Many people, including FSM lawyers, have defended the FSM Sproul Hall sit-in as a final form of petition for ends (free speech) which everyone accepted. I oppose that view, for petitions grant the legitimacy of pre-existing authority, imply a harmonious reintegration into "the system" after redress of grievance, and suggest an ongoing consensus about ends, if not about means. Petitions won't resolve them, nor will votes which the ad-

ministrators can ignore or committees which they enmesh in their administrative frame of reference. Perhaps the conflicts will remain unresolved, or go against the ideals of the activists. Still, the Great Sit-in was a strong-arm, uncivil, disruptive act, justified by the end of unrestricted advocacy and by the need to struggle for a free university. Moreover, force will continue to be necessary and justified as long as the American university deprives students of their voice in decisions that affect them, supports the politics of a repressive status quo, and subordinates intellectual activity to security clearances and the national interest.

STEPHAN WEISSMAN
Berkeley non-student leader

Professor Feuer's vision revealed itself in the second paragraph of his article, when he said: "The faculty was promulgating a charter which *could* be used to safeguard the advocacy and planning of immediate acts of violence, illegal demonstrations, terrorist operations, interference with troop trains, and obscene speech and action [*italics mine*]." He utterly refuses to conceive of an alternative, which does not do credit to him as a social science analyst. The whole is a mishmash, and is unworthy of serious consideration. I will only present two minor pieces of evidence to support my contention; one concerns the professor's moral perspective, and the other his inaccuracy as an observer of the scene. He reports, in a carefully constructed context, the bombing of the headquarters of the V.D.C. near the university. He even went so far as to say that it was shattered beyond recognition. But then, true to form, he adds the following: "To be sure, the V.D.C. itself included many who advocated or justified the rise of terrorism." Professor Feuer is telling us that the V.D.C. people got precisely what they deserved. And here lies the moral question: Professor Feuer fails completely to appreciate the nonviolent aspect of the great mass of people and actions taken by the V.D.C., the FSM, and other groups.

The second point, which concerns his inaccuracy of observation, relates to Bob Scheer, who is both a personal friend and an associate at *Ramparts* magazine. Mr. Scheer at no time has had a shaggy Castro-like beard, as reported by Professor Feuer. True, his beard changes from time to time, one month being somewhat fulsome and at other times rather brief. But I can assure you that Mr. Scheer's beard has always been neat. Mr. Scheer did not trim his beard for political purposes, and as long as I have known him, he has always worn a "bourgeois jacket" whenever the occasion warranted, such as working in the office and speaking at teach-ins.

EDWARD M. KEATING
Publisher, RAMPARTS

It is no surprise to us that Professor Feuer shares with many of the students involved in the FSM last year a bitter sense of disappointment that December 8 did not bring the millennium. We had hoped that, despite the efforts of many conservatives (including Feuer in a series of articles in the *New Leader*) to write us off as a bunch of confused children acting out oedipal drives, there would emerge from the year of tumult an atmosphere in which constructive dialogue and genuine change would take place. When we called the university "a factory" and pointed to the need for 2000 more teaching positions, and then were told by the faculty "Yes — you're right, we'll have to study this," we thought we had made some moves toward academic reform. When we pointed out the undemocratic nature of the Regents and were greeted by choruses of agreement from local newspapers, we thought we had made some moves toward university reform. And when we set up teach-ins deliberately designed to give both sides a chance to present their case, we thought we had made some important start toward making the university a center for political dialogue, rather than simply the service station to society that Clark Kerr saw it as. And though Feuer continually attacked us then, he kept warm personal relationships with many of us, and we sensed that deep down the memories of his own radical days of the thirties made him want us to succeed just as much as, on the other side of his personality, his disillusionment with his own past forced him to see everything we were doing as low-minded and base and Communist-inspired.

We thought we had opened Sproul Steps to high-level dialogue and that professors would come to join us in our political discussions, not realizing that the Faculty Resolution of December 8 was largely the expression of a bunch of men who would do anything simply to be left to their research because they had never changed their assumption that students have nothing to say.

We have run into the totalitarian center, the great and powerful liberal Establishment that is as doctrinaire as any left- or right-wing extremist ever was. We were a bunch of starry-eyed idealists who thought it was enough to be right — we overestimated our power and underestimated the ability of "the system" to make minor adjustments to incorporate us into the total and still remain the same. Just as Johnson adopted the language of a crusader for peace, so the university has cleverly adopted the language of internal reform and free speech, while everything remains the same. But now that this is dawning upon us, it really *is* too late, for 1966 is not the year for university reform.

MICHAEL B. LERNER
Berkeley graduate student

Lewis Feuer stands unique among commentators of Berkeley in that he doesn't like anybody. Faculty, students ("studentry"), and administration alike come under his stern disapproval. His procedure is to pick a scattering of incidents or quotations of student and non-student extremists and then, ignoring what is not grist to his mill, to make sweeping generalizations concerning such things as an alleged decline of freedom at Berkeley. Unfortunately, he did not even get his facts right. In my own case, for example, he quotes at length an anonymous leaflet containing statements I am supposed to have made. The leaflet was in fact a mixture of fantasy and distortion, but according to Feuer, who cites it as truth, it went unchallenged. Yet he also inadvertently cites two incidents where it was challenged and refuted at some length, once by Reginald Zelnik and once by myself in a symposium with Stephan Weissman. University enrollment, he says, is declining, whereas, in fact, had he checked the latest data, he would have discovered that enrollment applications are well above last year's. As of mid-July, there were 5395 confirmed new undergraduates compared with 4467 one year before. Of this year's figure, 5126 picked Berkeley as their first choice, more than the overall total of new enrollments for last year. Furthermore, the obsolete figures he does cite, dating from February 7, are skewed by the fact that in 1964-1965 the freshman enrollment procedures were altered, with an earlier closing date set, and this produced a large number of very early applications to Berkeley in 1965. All his figures prove is that the trend toward very early freshman enrollment did not continue.

But such shoddy reporting is less important than the selective presentation of material and its consequent distortion. What really happened in Berkeley last year? In the 1964-1965 year something very like a revolution took place on this campus. Now, successful revolutions, even little ones, tend to produce two forces for instability. First, they create a class of people who wish, often in quite unrealistic and even dangerous ways, to extend the revolution into many new areas, and second, they create a class of people who feel themselves to have been defeated by the revolution and who wish to overthrow it. The student and non-student extremists whose activities he describes belong to the first class. Feuer is an embittered exemplar of the second. Neither group, of course, is in any sense typical or representative of the Berkeley campus. The problem of a new administration coming into office in such a situation is, as Chancellor Heyns has repeatedly stated, to recreate a sense of community. This involves dealing with the first group patiently and dealing with the second sympathetically. Each must in the end

come to feel a loyalty to the institution and a stake in its success. Even more important, it involves inspiring a sense of confidence and trust in the mass of students and faculty who do not fit into either of the extremist groups. And this can only be done by making it clear that the university is administered according to certain principles and goals. And what are they?

The single most preposterous charge in Feuer's article is that the administration has been ambiguous in its statement of objectives. Probably no university has ever issued so many statements and answered so many questions concerning its objectives, or worked so hard to make them clear. In the student affairs area, which is the main bone of contention, the chancellor made clear with the first issuance of the student conduct rules on September 16, 1965, that the assumptions behind the rules were, first, that they should protect the primary educational and research functions of the university, second, that they should not "regulate the content of expression or advocacy or otherwise limit constitutional rights," and third, that they should as far as possible reflect the consensus of the campus community. It soon became clear that the chancellor meant to stick to these principles and that he meant to enforce these rules. The fact that they have been enforced, that those who violated them were disciplined, and that there was overwhelming faculty and student support for enforcement Feuer nowhere mentions. The principles stem from the December 8 resolution. Why does Feuer hate that resolution so tenaciously? The real political meaning of the resolution is that students would have the same constitutional rights on the campus as they do off the campus, and it is this to which Feuer objects strenuously, for it means that one can on the campus advocate such things as sit-ins, marches, and picketing. His bitterness over the alleged ambiguity of the administration's stand really seems to stem from the fact that we have defended the constitutional rights of our students and yet have insisted that they observe campus rules in the exercise of these rights.

And his omissions demonstrate a quite genuine resentment over the successes of this policy. He fails to note that every attempt to attack the university in 1965-1966 was completely unsuccessful. The attempts to mount a classroom walkout over the Vietnam issue, to disrupt Charter Day, to obstruct the disciplining of rule violators, as well as the attempt to pass an insincere student government constitution all failed. At major universities all across the country this spring large sit-ins were held to protest the draft exams; no such sit-in occurred in Berkeley, and the exams were held without incident.

Berkeley still has serious problems. It is not com-

pletely clear that the voters of California really want a great and free university. And many of the institutional arrangements, ranging from dorms to the lecture system, that Berkeley and other major universities have are clearly quite outmoded for coping with today's students. Furthermore, Berkeley is part of a large urban area and is now beginning to face the problems, such as rising crime rate, that have plagued such other urban universities as Chicago, Columbia, and Harvard. But Feuer's article makes no contribution whatever to the solution of such genuine problems.

I recall meeting Lewis Feuer during the FSM crisis. "Louie," I said, "you've been doing a lot of bad things." He replied instantly: "You haven't seen anything yet." I am sorry his parting shot at the university should be the fulfillment of his promise.

JOHN R. SEARLE
*Special Assistant to the Chancellor
Associate Professor of Philosophy*

At the University of Madrid not many months ago, students quarreling over politics staged a pitched battle that injured many, endangered the lives of foreigners, and stopped the university from functioning. At the University of Rome student rioters, in order to indicate their disapproval, broke up a funeral procession, tore up wreaths, and generally rioted. At the University of Mexico last April, students drove the rector out of his office, and in July, barricaded the office of the dean of the law faculty so that he could not occupy his post. In fact, the University of Mexico was for a time in a state of siege.

In the United States, protesting students at the University of Chicago swarmed into the administrative offices and held them for a long time in an effort to force their notion of right policy upon that institution. At City College in New York the same performance was repeated. On a score of other American campuses like events have occurred, within the twelvemonth, in the name of "freedom," or "peace," or "rights." We have but to go further along the line of action begun at Berkeley in 1964 to reduce more and more American colleges and universities to the farcical institutions that pass for universities in many other countries and that have become political sounding boards.

We need a rigorous definition not merely of student rights but of student responsibilities. We need a clearer apprehension of the truth that though the university should not close its doors to public discussion, it cannot be flooded by public passions. We need universities. We are not going to get them by following the Berkeley pattern described by Professor Feuer.

HOWARD MUMFORD JONES

NEVADA: The End of the Casino Era

by EDWARD F. SHERMAN *Since the intoxicating days of the forties and fifties when new casinos were going up every six months, Nevada has been undergoing changes that will transform it from a gambling principality to a modern welfare state. Edward F. Sherman is a Texas attorney who witnessed the process as a legal aide to Governor Grant Sawyer.*

JUST a generation ago Nevada was known to Americans chiefly as the state with the smallest population, the hardest to remember capital city (Carson City), and the largest deposits of valuable mineral ore in the union. But all that changed. Nevada legalized gambling in 1931, Reno became the "quickie divorce" capital of the country, and in 1946, gangster "Bugsey" Siegel opened the Flamingo, the first of the great luxurious casinos on the Las Vegas Strip. Nevada was suddenly plunged into the Casino Era. Almost overnight the entire state — its economy, its government, its values, and its traditions — was reshaped to meet the needs of the new order.

Today, twenty years later, the Strip is glittering and active, Las Vegas' Fremont Street is garish and crowded, and the steady clink of slot machines is heard all night along Reno's neon-studded main drag. But beneath this exterior there is something different, something changed from the heady days of the late 1940s and 1950s, when a new casino was going up every six months. In Nevada's banks and business houses, in the new subdivisions of Las Vegas and Reno, in the city halls, and most of all, in Carson City, there is suddenly an awareness that the Casino Era is drawing to a close.

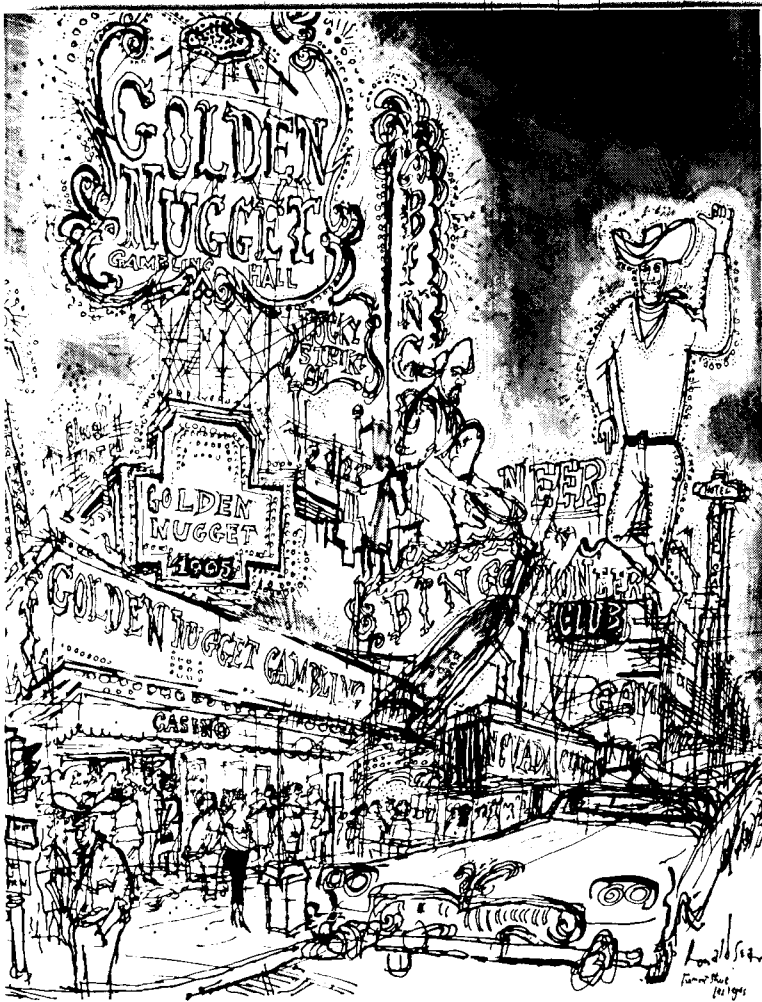
Change has been slow in coming to Nevada because it was so totally committed to the Casino Era. When Nevadans realized after World War II that gambling had exceeded their wildest dreams of bringing tourists and dollars into the state, all resistance to the gambling establishment ceased. Impressed by the seemingly endless flow of silver dollars, they convinced themselves that they lived in a never-never land where gambling taxes could support the state without the need for income, estate, gift, or corporation taxes. The truth was that gambling taxes did not produce enough revenue, and that only Nevada's failure to provide even the basic social services permitted such low taxation.

Although many Nevadans still like to think of

their state as a unique gambling principality like Monaco, the fact is that it is a vast, diverse area of 110,000 square miles, the seventh largest state in the union, with a population that is exploding at a rate of more than 5000 a month (Nevada's 1950 population of 160,000 almost doubled by 1960, tripled by 1965, and will quintuple by 1970). As more and more people come streaming into the state, the need for social services — for schools, universities, urban planning, water, welfare programs, and regulation of vested interests — becomes acute. But the unbalanced state economy, in which gambling still provides a quarter of the tax revenues and generates half of the economic activity, does not furnish a viable base from which to finance social services. Nevada is faced with the strong need to attract new industry in order to diversify its economic structure.

The failure of Nevadans to face up to facts about their state's economy was encouraged by a succession of weak governors whose passive laissez-faire administrations seemed content to let the gambling establishment have a free hand and to wallow in the imagined profits it created. The first break in this pattern occurred in 1958 when Grant Sawyer, a forty-year-old district attorney from Elko, Nevada, running his first statewide race, was elected governor. In eight years, Sawyer has succeeded in demonstrating that Nevada is badly in need of an activist governor, not merely a glorified caretaker for the gambling interests.

Like many another good politician, Sawyer is a product of his region. He was born in Twin Falls, Idaho, but his father, a doctor, moved to Fallon, Nevada, near Reno, when he was a teen-ager. He graduated from the University of Nevada in 1941, served as an army lieutenant in the war, and after the war joined other young Nevadans with political inclinations by taking a patronage job with Senator Pat McCarran in Washington and studying law at Georgetown University. The job with McCarran made him one of the "McCarran people," an es-



sential classification in those days for success in Nevada politics.

Outsiders find it difficult to grasp the importance of Senator Pat McCarran in Nevada politics. First elected to the Senate in 1932, in time he became chairman of three powerful Senate committees, the Senate Judiciary Committee, to which 40 percent of all Senate bills had to be referred, the Appropriations Subcommittee, and the Subcommittee on Foreign Aid. Thus, the senator from the least populous state in the union had one of the largest staffs in the Senate and controlled jobs in dozens of federal agencies.

When money began to flow into Nevada after 1946 to build the great casinos, McCarran quickly established himself with the new gambling interests. He had always had a healthy respect for power and influence, and Nevada's new gambling magnates, many of them hoodlums from international syndicates, displayed raw power which made even McCarran look like an amateur. A compromise was worked out, with the gambling interests supporting the McCarran machine, and McCarran, in turn, providing political and governmental backing for anything the gambling establishment desired. McCarran liked Nevada small, and so did the casino owners. As McCarran's closest adviser, Reno millionaire Norman Blitz, expressed it, "Nevada must be kept small. Let industry go elsewhere.

Cartoon reprinted from WHICH WAY DID HE GO? by Ronald Searle, courtesy of World Publishing Co. Copyright © by Ronald Searle.

Large payrolls bring in large families which cost more money in taxes for public services." When McCarran died suddenly in 1954, there was no heir to his machine.

This was the situation when Grant Sawyer took over as party chairman in 1955. Recognizing the vacuum in the party, a group of young Democratic activists determined that the governor in Carson City could provide more effective leadership than a senator 3000 miles away. With Sawyer as the candidate, they set their sights on the 1958 governor's race.

Sawyer made an appealing candidate: he was boyish-looking, with wavy brown hair, dark-rimmed glasses, a self-confident manner, an engaging smile, a deep resonant voice, and a quick and active mind. In a campaign in which the issues played second fiddle to personalities, Sawyer defeated the popular but ineffective incumbent Republican governor Charles Russell. But the badly apportioned rural Senate remained Republican, and the Assembly was only narrowly Democratic.

Sawyer had not been elected as a reformer. He liked the fast life of Vegas, the luxury of the plush casinos, and the excitement of the Strip night life (a reporter's picture of him doing the twist in 1962 with a casino owner's wife made the front pages of papers around the country long before Bill Moyers' celebrated Watusi). He wore expensive clothes and was known as a big tipper, although he has never been more than a "nickel in the slot machine" kind of gambler.

But he had an idealistic side. He had a curiosity about things, which made him open to new ideas and remarkably free of bias and predisposition (he recently spent an afternoon questioning the members of a Zen Buddhist sect which had established a monastery in the ghost town of Virginia City, and later made good his promise to visit them). As Sawyer grew into the governorship, he became more and more aware of the limited opportunities and stunted public services available to Nevadans under the status quo.

The first Sawyer administration set a new breeze blowing through Carson City. His attractive wife was a popular hostess in the governor's mansion. His appointees, younger, better educated, and more imaginative, replaced some of the rural political plug horses who had always staffed the state government. Sawyer's first-term legislative programs were cautious and limited, but one important accomplishment was his "hang tough" gambling control bill. This was Nevada's first gambling regulation with teeth in it, and oddly enough it aroused little opposition from the gambling in-

dustry. By 1959, Nevada gambling was so badly tarnished that even the casino interests recognized that some type of reform was needed to restore public confidence. The Kefauver hearings of the early 1950s uncovered a vast network of hoodlum control of Nevada gambling, and the growing number of gangland murders and atrocities were impossible to hide.

Sawyer's "hang tough" gambling control bill created a state Gambling Control Board with investigative and enforcement units. In administering the bill, Sawyer appointed tough, highly qualified ex-FBI and law-enforcement officials to the new agency. For the first time the state possessed the ability to enforce the gambling laws and deny gambling licenses to undesirables.

BY THE end of his first term, Sawyer had proved himself to be a capable and popular administrator, but aside from the gambling bill, he had not pressed for major reform. His landslide re-election in 1962 gave him the mandate he needed to strike out in new directions. On the top of his list of concerns was reorganization of the state government, which had become encumbered over the years by a confusion of agencies, boards, and commissions, many of which the governor had no power to control. The ninety-nine-year-old governmental structure, unchanged since statehood and the advent of modern government, badly needed overhauling.

Another of Sawyer's second-term objectives was to break the power of an important rival in the state capital, the legislative counsel. In a number of small Western states, legislative counsels have been established over the years to provide research and drafting assistance to the legislators. Nevada's legislative counsel, an amiable and pedantic ex-Assembly clerk named Jeff Springmeyer, appointed in 1946, had gradually increased his powers and authority, enlarged his staff, and made himself indispensable to legislators and executive agencies alike.

Sawyer's active involvement in legislative affairs undercut Springmeyer's influence. Springmeyer countered with legislative roadblocks against the governor's programs and with embarrassing check audits of his office and mansion. Beginning his second term, Sawyer decided to work for a bill to consolidate the legislative counsel with another agency and make nonlawyer Springmeyer ineligible to be its head.

Sawyer's third objective was a progressive legislative program. In a blunt message to the legislature he outlined bills for education, conservation, highway safety, civil rights, water control, and regulation of securities and land sales. It was the most

ambitious program ever proposed by a Nevada governor.

Sawyer's legislative strategy relied on surprise and nonpartisanship. His reorganization, drafted by aides in less than two months, had the advantage of taking both the legislators and the vested interests by surprise. He hoped to push it through before substantial opposition developed. He had enough votes in the Democratic Assembly to pass the reorganization, but the Senate was controlled by the Republicans, 9 to 8.

The reorganization bills passed the Assembly easily and came before the Senate. In the first test, the Senate committee hearings, the nine Republicans voted as a bloc and methodically cut the heart out of the reorganization. Then James Slattery, a conservative Republican senator from a rural district with a population of 675, bolted and voted for the original administration bill. The other reorganization bills were quickly passed in only slightly modified form. A week later, after the close of the session, the governor fired the director of state welfare, a lady who had held the post for thirteen years and who was also an arch-enemy of Senator Slattery. When Republicans charged that a deal had been made, the governor denied it, saying that he had been considering the dismissal for a long time. Deal or not, it was all over. Springmeyer was removed as legislative counsel through the bill reorganizing his office, 70 percent of Sawyer's legislation was passed, and Nevada had a new director of welfare and its first reorganized government since statehood in 1864.

The first test of Sawyer's newly won power came shortly after the 1963 reorganization. One of the bills which the governor had lost in that session was a bill to create a state park at beautiful Lake Tahoe, which was rapidly being threatened by encroaching casinos, motels, restaurants, and cabins. Although the session was over, Sawyer made it clear that he considered that the fight was on. He organized an overnight camping trip to the proposed park area, inviting a number of state officials and conservationists. The newsmen put on hiking boots and shouldered sleeping bags, and sent back pictures of the governor brewing coffee at the campsite above sparkling Lake Tahoe.

Public support for the Tahoe park began to reach the legislators. Those from northeastern Nevada, where Lake Tahoe is situated, found increasing pressures upon them to get a park. Governor Sawyer decided that the time was ripe and called a special session of the legislature to consider a critical school funding problem posed in certain school districts, particularly Clark County, together with a request for Lake Tahoe Park. The northeastern legislators, with public pressure on them, made a deal with the Clark County legislators, who

wanted school appropriations. Sawyer had done a masterful job of combining two bills badly needed by different sections of the state. Both bills passed.

The 1964 elections were the first voter test of the Sawyer administration after the reorganization. The Assembly remained Democratic, and the Senate passed into Democratic control for the first time in the twentieth century. With the threat of the Senate's veto removed, Sawyer was in firm control of the 1965 legislative session. Controversial bills which had failed in the past, such as civil rights, the creation of a department of mental hygiene, securities regulation, advertising regulation, and an administrative procedures act, were all part of the successful Sawyer package.

Sawyer's personal influence upon Nevada affairs was also demonstrated during the Watts riots of 1965. A rumor had started in Las Vegas that a busload of armed Negroes who had "escaped" from Watts were on their way to Las Vegas. Excited whites made a run on firearms stores, and the Negro section was tense, many Negroes having been sent home by their worried employers. The governor and his able executive administrator, Richard Ham, went directly to the Negro section, the "Westside," stopped on the streets to talk and shake hands, visited the largest club in the area. Within minutes the word had spread through the Westside that the governor was there. The band played, the governor joked, and moved on to another club, and the tension began to ease.

ALTHOUGH Sawyer's political mystique in Nevada is impressive and his legislative successes and prestigious administration of the statehouse real enough, he is having a tough race in his bid this year for a third four-year term. He is opposed by Lieutenant Governor Paul Laxalt, forty-three, an attractive and articulate attorney who won the GOP gubernatorial nomination last September easily while Sawyer was fighting off five opponents in the Democratic primary. Laxalt starts with the advantage of being able to blame the shortcomings of the Casino Era on Sawyer and the entrenched Democratic machine, without himself having to disavow the era. Sawyer finds himself in the uncomfortable position of having been an apologist for Nevada gambling who never admitted, despite his record of reform, that the value system of the Casino Era had to be rejected. Thus Sawyer, who has tried to be all things to all voters, is having difficulty showing, on the one hand, that he has done enough to meet the needs of his changing state, and on the other hand, that he has not gone too fast.

Paul Laxalt is one of those amazingly confused political creations of the American West. An early

Goldwater supporter in 1964, he has tried to erase the stigma of his right-wing associations by backing a denunciation of the John Birch Society at the GOP state convention last June and bringing in Governor Romney to campaign for him. He is at times a distressingly naïve politician (during the 1965 legislative debate on the Sawyer civil rights bill, which he opposed, he asked an opponent in all seriousness whether he would like his daughter to marry a Negro), but he is handsome and charming, has good rapport with the press, and has a large following from the influential Basque community from which he comes. He provided effective leadership for the Republicans in the legislature during his four years as lieutenant governor, despite his failure to stop the Sawyer reorganization. Since then he has become more liberal, and now charges the Sawyer administration with taking insufficient measures to attract industry to Nevada and to counteract rising unemployment in Clark County. He has even won over some labor support by defending the "right to strike" in the aftermath of last year's crippling test-site strike and a violent cab dispute this year.

Sawyer also has problems in his own party. The Nevada Democratic Party is beset with factionalism, and although the governor is nominal head of the party, he does not control it. Nevada's senators, Democrats Alan Bible and Howard Cannon, have their own factions within the party. Bible still holds remnants of the old McCarran machine and is closest to the Sawyer camp. Cannon is Sawyer's most important Democratic rival, with a well-organized machine in populous Clark County. Cannon supporters distrust Sawyer's political intentions, pointing out that should Sawyer be re-elected this year, he would be available to run against Cannon in 1970. Sawyer supporters blame the Cannon machine for Laxalt's election as lieutenant governor in 1962, and Cannon supporters blame the Sawyer machine for Cannon's squeaky eighty-four-vote victory over Laxalt in the 1964 Senate race. Both camps know that a return to factional fighting would be disastrous for the Democratic Party, but backbiting is a way of life for Nevada Democrats, and distrust will probably continue to plague the party.

The problems of the gambling industry hang heavily over the 1966 Nevada elections. The gambling industry is in its deepest trouble since gambling was legalized in 1931, with average winnings by the casinos down and more and more Nevadans talking of higher gaming taxes. The legislature has authorized a \$120,000 study to see whether gambling taxes should be raised. A new civic organization formed by Joe Matthews, a former Los Angeles political worker who came to Nevada to work on the 1964 centennial, is calling

for gambling taxes to be tripled and is attempting to collect 14,000 signatures for a statewide referendum next year.

Meanwhile, the federal government is not making things any easier. The Justice Department, the FBI, and the Internal Revenue Service have been investigating Nevada gambling for some time. In 1962, Attorney General Robert Kennedy sent a task force of agents into Nevada to search for links between the casinos and organized crime. This summer, the FBI agent in charge at Las Vegas testified at a U.S. court hearing in Denver that in 1963 the FBI had wiretapped the office of Ruby Kalod, major owner of the Desert Inn and the Stardust casinos. Governor Sawyer immediately called upon Nevada district attorneys to prosecute federal agents for violation of Nevada's anti-wiretapping law. The crux of the controversy is that the federal government believes that racketeers are running some casinos behind "fronts," that gangster funds are being sent into Nevada to be "cleaned up" through phony gambling transactions, and that casinos are "skimming" (removing house winnings from casino counting rooms before they are tallied for tax purposes). Although it is likely that the FBI has not used wiretapping in Nevada for several years, Nevada officials, smarting from criticism of their regulatory procedures, are out to get their pound of flesh.

In the wiretap controversy, Nevada seems to be right and the FBI wrong. But thoughtful Nevadans know that the real issue is whether Nevada regulatory procedures are sufficient. It is unlikely that either Sawyer or Laxalt will call for a tougher gaming control bill, but defects in the present regulation are becoming more apparent.

Sawyer has managed to stay on the good side of the majority of the gambling interests despite his reforms. The casinos were not happy with his 1959 gaming control bill, but they accepted it grudgingly. Although the new legislative programs have cost money and so have increased the need for higher taxes, Sawyer has opposed Matthews' referendum to increase gambling taxes. No one really knows whom the casinos are supporting in the Sawyer-Laxalt race. One casino owner, Major Riddle of the Dunes, informed his employees by memo that they should "re-elect . . . certain people who are running the legislature, governorship and various other offices who have made it possible for the success of the various hotels and casinos," and that word "re-elect" doesn't seem to leave much room for doubt. On the other hand, Laxalt has stated that economy and budgetary controls should be exercised instead of raising taxes, to which the casinos say "Amen," and he is said to be receiving sizable contributions from several casinos.

It is doubtful whether the term "the gambling

establishment" means much anymore in Nevada. The Nevada Resort Association, which purports to speak for casinos and clubs and provides a rating sheet on candidates, represents only eleven casinos. The operators of the big casinos, such as Moe Dalitz of the Desert Inn and the Stardust, Mrs. Warren Bayley of the Hacienda and the New Frontier, and Bill Harrah of Harrah's Club, do not speak for more than a segment of the industry. About all that can be said with certainty is that the gambling industry is fragmented, that the casinos will support both gubernatorial candidates as long as either has a chance of winning, and that, in a tight spot, as is foreseen in the near future, they will attempt to bring their combined influence to bear on all levels of Nevada government.

With only a month remaining in the campaign, Sawyer and Laxalt are engaged in one of the hardest fought gubernatorial contests in recent years. Sawyer stands on his record of sound fiscal and administrative policies, strong leadership, reform of state government, and progressive legislation. Laxalt points to Sawyer's failure to attract sizable new industries, the downturn in Las Vegas' building boom, and the increase in unemployment, weaknesses of Sawyer's labor policies, mismanagement in some executive departments, and heavy-handedness of administration tactics. This campaign has come closer to discussing real issues than any other in the past, owing, no doubt, to the fact that Nevada — its economy, its values, and its future — is at a critical juncture. Few solutions, however, have been proposed, and there seems to be more fundamental agreement between the two contenders than dissension. Both agree that education must get more money, state institutions must be improved, labor problems settled, urban planning started, and state government made more responsible. Laxalt tends to express a conservative's dislike for governmental controls while criticizing Sawyer for failure to take action to meet problems. Sawyer talks about bold action while defending status quo policies and painting an overly rosy picture of the true situation. But both have shown an awareness that the Casino Era is ending and that gambling is no longer a Nevada deity, despite their reluctance, at the moment, to propose sweeping reforms. The bookmakers now give Sawyer a slight edge, but they always add that it's a horse race to the finish.

1966 is a pivotal year for Nevada. The gubernatorial election is another sign that Nevada has embarked on the road to becoming just another American state. Difficult days are ahead for its gaming industry, and the transition pains of the post-Casino Era may be unpleasant. But the Casino Era is drawing to a close, and few Nevadans will mourn its passing.

BOOKS and MEN *One of the country's most accomplished literary historians here discusses the works of Edwin O'Connor, and in particular, his latest novel, ALL IN THE FAMILY, just published by Atlantic-Little, Brown.*

POLITICS, MR. O'CONNOR, and the FAMILY NOVEL

by HOWARD MUMFORD JONES



IN *All in the Family*, his latest novel, Edwin O'Connor returns to that nameless metropolis and that imaginary commonwealth (any resemblance to any other commonwealth is purely coincidental) he has visited two or three times before. It was there that Waltzing Daniel Considine (*I Was Dancing*) finally surrendered his bedroom in his son's house and retired to an old-age home. There, in *The Last Hurrah*, defeated for re-election as mayor, the great Frank Skeffington took to his bed and died, a lonely combination of charlatanism and genius, understood only partially by his nephew, Adam Caulfield. And there, in *The Edge of Sadness*, Father Hugh Kennedy fell into alcoholism, was cured, comforted the dying Charles Carmody, another lonely old Irishman, refused a better parish, and stuck to St. Paul's in the slums and to his Polish associate, Father Danowski.

These lives are all in the past. The new novel is, so to speak, in the present tense. Money talks powerfully in the living generation of Irish leaders in that anonymous city, and most of the money seems to belong to Jimmy Kinsella, whose language is not cultivated, though he sees to it that his three sons go to the right schools and acquire cultivation. One of them is James, who becomes a priest and fades genteelly out of the book. Charles is elected governor, largely through the influence of his father's money. Phil, a temperamental idealist, for a time goes along. But Phil grows more and more uneasy

as campaign promises are left persistently unfulfilled and as he watches the soft corruption of ambition deaden his brother's zeal for modernizing the state government. Coming to believe that both the honor of the family and the welfare of the commonwealth are at stake, he ultimately launches an attack on his brother, which Charles stops cold with one of the nastiest and most ruthless devices I ever learned of in public life or the political novel.

This story encloses, and is enclosed by, another one. The novel is told through the eyes of a cousin of the three boys, Jack Kinsella, a professional writer who has experienced disaster in his branch of the family. When he was a lad, his charming mother and his smaller brother were mysteriously drowned in an ice-cold lake — an opening episode told with haunting poignancy. Tortured by self-accusation concerning his own negligence (if there was any), the father takes Jack to Ireland to revisit the scenes of his courtship and honeymoon. There for the first time Jack meets and lives with Uncle Jimmy's tribe, who are temporarily domiciled on an Irish estate. Later, his father having died, Jack marries; and for no apparent cause his wife (was it impulse? was it passion?) runs off with a lover. By and by she asks to return, comes back, and creates a problem of readjustment. The narrative about Uncle Jimmy and Charles and Phil is seen across the temperament and the troubles of Jack Kinsella, and comes in two unequal portions: the experi-

ences of boyhood and the immediacy of adult reporting.

The boyhood portion, told through a Proustian feat of memory, is narrated with wonderful skill as the adult looks over the shoulder of the lad he once was and remembers how the world looked. There is nothing in the Irish part of the book that is obvious preparation for Charles's election, and one hunts about to see why this prologue to the main action exists. I think the answer is twofold: aside from the education of Jack through sorrow, we get these glimpses into the boyhood life of the three Kinsella lads in something like the natural environment of an Irish family. But the section also hints that the dislocation of Irish family life in America may be the remote cause of the final disaster.

The manager of a Dublin hotel, Mr. Guilfoyle, makes both young Jack and the reader subtly aware of the increasing distance between traditional Ireland and life in America. Moreover, the residence of Uncle Jimmy and his family in Ireland is but temporary and seems to have small relation to Irish life around them. During the visit Jack's father impresses upon his son the difference between the Old World and the New:

I heard about my great-grandfather (my father's grandfather) [says Jack] who had been born not far from where we were driving now in a cottage with a dirt floor and a roof made of straw, and who had come to America as a very young man and had got a job putting down railroad tracks; about his son, my grandfather, who had left school before finishing and had run away to sea, and then, a few years later, had come back home wearing a very handsome suit and with more money than an ordinary sailor could have hoped for.

This money forms the basis of the Kinsella millions in the United States.

O'Connor has an enchanted ear for varieties of human speech, and his ear does not fail him in *All in the Family*, except, I think, in the case of Uncle Jimmy, who talks a stage slang that reads as if it came out of O. Henry. But the pace of Jack's boyhood memories and of the conversations therein is finely controlled; and in the rest of the novel even the long monologues are a delight to the ear and to the critical intelligence. It is true that aside from Uncle Jimmy we are listening in on more cultivated circles than in *The Last Hurrah*, so that some of the pungency of that amazing book is lost. But the conversations and the speeches move, they express, they delineate, they demonstrate the Irish capacity for word-spinning, they vividly render individuals and individual idiosyncrasies. History, somebody said, does not exist until it is read. The same thing is true of fiction. O'Connor's power in recording speech is so compelling that the reader wants to turn the page to see who is talking next.

O'Connor is sometimes regarded as a political

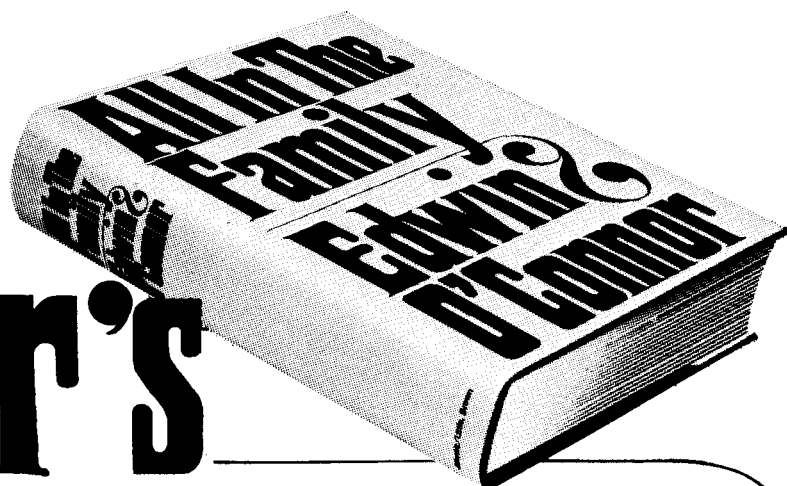
novelist. The standard political novel commonly has some public issue at its center, as in the parliamentary novels of Trollope, and the fortunes of the characters are involved in the fortunes of the issue. The political novel is a major branch of American fiction, going back to Brackenridge's *Modern Chivalry* and coming down to books by authors like Faulkner and Robert Penn Warren.

In this country the political novel has undergone at least three major transformations. As written by Brackenridge and James Fenimore Cooper it commonly illustrated the ignorance and venality of the mass of voters, who need to be guided by enlightened and responsible gentlemen. After Lincoln, a second type appears. In the second type the citizenry has right instincts but is misled by venal politicians, a corrupt church, and cynical capitalists. *The Gilded Age*, a bad novel but a brilliant document, is a naïve example of this type. In the later development of the second type in the muckraking era, a young man, often a lawyer of Lincolnesque temperament, exposes political corruption, rallies the people around him, and is elected to the governorship or to Congress, where he triumphantly routs the devil and all his works. Paul Leicester Ford's *The Honorable Peter Stirling*, Booth Tarkington's *The Gentleman From Indiana*, and Winston Churchill's *Coniston* are of this order.

In the third and latest phase of the type, the voter virtually disappears or is dimly seen at the periphery of the book as an undistinguishable gray mass. The novel concentrates on the workings of the political scene as viewed from within, and more particularly upon the psychological quirks of the chief protagonist and his drive for power. The psychology of the politician is, then, the theme; civic responsibility is either taken for granted or ignored. *All the King's Men* is of this order; so is *Advise and Consent*. Not the intellectual issues that are part of statesmanship, but sentiment for the poor and a determination to win are central. The writers have an air of having gone to school to Lincoln Steffens, who, muckraker though he was, concluded that political bosses were intricate mixtures of good and evil desires, and likewise men with greater insight into human woe than was true of reformers. *The Last Hurrah* is a political novel of this third type. Skeffington is a complicated personality whom we see across a variety of temperaments and through a mixture of emotions ranging from hatred to adoration: the result is a composite photograph that takes on a three-dimensional reality. *All in the Family* is a political novel in one sense, since it explores the psychology of politicians and reformers, but its strength lies elsewhere.

Though a recurrent theme in O'Connor's fiction is the life of the Irish in America, as a novelist he refuses to be typed. No two books by him are of

Edwin O'Connor's



All In The Family

**The newest fiction
bestseller is the best
book yet written by the author of
The Last Hurrah and the Pulitzer
Prize-winning The Edge of Sadness**

Edwin O'Connor's new novel is set off from anything he has yet done by its narrative drive and its broadened range of emotion. He has superbly combined two themes — the eruption into politics of a conspicuous Irish-American family and the quieter yet dominant motif of the fulfillment of the narrator's life-long need — into a story that everyone will enjoy.

The family's name is Kinsella — a name that means power, riches, and now, serious politics. Their brilliant lives are in sharp contrast to the solitary ways of Jack, the narrator. When Jack's wife returns to him after an escapade with another man, their reconciliation so preoccupies him that at first he is unaware of the earthquake threatening that happiest of families, his Kinsella cousins. The results are ruthless, brilliant, surprising.

Combining the humor and vitality of *The Last Hurrah* with the insight and tenderness of *The Edge of Sadness*, O'Connor has created one of the outstanding novels of recent years. \$6.95

An Atlantic Monthly Press book / A Literary Guild selection

Mark Harris's observations on his encounters with the American security system and the United States Peace Corps include some of the most refreshing, sharpest writing ever done by the author of *Bang the Drum Slowly* and *Mark the Glove Boy*. The people he met are as vivid as the characters of his novels, his style is exuberant, his thoughts are arresting. \$5.95

**TWENTYONE
TWICE:
A JOURNAL**

by Mark Harris

Sean O'Faolain's mastery of the short story genre has never been demonstrated so clearly as in this latest collection. All eleven tales are concerned with aspects of love; his people are passionate, venal, funny, quixotic, stuffy, wild — priests, trollops, students, revolutionaries, stockbrokers; the subtle interplay of shrewdness, irony and humor is striking. *An Atlantic Monthly Press book.* \$5.95

**THE HEAT
OF THE SUN**
Stories and Tales

by Sean O'Faolain

Edmond Cahn was one of the great judicial philosophers of America. His commentaries on the Bill of Rights, on free speech and a free press, on the separation of church and state, and on the legal profession are as rewarding to the responsible layman as to the trained professional. With an introduction by Norman Redlich. \$8.95

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LITTLE, BROWN

the same construction. *The Oracle*, with which he began, was a merely competent, machine-made exposure of hypocrisy in a radio commentator. *I Was Dancing* and *benjy*, that "ferocious fairy tale" (which is among his triumphs), are short stories in novel form, each in a style appropriate to its special theme and each a straight-line narrative. Beginning with *The Last Hurrah*, O'Connor started a series of experiments in narrative by indirection. Thus Skeffington is first presented sketchily and in the raw; his figure takes on bulk and humanity as we view him through the eyes of innumerable persons and learn things about his biography in episodes that often begin as if they were irrelevant. In *The Edge of Sadness* O'Connor shifted to first-person narrative, making Father Hugh the chronicler of his own dishonor and his own recovery — a difficult technical task — and endowing him with extraordinary sensitivity and a tenacious memory. Through his sensitivity a complicated family story — or rather two of them — is slowly revealed.

The indirect method is pushed to its limits in *All in the Family*. The first section has no apparent relation to the main narrative. There is a huge gap in time; we drop Jack as a boy and take him up as an adult. Jack tells the story, but he is naturally preoccupied with his personal bewilderment and his domestic problem. Moreover, he and his wife absent themselves from America while important events build up about the Kinsella family in the United States. As a political novel, necessary scenes are omitted because Jack cannot be present at them. We have to take for granted, for instance, the crucial change in Charles Kinsella's outlook after his election; we are not prepared for Phil's extraordinary outburst of jealousy and civic virtue; nor are we present during a long and lonely night when Phil tries to make up his mind about meeting Charles's trick attack. We are present at the crucial scene between the two brothers mainly because Uncle Jimmy calls a family council into which Jack and his wife wander almost by accident. If the novel is a political novel, the technique is awkward.

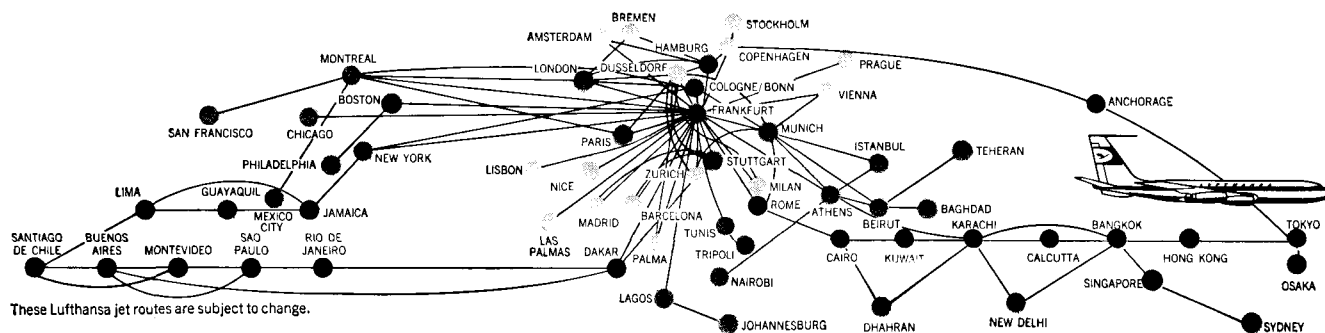
But is it a political novel? I think politics is the occasion, not the theme, of the story. That theme is one recurrent in O'Connor's books, and concerns not the state but the family. Thus in *I Was Dancing*, the problem is that of family responsibility for the aged, especially as they grow cantankerous. *benjy* is a Swiftian satire on children's books, sentimental motherhood, and the Century of the Child, and shows what happens when the husband is displaced from his proper role as a father. The great disappointment of Frank Skeffington is not his defeat but the inadequacy of his shallow son; that is why he calls in Adam Caulfield as a son substitute. The intricate design of *The Edge of Sadness* pivots on a problem of family disruption: in this book as in the

others the patriarchal role is eaten into by modernity. American life is, it appears, the enemy of the traditional family pattern, and no amount of verbal concealment by brilliant Irish talk hides the fact that among the American Irish neither the church, nor respect for the old, nor patriarchal authority, nor the power of money, nor the clan spirit can withstand the constant erosion of traditional family ways by arrant American individualism.

In the new book the conflict between Charles and Phil, the temperamental gulf between tough-minded Uncle Jimmy and his sensitive nephew Jack Kinsella point once more to the survival of a family in modern America. O'Connor puts the case without riding a thesis. It is perhaps significant that in the last pages of the story Jack and his wife go back to Ireland, where it is revealed that the wife is pregnant; and if they return to America it may be to illustrate that, the ancient Irish clan being out of date, some other basis for a family in America may become possible.

From time to time academic quarterlies, writers' conferences, lecturers in the colleges, and highbrow writers of fiction anxiously announce that the novel is dying. The novels that form the basis of these gloomy forecasts are usually intricate exercises in the subconscious mind, tales in which no action is what it purports to be, no motive is rational, and no character is prepared to accept any responsibility for the society into which he was born. These themes have enlarged the scope of fiction, but only by a narrow strip and along a dead-end road. They offer too few permutations and combinations. They do not accept the long line of narrative achievement from Fielding through Scott and Dickens to, if you like, writers like Edwin O'Connor.

Yet the principal duty of the novelist is to get himself read, as the principal duty of the playwright is to get himself acted before a considerable audience. Otherwise his support becomes artificial — fellowships, grants-in-aid, publishers' advances, and writers' conferences. But in accepting these well-meant yet adventitious supports, the novelist loses living touch with a potential public in a manner that would have horrified Dickens and puzzled Henry James. Meanwhile, the great undifferentiated public goes on happily reading detective stories and science fiction, two branches of narrative excessively ignored by "literary" criticism, though they keep the central virtue of the novel, which is expectancy. O'Connor has this virtue. His reader is kept in a continual stream of expectation. When the American novel gets over its extralegal love affair with sex and psychiatry and heads back to the main line of fiction, it will perhaps discover that writers like O'Connor are the proper heirs of the great tradition. A storyteller's holiday is a contradiction in terms.



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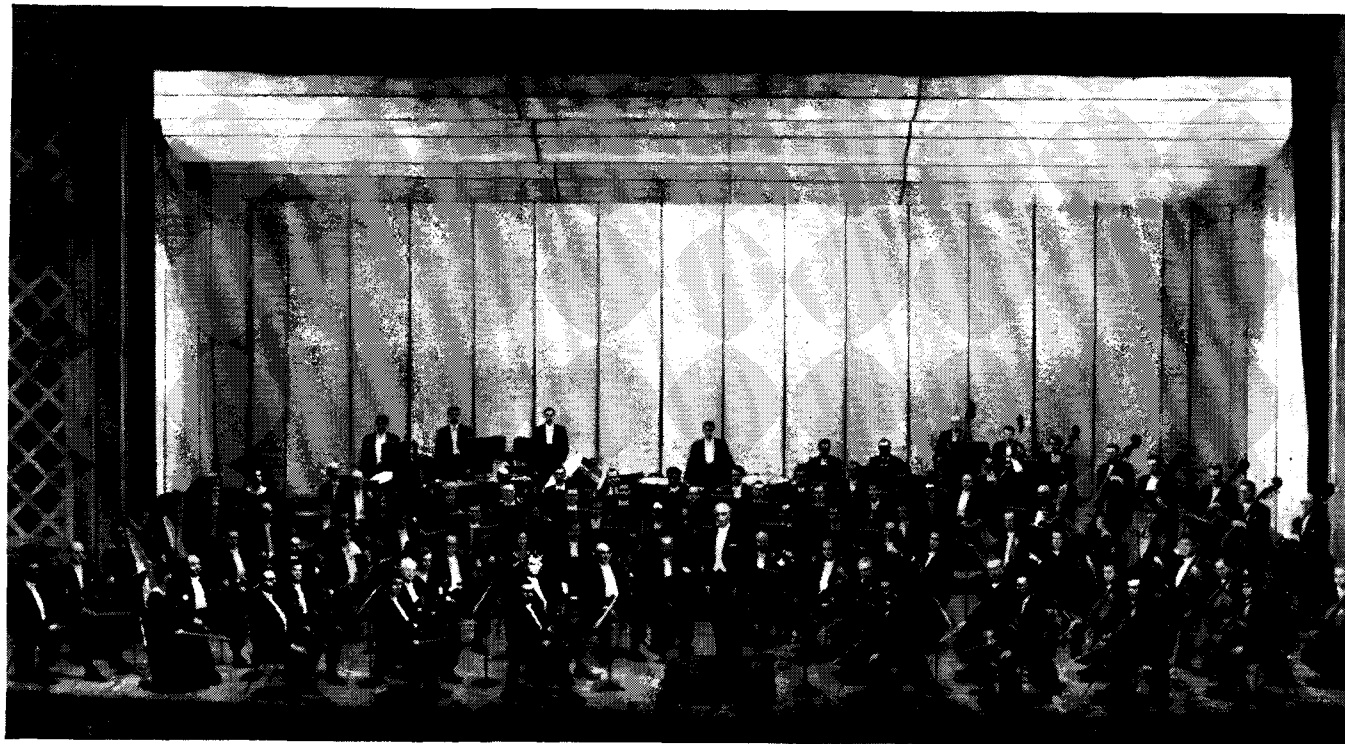
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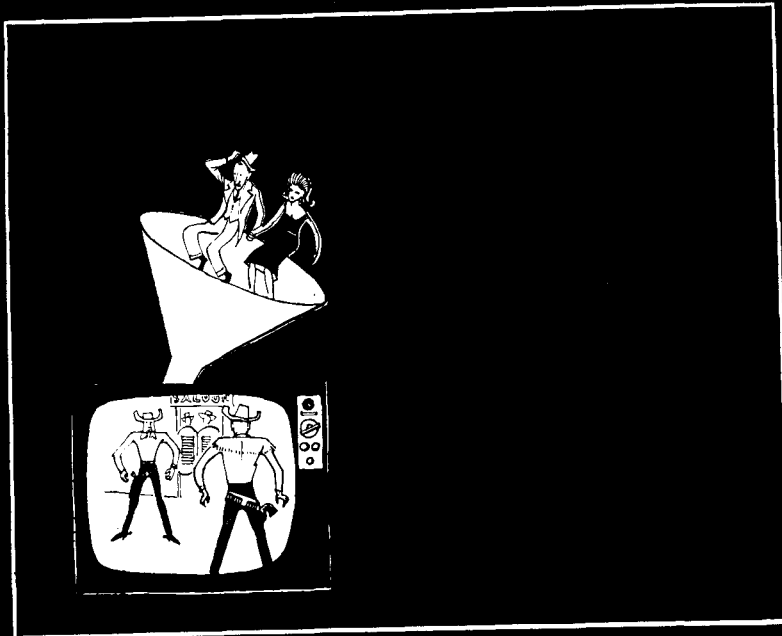
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Living

THE RERUN INDUSTRY

BY CHARLES W. MORTON

During the next eight or nine months of its new season, the television industry will be hard at work producing reruns for summers to come. Almost everything was a rerun in the summer just past. The symbol (R) without a date after a program listing does not tell us when the rerun was first shown, but last summer's offerings were so time honored in some cases as to rival the cave paintings of Lascaux or the murals of a Luxor tomb. Television is piling up its own hoard of old shows, which must soon outnumber Hollywood's treasured old movies.

The episodic series using the same characters, of avowedly comic purport, is probably the most durable of the reruns. Its abiding strength from week to week is its prime forgettability — not that its steady audience is equipped to remember anything anyhow — so that the novelty of the story line is undiminished, like the fresh spontaneity of the dubbed-in audience laughter, even though the laughter may have been recorded back in the days when the late Sir Harry Lauder was howling out "Stop Your Ticklin', Jock." Laughter, however improbable as a

reaction to situation comedy, simply does not deteriorate once it is canned and put in storage.

New product names are already bringing out a few new commercials, yet even the latest of these are like something *déjà vu*, reruns even on their first showing.

Instead of the ill-tempered man screaming at his children (for want of a "stummick" pill), we now have an ill-tempered man trying to shout, in behalf of a refrigerator, some noisy children who are playing in the kitchen. This actor seeks to convey his humorous awareness that to shout so loudly is really a nuisance, but he goes right on crescendo just the same.

The telephone company continues to string along with the noisy commercial, using the realistic jangling of the telephone bell as the attention-getter. The earlier use of the bell racket, readers will recall, was to show the harried housewife the benefit of having a wall phone in the kitchen, but in the new commercial the bell betokens an annoying call from some salesman. After the housewife, whose face shows her dread of all telephone calls, has responded to the clamor and picked up the phone, the TV audience is just as jumpy as she is, but the phone company then goes on blandly to advise her (and us) what to do with

obscene or nuisance telephone calls — a remedy that the company seems to feel we could never have hit upon by ourselves: hang up.

The '67 models have not yet reached the automobile commercials, but it seems reasonable to expect that at least one of them will be using the honking of a horn (at full power) as a blandishment, a sound so unexpected in one's living room as to irritate even the most hardened TV listener. It is probably too late to raise the question for 1967, but one can't help wondering all over again why the cheapest car on the market is argued to be a status symbol that will set the whole neighborhood to writhing with envy of its horn-tooting owner.

Sameness is again our portion in the songs and jingles: the choong-gum waltz that managed to rhyme *fun* with *gum* has shifted into a snappier tempo, but its lyrics are still notable for that timeless infantilism of the medium:

Hi ho, hey hey,
Chew your lit-tle
Troubles a-way!

It is hard to judge when any Superman episode was made, but one thing is plain in what we look at today: Superman is putting on weight. He is jowly, much too bulging, and his run as he gets going for his takeoff is a ponderous gal-

lop. His airspeed doesn't look to be more than about 20 mph — hardly enough to ruffle his hair and certainly not likely to get him to one criminal hideout after another and back to the *Daily Planet* in time for a half-hour show with commercials.

Aside from occasional fragments of Mack Sennett one-reelers, the oldest rerun I happened upon was on an educational station — a trip up a river in New Guinea by an extraordinarily youthful looking Lowell Thomas. The film abounded in unintended comedy, the best of it showing the savages, their ferocious scowls enhanced by war paint, peering through jungle foliage at the intrepid visitors. The natives were undecided, so Thomas' narration went, whether to do away with the strangers then and there or to come out and be friends, and the camera lingered on them while Thomas explained the perils of the moment. (They finally came out and were friendly. . .)

People at the TV station, when I inquired about the film, first thought that Lowell Thomas, Jr., was the expedition's leader, but they found on checking a bit further that it was Thomas, Sr. The film dates back to 1930 and has been exhibited off and on for the past thirty-six years.

It was, as our TV announcer would put it, like I say: a reel nice rerun.

The Holiday

BY DEAN ACHESON

Holidays were all too rare for State Department people during the hectic war years. DEAN ACHESON describes an extemporized attempt to take a day off.

Secretary of State Cordell Hull was not one to "pay much mind," as he would put it, to his minions. With a few he feuded; to a few he listened — rather more, the outsiders thought, than their contributions warranted; but for the most part, he let the rest of us go our own way, which often led nowhere in particular. So, when I was shown into his office in the old State, War, and Navy Building after three weeks' absence presiding over an international conference, it would not have surprised me if he had not noticed that I had been away.

His greeting disclosed nothing. When he was displeased, his greeting was, "Come in, Doctor." I never thought that this reflected a prejudice against the medical profession, perhaps not even against doctors of philosophy, but vaguely against know-it-alls. Normally, he merely



looked over his black-rimmed pince-nez, held to him by its black ribbon, and asked, "How you feelin'?" I made the conventional claim to good health. The Secretary took off his pince-nez and gave me a searching look. "You're kinda peaked-lookin'," he observed.

If I wasn't, I should have been. For three exhausting weeks the conference had maneuvered around proposals for post-war relief. UNRRA was in gestation. FDR's newfound enthusiasm for international organization, born of his coining a year before that delusive phrase "the United Nations," was to bring together through an international agency the supplicants for and the givers of relief. The problems involved were not complicated, but difficult of solution, since the idea that it was more blessed — or at any rate more desirable — to give than to receive was not the postulate of the conference. My job was to be the John the Baptist of the Marshall Plan, without giving the receivers of relief an unrestricted drawing account on the United States Treasury.

This is not the story of that conference. It is enough to say that for some reason, not altogether clear to me after the lapse of twenty-three years, it seemed to require innumerable midnight conferences and the consumption of considerable quantities of what the revenue laws call vinous and spiritous liquors. I remember being alarmed at the condition of one colleague whose eyes seemed to be disappearing behind narrowing slits. Others urged me not to worry since if worst came to worst, we could always buy him a seeing-eye dog. I remember, too,

the staunch support of a delightful Cuban, representing the now much abused Batista regime, who upbraided his fellow Latinos, saying that they reminded him of the crowds on the day of a great fiesta, marching into the cathedral carrying banners and singing a Te Deum, but when the offering plate was passed, slipping out a side door.

At any rate, I was tired and admitted it. The Secretary nodded with his air of infinite benevolence. "Better take a holiday," he said.

It couldn't be true. No one took a holiday. "Don't you know there's a war on?" was the vicious quasher of ideas like that.

"But, Mr. Secretary," I gasped.

Cordell Hull was a man of decision. He had had enough of this interruption and report. "Yes," he said, with an air of finality and dismissal, "take the afternoon off." He put on his pince-nez and picked up a paper; I gathered my unmentioned report and left.

A few minutes later on the telephone: "Listen carefully, my dear," I said. "Whatever you have planned for lunch and the afternoon is off. As soon as I can get home, we leave on a holiday, at the Secretary's command. You may not have noticed it, but his more compassionate eye sees me badly in need of a rest."

"But where are we going? How? What do I pack?"

"That is secret," I cut in. "Even the longest holiday can be unraveled by a woman's tongue. The immediate thing is to have the bicycles brought up from the cellar and dusted. When I get home we can see to the tires." I hung up while I had the advantage of mystery. The plan was forming as I got an official car, unavailable by law for personal use, to drive me home before my seniors got it for the governmental purpose of taking them to lunch.

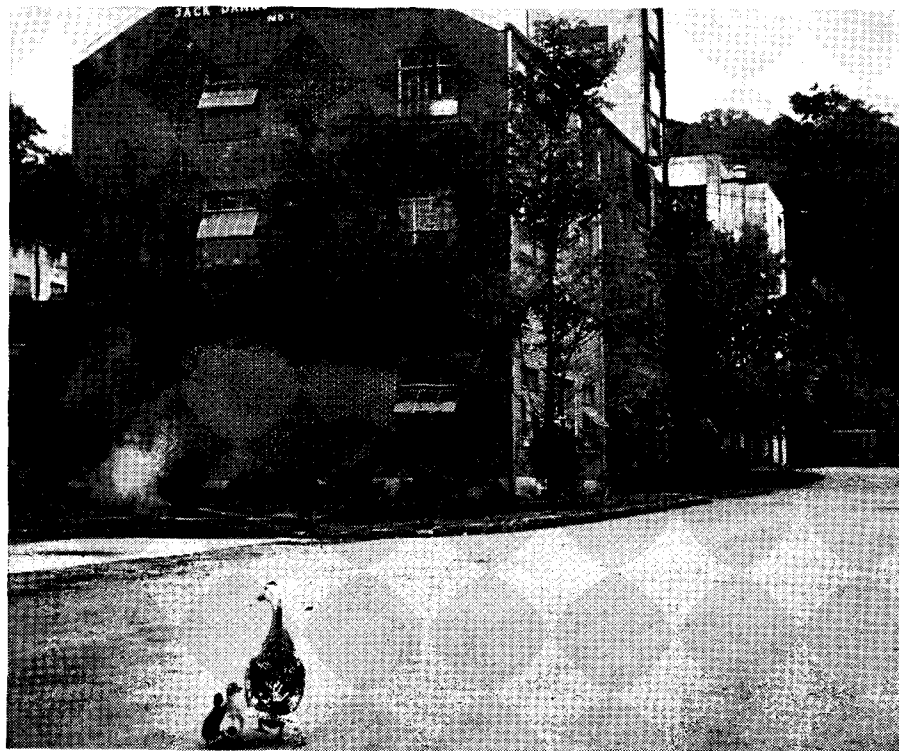
The bicycles were ready, and the lady's curiosity had overcome annoyance by the time we were wheeling them to the filling station for air and a few drops of oil. Then, using the momentum of the steep plunge from P Street down to Rock Creek and Potomac Parkway, we skimmed along in glorious December sunshine. The creek soon gave way to the majestic river in "raiment white and glistening," in the Prayer Book's phrase. Patient fishermen dozed along the embankment. Gulls cir-

cled and screamed around a tow-boat taking a string of empty barges downstream to Newport News. An eight-oared shell from Georgetown University paddled slowly up, its blades flashing in rhythm with the coxswain's chant, the crew absorbing wisdom from the coach's megaphone. The sight always takes me back nostalgically to afternoon paddles in New Haven Harbor when the wind had dropped, to the ecstasy of the long reach of a crew in perfect balance and rhythm, to the breathtaking stab of icy water as a wavelet struck a forward outrigger. On we went, past Mrs. Whitney's sculptured memorial to the *Titanic* dead, skirting the Lincoln Memorial by the passage under the bridge, and cutting off to the left toward the Tidal Basin, passing the small village of "temporary" buildings which housed government offices in their hot ugliness for twenty years. The basin, now deserted and its cherry trees bare, reflected the calm, cold beauty of the Jefferson Memorial.

We were now on the last lap. A dive under Fourteenth Street and the railroad tracks, a short pedal along Maine Avenue, and we reached Fisherman's Wharf. Twenty-five years ago a row of oyster and clam bars (known as "raw bars"), seafood restaurants, and fish markets stretched along the waterfront. Today the flow of a Vesuvius of concrete has covered them all to create a mad swirl of overpasses, underpasses, and bridges, to the utter confusion of the motorist without an inertial guidance system.

Our destination was called Eacho Fish. Rumor had it that Eacho was the name of the proprietor, who dispensed seafood, beer, and spirits. But another school asserted that it was a command in the vernacular to "eat your fish." Be that as it may, the oysters and clams were fresh and salty from Chesapeake Bay, and the fish and crabs only a few hours from water to pan. A cocktail or two carried us through waiting while the barman opened oysters and clams until we had to call a halt. Then we moved on to butterfish so fresh, fat, and sweet as to be food for Valhalla.

So intent were we on the nourishment of the inner man and woman that a party at the other end of the long bar quite escaped notice until its growing noisiness and evident interest in us drew our attention.



JACK DANIEL'S DUCKS have found a quiet home in the Hollow. Every so often we see signs that they intend to stay.



The good supply of grain and water they've found in the Hollow keeps our ducks well-fed. They've also gotten used to our way of life. You see, we're still making whiskey the way Jack Daniel did. And that calls for Charcoal Mellowing, a process that takes too much time and patience for much bustling around. Things are so comfortable for them, we're not surprised our duck population is increasing.



CHARCOAL
MELLOWED

DROP

BY DROP

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The director of the discussion was a plump woman well past the first, and perhaps the second, blush of youth and responding generously to the inspiration of Mr. Eacho's cocktails. Her friends were trying to modify her enthusiasm. We thought we could best help them by good-natured aloofness. So we smiled at her sallies and occasionally waved. In this we were wrong. She announced loudly, "Well, I'm going to find out!" and made her way, a bit unsteadily, along the bar in our direction.

As she reached us, I made a half-hearted gesture of rising, motioned to the adjoining stool, and murmured, "Won't you sit down?"

She did, with something of a flop. Then, peering at me with unfocused intensity, she asserted more than asked, "You're Robert Montgomery, aren't you?"

While it seems impossible, it is doubtless true that since that December day generations have grown up in the land who know the Beatles but have never heard of Robert Montgomery. For them I explain that he was a motion-picture actor for whom any right-thinking man would have been honored to have been taken — far more so than for any or all of the Beatles. In view of the circumstances, including the fact that I must clearly know the answer to her question, the wiser course seemed to be neither to affirm nor deny.

"Why be so formal?" I asked. "Why not just call me Bob?"

With that she made a lunge and planted a moist kiss in the neighborhood of an ear. When we managed



to get disentangled, she shouted down the bar, "I'm right." Then turning back to us with a smirk, she pressed on: "And is this Mrs. Montgomery?"

A glance at my companion suggested the need for caution. "Not yet," I murmured.

"This calls for a drink," she

announced, and started back toward her friends.

"Robert," said my companion, "I'm leaving."

With a brief pause by the cash register, I followed amid cheers, and with some vigorous pedaling caught up.

"Why be so formal?" I repeated my question, but drew no smile.

Instead, "You didn't ask *me* to call you Bob," she said, and pushed on.

The sun was slanting down to the southwest, warning that the flood of homebound traffic would soon engulf us. We sped along in silence and beat it to the stiff walk uphill to P Street. Two blocks more, and we were wheeling in our back gate as the sun disappeared. The lady was chuckling.

"One thing I will say for you," she offered. "When you plan a holiday, there's not a dull moment in it."

Silver Lining

BY R. G. G. PRICE

R. G. G. PRICE serves PUNCH as critic and humorist and is a frequent contributor to Accent on Living.

It is easy for newspaper readers to feel selfish delight when they read cheerful pieces about the progress of curative medicine and forget that it is only the tireless ingenuity in the invention of new diseases that keeps the medical and pharmaceutical boys ahead of the game. They have taken some nasty knocks since Jenner slashed their income from smallpox-treatment fees. This century it is only the brilliance of such happy strokes of popularization as cardiac infarction, protruded disk, anxiety state, and night starvation that has kept doctors and drug makers up the greasy pole of the income table.

At one time, pessimists thought sulfonamides and antibiotics would reduce doctors to the status of village blacksmiths. Not a bit of it! Antibiotic-resistant viruses were discovered right on time, and before long even less domesticated micro-organisms may be brought back from space, particularly when some of the less enthusiastically hygienic nations get into the act. And there is another

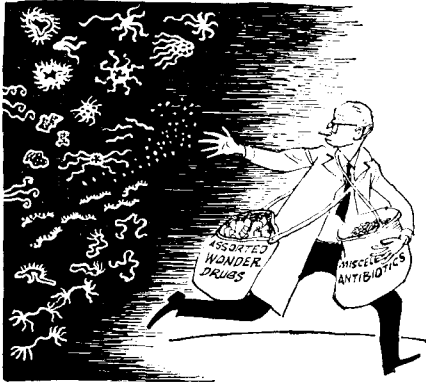
direction in which advance has been dramatic. The more weapons against infective disease that the spoilsports discover, the more psychosomatic conditions are brought in to fill the financial gap — more than fill it, in fact. The good old family physician might cure a pneumonia in less than a dozen visits. The specialist in health-through-conversation can take as long as the traffic will bear and make patients come to him instead of having to turn out into the snowy night.

One of the brightest strokes of imagination of recent years was drug allergy. You cured the complaint but still had the patient to treat for the effects of the cure. Probably some forward-looking lab is busy working on skin conditions produced by fear of being allergic to antibiotics.

As any issue of the *Reader's Digest* will show, the doctors and the drug houses suffer a pretty steady stream of defeats. They have to keep on their toes if cures aren't to outnumber diseases, with appalling economic consequences. It is easy enough for patients to take the troubles of their advisers and suppliers with unsympathetic grins. But medicine and surgery and miscellaneous therapeutics and putting minute quantities of powerful compounds in capsules and thinking of fresh claims to make for them and building new wings onto hospitals play a major part in a national economy. Any serious danger to disease is more than just a headache for a handful of corporations and occupational groups; it is a blow at a country's financial solar plexus.

I have mentioned viruses of stellar or planetary origin; but there is, of course, a danger that astronauts might find an elixir of life, or a universal nostrum just growing wild, or even some kind of plankton that cured the common cold. If this seems unlikely, remember that the medieval barber-surgeon pottered around with his lancet, his bowl, and perhaps a pouch of leeches, never realizing, happy man, that not far ahead in terms of historical time Pasteur lay in wait. I don't know enough about insurance to say whether future-minded men and institutions are already taking out policies against the discovery of a simple and cheap cure for schizophrenia or arthritis or mother fixation or influenza.

What lines are the creative people going to be working on in the next few years? One is certainly going to be linking vague but credible symptoms to inescapable environmental conditions. We have already seen some ingenious use of motoring and television. However much driving



and viewing may constrict stomach muscles, strain eyes, distort digestive processes, and allow fat to silt up arteries for lack of exercise, there is little fear that people are going to give them up. But modern life consists of more than cars and TV sets. Tower blocks can be accused of leading to eardrum degeneration, owing to constant use of high-speed elevators, without any risk of a return to lots of little low-built homes in gardens. Air travel may produce spinal tensions due to boredom, but flying is here to stay. Children need not be left out: obsession with space exploration could lead to a pediatric gold mine — reverse numeracy,

where the sufferer counts backward. Man is going to go on taking pharmaceutical products, so there is a profitable future in the side effects arising from consumption of whatever it is capsules are made of.

The old family doctor who would tackle anything is being superceded by narrow specialists. This has a profitable result: each consultant can blame the previous consultant's cures — for example, a malfunctioning digestive system can be attributed to defects in an ophthalmologist's prescription. Psychiatrists, whose prosperity is built on persuading patients that they are not guilty and transferring the guilt to non-patients, often now in the family vault, can make good use of disease phobias caused by excessively elaborate checkups — caused by almost anything medical, in fact, except, of course, heavy bills. On this point doctors stand shoulder to shoulder, and the highest standard of medical ethics is maintained.

Looking into the future, what does the prophetic pathologist see? Not, surely, a race of happy gods, un-anxious and committed to a healthful diet. The prophet is, after all, human himself, and it is man's innate, and often apparently unfounded, optimism that has kept his head above water. Nature, he must feel, generally has something profitable up its sleeve. There is, for example, a rumor of a new ice age, and cold weather means chilblains.

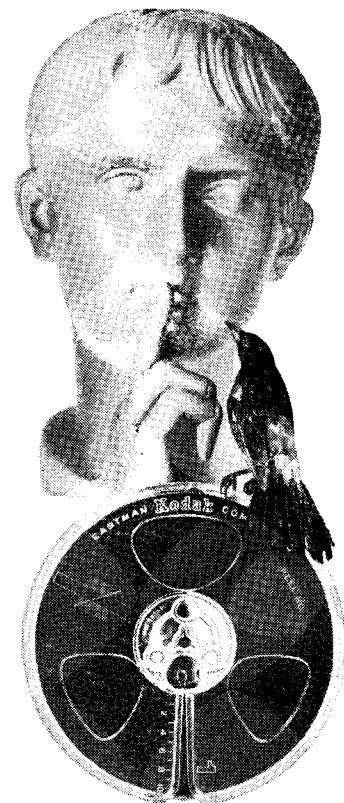
CHILDREN'S ART

BY LIONEL WIGGAM

Van Gogh is back from hell with his blasphemous eyes.
Look, in a nimbus of stammering, hot gold light
A carousel speeds with a freight of inflammable girls
On horses with gasping nostrils and berserk curls.

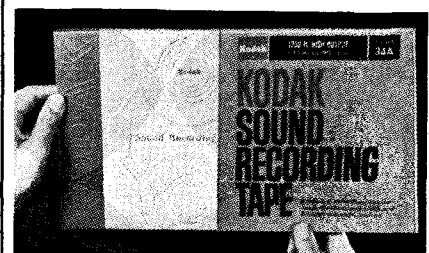
A vision like this must be nearly too much to bear:
Behold the bug-eyed steeds and the poor, damned riders
And the carousel manager shrieking he's busted the brakes:
Everything shudders and throbs and so searingly aches
One can easily see how the artist could lop off an ear.

And look: in the background a Ferris wheel catches fire.
O insight to hell by some eight-year-old or other,
You show us how we shall be done to a turn as well:
A sailor hurls over the side his dehydrating sister,
A barker explodes in a starry, skin-colored blister,
And out of the uppermost cart, in a sizzle of tears,
Rockets some unspecified person's red-hot mother.



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IN VINOS FELICITAS

BY POLLY REDFORD

"What I like about this organization," said my husband, raising his glass of Eitelsbacher Karthäuserhofberg Burgberg Auslese, 1959, "is that there's no uplift."

"No uplift at all," said I. Raising mine in turn, I paused to admire the pale yellow color of the wine and to inhale its bouquet (like wildflowers, only heavier) before taking a sip.

As a rule, there is too much uplift at our house: too many committees, too many worthwhile causes. So it was, really, the promise of a richly complicated, purely sensual good time that lured us to Chicago one weekend last May for the First International Convention of the Wine and Food Societies of the World. That, and a burning curiosity to learn what a gourmet's convention would be like. Thus we found ourselves, at noon on a Friday, seated at one of several long, long tables in the Florentine Room of the Pick-Congress Hotel, tasting German wines.

Behind us, the dry, precise voice of the commentator told us about the village of Eitelsbach on the Ruwer, the Carthusian monastery, the monks, the grapes. The commentator was Peter Sichel, of the famous Sichel firm of vintners, and he said, "The wine in this case is

from a great year, 1959, and it is an *auslese*. It has kept its characteristics very well. It has the balance and elegance typical to wines of this region, though here it has a fullness and body which one only finds in great years from wines made from ripe and overripe grapes."

Eitelsbacher Karthäuserhofberg Burgberg Auslese, 1959, was wine number three, and had been preceded by two 1964's: a Wiltinger Sandberg Natur and a Graacher Himmelreich im Himmelreich. There were seven more wines to go before lunch; we would travel (or, rather, our taste would travel) the Saar, the Ruwer, the Moselle, and the Rhine, moving from the driest wines to the fullest.

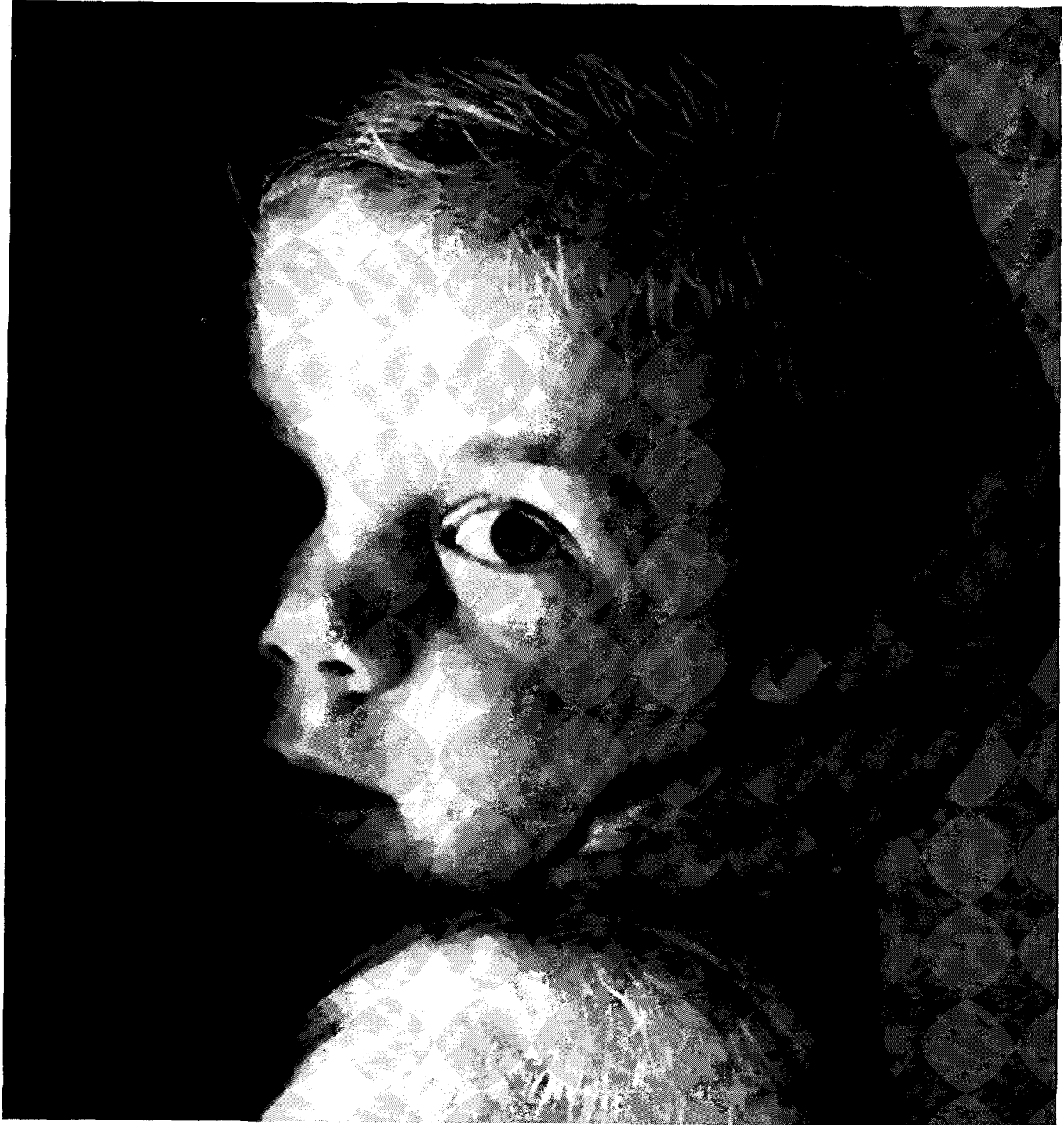
But drinking with a commentator is not like regular drinking. And when, in addition, you are drinking to a printed program, with rows of polished, neatly numbered glasses before you and rows of highly trained, numbered waiters behind you; when you drink with convenient baskets of hard rolls to cleanse your palate and the knowledge that five more wine tastings, three lunches, a banquet, and two dinners lie ahead of you over the weekend, it hardly seems like drinking at all.

The German wine tasting was the

first full meeting of this convention, which had attracted over one hundred and fifty gourmets, gastronomes, epicures, vintners, enologists, *bons vivants*, and connoisseurs from throughout the United States (including two gentlemen from Hawaii), and from England, Scotland, South Africa, and Australia. It turned out to be the most extraordinary bash in American culinary history, and its like will probably never be seen again, though larger banquets have been given, and on occasion more wines have been drunk. But never have so many been served so much in so short a time.

The fact that this happened in Chicago rather than New Orleans, New York, Washington, London, or other supposedly more sophisticated cities only shows how much the American style of life has changed in the last twenty years. Before the war, any notion that there might be more to food and drink than a good steak and a bottle of bourbon was hard to find west of the Hudson. Now, *tout au contraire*, few cities are too rude or too provincial to lack at least one dedicated group of diners who think of their meals not only as entertainment but ultimately as a kind of art form. If this seems exaggerated, consider that the Wine and Food Society has chartered chapters in Buffalo, Kansas City, Mobile, Muncie, Phoenix, Omaha, Wichita, Spokane, Milwaukee, and Fresno; and that their menus are sent to the parent society in London, which prints them — like concert programs — in the back pages of its magazine, *Wine & Food*. So we learn that on November 2 of last year, Toast Lucca, Potage Gentilhomme, Filet de Sole à la Marguery, Sorbet au Citron, Filet de boeuf à la Cendrillon, Salade de Maison, Crêpes Walterspeil, and Fromages Assortis were eaten in Wichita. *O tempora! O mores!*

On May 6 in Chicago, however, we were eating an authentic German lunch (so billed on the program), "accompanied by various brands of Liebfraumilch and Sekt." Having already sampled ten various brands of Moselle, Saar, Franconia, Rheingau, Rhinehessen, and Pfalz, the convention had recovered from its first moments of hesitation and self-consciousness and was off to a flying start. Above the rattle of dishes and cutlery rose an amiable



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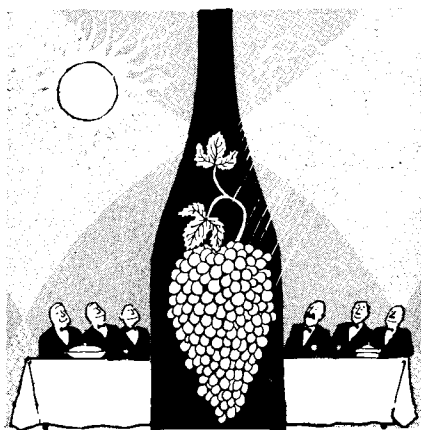
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roar of conversation — a high-pitched, pleasant sound peculiar to wine tastings, and quite different from the growling and howling heard at cocktail parties. Since cocktails are anathema to the gourmet, no spirits were served until German brandies and Stutterer Kirchwasser arrived with the coffee. No water, salt, or pepper appeared



on the table, nor was any smoking allowed during the meal: these are rigid rules of the Chicago chapter, the strongest and certainly the most formidable branch of the Wine and Food Society in the United States. Though many other chapters are for men only, few others are quite as strict with their members. But then, what other chapters have officers who wear silk robes the color of Burgundy wine, trimmed with gold, and bear titles of Sir Bacchus, Cup Bearer, Governor, Lucullus, Tacitus? (To me it was the one disappointment of the convention that these gentlemen, all Chicago businessmen and professional men, never wore their robes.)

Friday night there was an American wine tasting and dinner, and by a lucky accident we sat next to a California couple who had been making their own wine for several years. From them we learned something about California wines that we had always supposed but never known for sure: most vintage, unblended California wine is made and bottled privately, or in such small quantity that it is all sold before it reaches the market.

"This wine is all right," they said (we were drinking Grey Reisling, Cabernet Sauvignon, Pinot Noir), "but you should taste ours!"

We said we'd love to.

They said that because they were amateurs their wine couldn't be sold or sent anywhere; it had to be

drunk, free, on their own premises. Though they were thinking of going commercial next year, even with a commercial license the legal difficulties of sending a bottle from their home in California through the solid South to our home in Florida were unbelievable.

At this dinner we also heard a lecture by Maynard A. Amerine, professor of enology from the University of California, who told us that in spite of frontier traditions of rot-gut and red-eye, Americans are drinking more wine than ever before. "The distribution and sale of wine per capita has been greater every year since repeal than it ever was at any time before Prohibition," he said. "I make this point because there are some people who still feel there was a great wine-drinking American population in the United States before 1918. This is simply not true."

He went on to say that wine and food societies should take the lead in cultivating taste toward California wines. It was a narrow escape. For a moment Duty, Uplift, and America First raised their cold, unrelenting heads. The moment passed quickly, however, and the professor more than made up for it with his description of the University of California's enological experiments with *Botrytis cinerea*, the finicky little fungus that causes noble rot.

Noble rot is a mold that forms on the skins of ripening grapes, and through a complex biochemical process, concentrates the sugar and the flavor within. It is this *pourriture noble* — called *Edelfäule* in German — that gives sauternes and some Rhine wines their rich, almost oily, sweetness. Unfortunately, *Botrytis cinerea* won't grow in California because the climate is too dry, though semillions — the grapes from which

ECUMENICAL ECONOMY

BY FELICIA LAMPORT

The Kellys are joining a synagogue
A couple of blocks from their home:
For many long months they've been agog
To take a trip to Rome,
And the temple is planning a charter flight
At the only time that's precisely right.
The Levys, who're going abroad in May,
Have also engaged in research
And signed for a flight on the perfect day
By joining the Kellys' church.

sauterne is made — do very nicely. Well, it took Professor Amerine and a colleague seven years of picking semillions, growing *Botrytis* from imported spores, spraying the mold via aerosols onto the grapes, holding them at a magical 92 percent humidity for twenty-four hours, and blowing air on them for two weeks afterward before they found a lot that worked. A student then carried on at Cresta Blanca wineries for another six years and accumulated some 2000 gallons of wine, the first, and most likely the last, *Botrytis* wine grown in the United States. It was bottled under the name Premier Semillion, but Cresta Blanca found it unprofitable and abandoned the project. Like all other California rarities, Premier Semillion sold out immediately, and Professor Amerine found it amazing that the Wine and Food Society had managed to corner several cases for the enjoyment and edification of its members. It was, then, with great respect that we sipped the result of the professor's experiment, and found it excellent.

Presiding at this and at all the rest of our meetings was André Simon, still president of the society he founded nearly forty years ago in London. Now in his ninetieth year, Simon has become the grand old man of gastronomy. With some sixty books and hundreds of articles to his credit, he is the doyen of writers on wine and the pleasures of the table. What's more, he looks and lives the part. As the convention progressed, he simply stole the show with an effortless display of wit and charm that left the membership helpless with admiration.

Round and rosy as Santa Claus, Simon has none of the fadedness of age, but radiates vitality, as if his very flesh were a distillate of fine

food and drink — which, of course, it is. For when Simon passes judgment, that opinion is based, as he says, “upon experience gained during the sixty consecutive years during which I have drunk wine daily.”

On Saturday morning he made a short speech in a little room with hard chairs and a microphone, the kind that hotels reserve for committee meetings. Speaking of the founding of the Society, he gave a kind of gourmet's credo which had been formulated in reaction to the gloom and austerity of Depression years, but which still applies today.

“We declared boldly and in simple, sober prose our faith in quality and our contempt for mediocrity. We claimed that it was not only legitimate, but sensible and advisable, to seek and serve and enjoy all that was best in food and drink — of course in moderation. We proclaimed that good wine was the best partner of good food, and that both were, plainly, essential conditions of a gracious way of living and also of physical fitness and mental alertness. We invited all men of taste and sense to pay an intelligent interest in the problems and pleasures of the table, to come together and enjoy each other's company. . . .”

After that, there was a tasting of Portuguese wines, followed by a smorgasbord in the Great Hall.

The main event of the convention took place on Saturday night: a French banquet preceded by a dozen champagnes. For this single dinner two complete dress rehearsals — food and all — were held, one in November and the other in January, when the cooks and kitchen boys and a hand-picked corps of waiters and sommeliers cooked and served the whole thing.

In hotel staff alone, it took eighty people working a full day's shift to provide the convention's wine and serve its food. Add to this the two years of work and planning done by members of the Chicago chapter, and the planning, shipping, and correspondence carried on by the London Society. . .

“It makes me tired just thinking about it,” said my husband when I told him about it at the Traditional English Luncheon on Sunday.

“Well, there's another convention three years from now in Australia,” I said. “Do you want to go?”

“Better wait until the one after that,” he said. “It'll take more than three years to digest this one.”

TRINIDAD IS IN

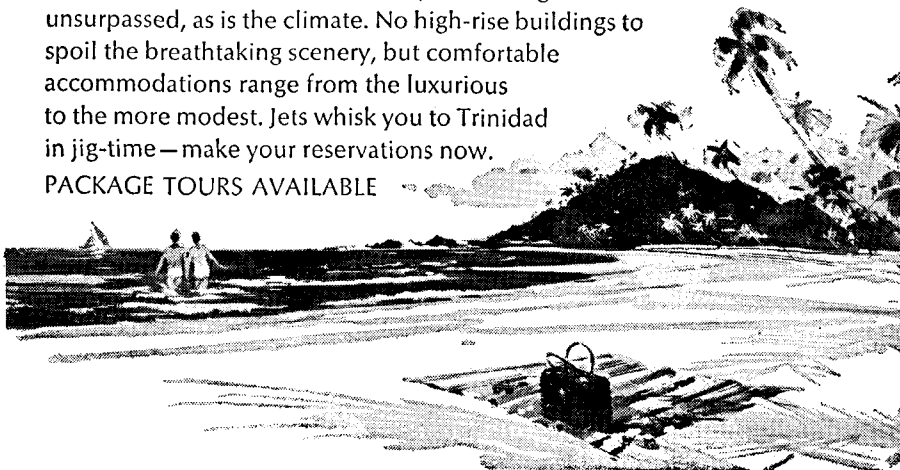
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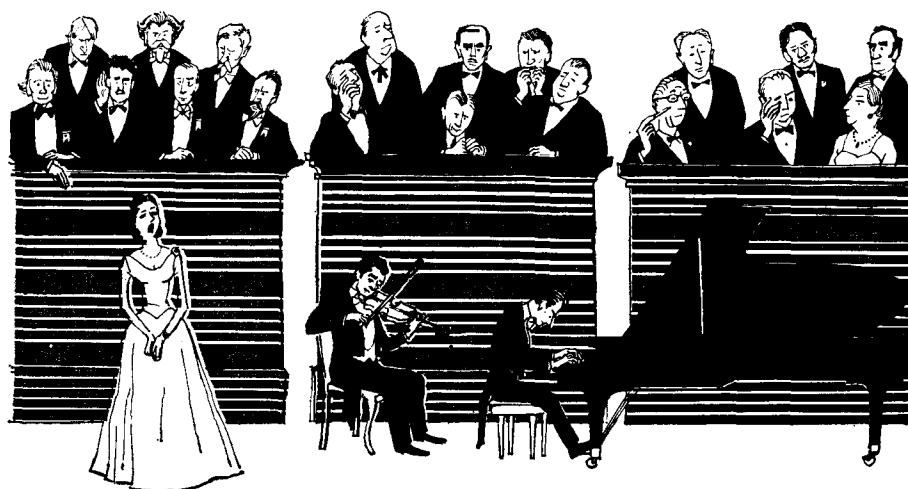
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COMPETITIONS HERE AND ABROAD

BY HERBERT KUPFERBERG

The shortest line for an American seeking musical fame and fortune runs from here to Moscow and back again. This axiom, which might be called Cliburn's Law, has just been reaffirmed by an attractive young woman named Jane Marsh, who decided only three years ago that she wanted to be a singer, and who right now confronts as promising a future as any soprano in the business.

This sudden upsurge is due entirely to Miss Marsh's winning first prize last June in the vocal division of the Tchaikovsky International Music Competition in Moscow. In so doing she became the first American to win the top award in the Moscow competition since Van Cliburn in 1958. Cliburn's victory also made him a celebrity overnight, but he had considerably more of an advance reputation than Miss Marsh. She had sung a few important dates, such as the opening concert of the Boston Symphony's 1965-1966 season, for which Erich Leinsdorf invited her to appear in Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, but to the musical public at large she was a virtual unknown.

Now, in the few months since Moscow, she has signed a recording contract with RCA Victor, declined a contract with the Metropolitan

Opera (which she regards as "premature"), accepted an invitation to return to Russia for a concert tour next season, and in general has been offered so many engagements to sing in the United States that her agent, Columbia Artists Management, Incorporated, can hardly keep track of them.

Miss Marsh is brown-haired, blue-eyed, pretty, and stands five feet eleven, although she is so neatly proportioned that she does not convey an impression of undue height. She is a San Franciscan by birth and an outdoor girl by inclination, competing in swimming meets and giving rodeo-riding and roping exhibitions on her own colt, Sandy, in Western horse shows. She is taking her musical eminence with cool self-assurance. She hesitated a bit when asked whether she thought that musical competitions, which, after all, have been going on in one form or another since the Greek Olympic Games, were a good way of uncovering talent.

"I don't know whether they are a good way, though they certainly are a way," she said as she sat in a Chinese restaurant on Sixth Avenue not far from her New York apartment and consumed a thoroughly American steak dinner. "The trou-

ble is that they can't be completely fair. Sometimes those who place one, two, and three are very close together, and yet all the recognition goes to the number one winner. Another thing is that there are two kinds of people psychologically, the competitor and the performer. Very seldom are both combined in the same individual. Essentially I'm a performer, not a contestant. But I've trained myself to think of auditions and competitions as performances, and to imagine that I really am giving a performance up there."

The Moscow competition is split into four divisions, with separate contests for singers, pianists, violinists, and cellists. Whatever else it may disclose about a contestant, it certainly explores his stamina to the full. All the vocal entrants had to undergo three separate rounds of tests. In the first (in which seventy of the original one hundred starters were eliminated), each contestant was asked to sing (a) a folk song from his own country, (b) a Russian folk song, (c) a standard aria selected from a list of thirty, and (d) a seventeenth-century aria.

In the second round, the requirements were (a) a vocalise written expressly for the competition by a Soviet composer listed in the program as S. Oorbach, (b) two more Russian songs selected by the contestant, (c) an aria by a modern composer selected by the contestant, and (d) a Russian aria chosen from a list. The final audition was made up of (a) a repetition of the Russian aria, (b) a "grand scene" from an opera or a song cycle with orchestra, and (c) a modern aria.

Everything had to be sung in the language in which it was written, and the time intervals between the rounds, while they varied, were minimal (Miss Marsh's schedule worked out so that she had four days between rounds 1 and 2, but only one between rounds 2 and 3). A large public audience was always on hand, and applauded the contestants generously. The panel of twenty official judges was also friendly; Miss Marsh says that many of them phoned her to congratulate her on her twenty-fourth birthday, which she celebrated during the competition. Mr. S. Oorbach, the composer, also called her to say how well she had sung his vocalise. Although she had only three numbers in the final and de-



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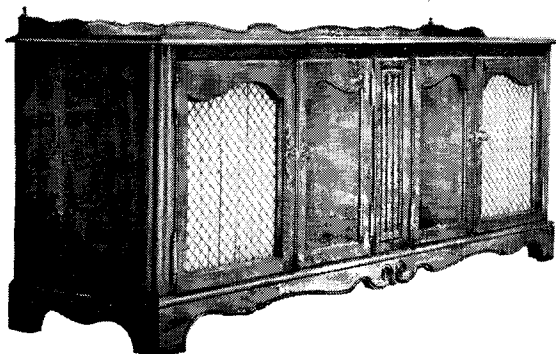
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cisive round, Miss Marsh recalls that they made for some forty minutes of singing, consisting of Tatiana's lengthy letter scene from Tchaikovsky's *Eugene Onegin*, Desdemona's Willow Song and *Ave Maria* from Verdi's *Otello*, and "Ain't It a Pretty Night" from Carlisle Floyd's *Susannah* — an American work totally unfamiliar to the Russians, but one which they appeared to enjoy.

After returning to this country, Miss Marsh went almost directly to the Berkshire Festival at Lenox, Massachusetts, along with two other American contestants from Moscow, Veronica Tyler, a soprano who took a second place, and Simon Estes, a bass who took a third. There she had a joyous reunion with Leinsdorf, one of the first major musicians to recognize her talent. "He said he was as thrilled as if I were a member of his own family," Miss Marsh said.

At Tanglewood, thousands of people, not to mention a goodly number of critics, had their first chance to hear Miss Marsh sing. Her voice is one of utter purity, with plenty of strength behind it, and she has a natural gift for languages, speaking fluent German and Italian, and picking up enough of a Russian accent in her Moscow stay to impress the judges there. At Tanglewood she gave every sign of a singer poised on the verge of a notable career.

Nevertheless, her situation is somewhat different from Van Cliburn's in 1958. When he returned in triumph he had only to tour the United States playing his two Moscow prizewinning pieces, the Tchaikovsky B-flat Major Concerto and the Rachmaninoff Third; indeed, there are those who complain he has played little else since. Miss Marsh obviously cannot go through life repeating the letter scene from *Eugene Onegin* and the Willow Song from *Otello* (both of which, incidentally, will be on her first record for Victor). She is an opera singer and belongs on the stage, which is where she intends to go. A great many people will be listening with curiosity when she gets there, for with Miss Marsh, as with most others, the big question is not what happens at competitions, but what happens afterward.

Two recent cases in point are those of Itzhak Perlman, an Israeli

violinist, and Ralph Votapek, an American pianist. Perlman, who is only twenty years old, represents a reverse trend in musical competitions, for he found his prize by journeying to the United States rather than by leaving it. American musical competitions have been flourishing for a good many years, even though few except musicians have been aware of them. One of the most prestigious is the Leventritt Competition, held annually in New York since the early 1940s; its cash award is only \$1000 (Moscow pays 2500 rubles, the equivalent of \$2800), but it guarantees its winner appearances with five orchestras, the New York Philharmonic, the Cleveland, the Pittsburgh, the Denver, and the Buffalo. Fees for these concerts vary, but a Leventritt winner can expect enough additional engagements to give him about a year's work in the nation's concert halls. Cliburn won the Leventritt in 1954, four years before he went to Moscow.

The Leventritt limits itself to one instrument a year (usually the piano or the violin), and it attracts a somewhat smaller field than the Moscow Tchaikovsky, though often a very distinguished one. When Itzhak Perlman won the final round in 1964, he triumphed over eighteen highly skilled competitors.

Perlman, for all his youth, is an old hand at competitions. His original trip to America resulted from one, for he was a lad of thirteen in Israel when he participated in a talent contest whose winners were packed off to the United States for appearances on the Ed Sullivan television show. Perlman came over as part of a package that also included a folk-dance troupe, a soprano, a team of duo-pianists, and a hand-shadow artist. He has remained in America ever since, studying, working, concertizing. As a child, Perlman was afflicted with poliomyelitis and was bedridden for a year. The disease left him with braces on both legs, so that he walks with two canes and plays his concerts sitting in a chair.

The young man had the misfortune to make his first Carnegie Hall appearance during one of New York's recurrent newspaper strikes; consequently his debut went unreported. His Leventritt triumph, on the other hand, became page-one news — not as a tribute to its musical importance, but because his

Guarnerius violin was stolen backstage when he put it down for a moment to accept congratulations (it was recovered the next day in a nearby pawnshop).

Perlman, a handsome, personable, curly-haired young man, is regarded by many authorities as one of the prospective great violinists of the generation ahead. Other violinists come to his concerts — always a sure sign — and he has a distinctively warm tone and formidable technique as well as youthful exuberance. He has signed a recording contract with RCA Victor and a managerial contract with S. Hurok; he has played in Europe and returned in triumph to Israel. Most significant of all, his American concert schedule is not only holding up but gradually expanding; in the third season after his competition victory he still is in demand.

Ralph Votapek's renown was established at the richest and most lavish musical competition ever staged in the United States, the Van Cliburn International Competition, held in 1962 at Fort Worth, Texas. Named in honor of Texas' most famous musician, the contest offered a first prize of \$10,000, an unheard-of amount for such affairs. Money was put up by local sources, spearheaded by the National Guild of Piano Teachers. No fewer than forty-four contestants turned out, including pianists from France, Portugal, Japan, and four from the Soviet Union. The competitive quality was high and the excitement intense, with the top prize finally going to Votapek, a twenty-three-year-old American from Milwaukee. Along with the cash award to Votapek went the other almost inevitable cachets of success — the contracts with Victor and Hurok, a Carnegie Hall concert, an extensive recital schedule, and appearances with some of the country's greatest orchestras.

Before his victory at Fort Worth, Votapek had achieved a remarkable record in other competitions, starting with his student days at the Milwaukee Conservatory and carrying through three Midwestern contests as a youngster. Later on he was a finalist in the Leventritt and Mitropoulos competitions, and in 1959 the winner of the Walter W. Naumburg Award, entitling him to a debut at New York's Town Hall.

Votapek, who is especially adept

in modern works, has amply proved his mettle as a competitor. But now, four years after Fort Worth, he is caught up in the even tougher rivalry of the concert world, where prodigious young pianists are plentiful, and where last year's award is not necessarily a shortcut to next year's booking lists.

Votapek's experiences so far, as well as those of countless other competition winners, raise such questions as whether the qualities which may impress a judge in a contest will necessarily register with the public, and even more important, whether such factors as growth, maturity, and the insight born of thought and experience can ever be checked off on a tally sheet. These are the matters which will really decide what place artists like the Ralph Votapeks, Itzhak Perlman, and Jane Marshes are to hold, and on them the jury is still out.

Record Reviews

Beethoven: Piano Concerto No. 5 in E-flat, "Emperor"

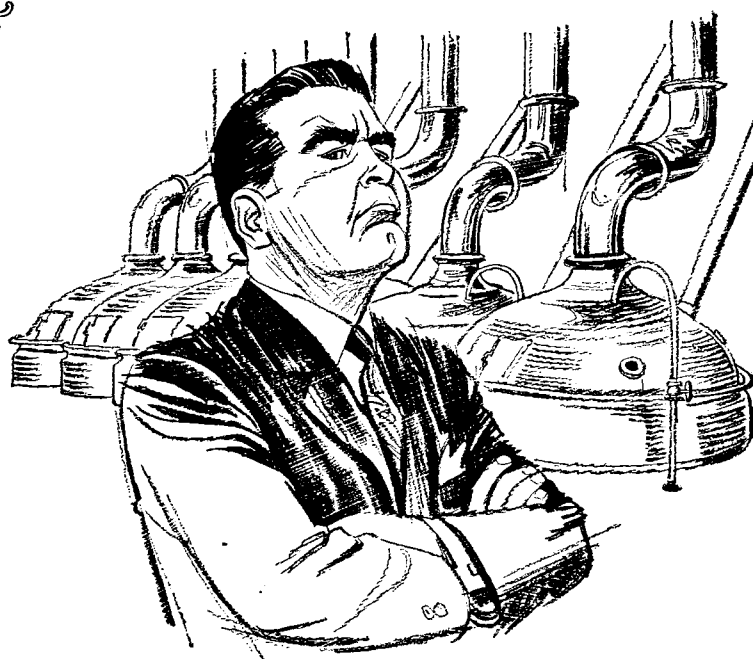
Glenn Gould, pianist, with American Symphony Orchestra conducted by Leopold Stokowski; Columbia MS-6288 (stereo) and ML-6288

Of the twenty-odd recordings of the *Emperor* Concerto in the Schwann catalogue, none is odder than this. The thirty-four-year-old Gould and the eighty-four-year-old Stokowski take the *Emperor* for a kind of romantic romp, making it sound by turns Schumannesque and Chopinesque — anything but Beethovenish! To add to the other burdens of the music, Mr. Gould sings his way quite audibly throughout. It's all rather irrepressibly — not to say ostentatiously — youthful; and considering the enormous basic talent of the participants, one is tempted to suggest they start all over again.

Berlin: Annie Get Your Gun

Ethel Merman, Benay Venuta, Bruce Yarnell, Jerry Orbach, and others, with orchestra and chorus conducted by Franz Allers; RCA Victor LSO-1124 (stereo) and LOC-1124

Age not only hasn't withered Ethel Merman, it has positively rejuvenated her. It was twenty years ago that she first appeared as Annie



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Oakley in Irving Berlin's lustrously melodic show, and here she is, singing as exuberantly and impertinently as ever in a recording made of the 1966 revival by the Music Theater of Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts. *Annie Get Your Gun* has always been one of the great shows for songs; it seems hard to realize that "There's No Business Like Show Business," which has almost become Broadway's national anthem, comes from the show and hence is only twenty years old. Other by-now-familiar items are "Doin' What Comes Natur'lly," "The Girl That I Marry," and "They Say It's Wonderful." There's also a frisky new number called "Old-Fashioned Wedding." All are sung perfectly.

Donizetti: Lucia di Lammermoor

Georges Prêtre conducting RCA Italiana Opera Orchestra and Chorus, with Anna Moffo, soprano; Carlo Bergonzi, tenor; Mario Sereni, baritone; and Ezio Flagello, bass; RCA Victor LSC-6170 (stereo) and LM-6170: three records

Lucia as a coloratura soprano showpiece is an operatic staple; *Lucia* as a musical tragedy is a dramatic rarity. This recording deliberately sets out to take the latter view: customarily excised passages are restored, characters are presented as human beings rather than vocal machines, a sense of musical frenzy is absent. Dramatically, the outcome is surprisingly successful: the Bride of Lammermoor becomes as pitiable a creature as Shakespeare's Ophelia, and even her villainous, debt-ridden brother takes on a vestige of human dignity. But all this is accomplished at a cost: Anna Moffo doesn't ignite the role of *Lucia* as brilliantly as some of her recorded rivals. Still, this is a *Lucia* different from all others, and one suspects that the differences may provide abiding satisfactions.

The Fugs' First Album

John Anderson, bass; Tuli Kupferberg, tambourine, maracas; Vinny Leary, guitar; Ed Sanders, tambourine, maracas; Pete Stampfel, guitar, fiddle, harmonica; Ken Weaver, drums; Steve Weber, guitar; vocals by all seven; ESP Disk 1018 (monaural only)

The Fugs, a group that is so far out it's in, represents the ultimate in the culture of the East Village, New York's newest citadel of the avant garde. What they have to say is provocative and sometimes unprintable (though not, apparently,

unsingable), and they set it forth with a zeal that attracts fascinated audiences to their dingy playhouse. On records (this is a reissue of their debut release, dating from 1965) their musical shortcomings are plainly apparent — no Bob Dylans, they — but it's the message, not the music, for which one turns to the Fugs. And if the message is essentially no more profound than the familiar complaint that things are tough all over, at least it's delivered with a gusto and cheekiness that score their points. Especially successful is a ditty called "Nothing," a masterpiece of total negation that has a certain poetic imagination and rhythmic life. Somewhere beneath all the din and denunciation there beats something, the only question being, what?

LSD

Interviews and recordings by Lawrence Schiller; medical consultant, Sidney Cohen, M.D.; Capitol STAO-2574 (stereo) and TAO-2574

The Psychedelic Experience

Readings from the book "The Psychedelic Experience," by Timothy Leary, Ph.D., Ralph Metzner, Ph.D., and Richard Alpert, Ph.D.; Broadside BRX-601 (monaural only)

Recorded documentaries have discovered lysergic acid diethylamide, the controversial mind-stretching drug. Broadside's *The Psychedelic Experience* is a flat statement of advocacy, but delivered in so dry and draggy a manner as to make the whole experience seem remote and abstract. Capitol's *LSD*, however, brings it close to home, with its sounds of contorted jazz music, giggly girls, and generally disjointed testimony by youths back from an LSD "trip." ("Trip" is the accepted word for a psychedelic experience, and those who peddle the drug are called, logically enough, "travel agents.") Naturally, the general atmosphere often is weird and unreal, but there are some humanly shattering moments, as when a teenage girl, asked whether her mother knows she takes LSD, answers: "Yeah, she knows everything. I don't have to hide anything from my parents. They're not that way. . . . We have a very good relationship. We don't love each other, but that's OK. Y'know?" This obviously isn't a record for relaxed listening, but it casts light on an important and disturbing problem.



Karsh

The Peripatetic Reviewer BY EDWARD WEEKS

MORE than a century ago a Harvard undergraduate by the name of Joseph Battell dropped out of college because of weak lungs. The doctor prescribed the mountain cure, and the boy spent the winter on a Vermont farm atop Bread Loaf Mountain. He liked what he saw, and gradually as health returned and he came into his inheritance, he made it his own, transforming the farmhouse into an inn with wide-veranda cottages for guests, enlarging the barn for his stud of Morgan ponies, and quietly buying up the wooded heights until he possessed 30,000 acres of forest. His little colony with its glorious view, trout brooks, and trails was remote and exclusive; for years the only approach was by carriage: no automobiles were allowed; and on his death in 1915 Battell left Bread Loaf Mountain and its neighboring peaks to Middlebury College, with the injunction that no timber should be cut for a century.

What might have been a white elephant became, thanks to the wisdom of the Vermont courts and the then president of Middlebury, Paul Moody, the site of the Bread Loaf School of English and of one of the first writers' conferences in the East, if not in the country.

I was invited to lecture on the essay and the article in the summer of 1929 when the direction of the conference had passed from John Farrar to R. M. Gay of Simmons College. His staff was a honey: Edith Mirrielees from Stanford on the short story, Joel Spingarn and Gorham Munson on criticism, Grant Overton on nonfiction, and Hervey Allen (then engrossed in writing *Anthony Adverse*, from which he read us chapters) on the novel. Sinclair Lewis drove over for an evening talk from his Twin Farms, and for our daily enrichment, Robert Frost, often accompanied by Mrs. Frost, came up from their farm at Ripton. A dinner bell summoned us to class directly after breakfast and went on clanging its demands through the day, prompting my wife to remark, "Gracious, doesn't anyone here ever have time

to go to the bathroom!" For relaxation we had the Long Trail and tennis; my serve and overhead game were pretty good then, and my smash was what caught Frost's eye. He would watch our doubles, and when the match was over, get me to toss up soft lobbs so that he could hit the overhead stroke.

All this was during the innocence of Prohibition; there were no pitchers of cracked ice and no cocktail parties. Bottles, whether of Scotch or applejack, were so scarce that they were shared with one's intimates in privacy.

Writers' conferences exist as much for the benefit of the staff as for the student, and the idea soon spread. I remember with particular pleasure the first June meeting at the University of Iowa, where the local lights, Paul Engle, Wilbur Schram, and Winifred Van Etten, who had just published her prizewinning novel *I Am the Fox*, were augmented by Robert Frost, Grant Wood, and myself. West of the Mississippi the most colorful and invigorating conference today is the one presided over by Margaret Robb at the University of Colorado in Boulder, where I taught this summer for the third time.

The success of a writers' conference is measured by the stimulus which the members of the staff find in each other (I think of the friendship between Bernard DeVoto and Catherine Drinker Bowen which began at Bread Loaf) and by the self-assurance they are able to impart to a special few of those in attendance. The makeup of the group seldom varies: there is a sprinkling of young graduates, usually present on scholarships, and a preponderance of middle-aged women who have reached the point where they would like to illuminate their experiences. The best of them write with facility and may privately have yearned to do so since college. Now, children grown or their job mastered, they are in the clear and in need of practical suggestions about how to proceed. Most of them have made a beginning, and

they bring their manuscripts with them. I recall the material by a superintendent of nurses, by the teacher of a gang-ridden class in Brooklyn, by a deeply dismayed social worker, and by a former Olympic skier who narrowly escaped death in an avalanche. In each case the experience rang true, and in each the details had been too tightly compressed, there was too little relief, too little direct discourse, too little humor, too little room for the spirit. My problem was to help them to amplify, to commit themselves more fully, to acquire in a fortnight enough self-confidence to keep going on their own. This was not teaching to write; it was teaching to plan and to reveal.

"Too little room for the spirit" — that poses the greatest difficulty. For in every such group there are those who have suffered divorce, disease, or the death of a husband or lover, and who feel impelled to share the anguish and purging of the mind. This is the kind of writing that cannot be written on order; it calls for great restraint and the surgery of self-examination. Each year a little of it comes into print, but only a little.

WHY GENTLEMEN PREFERRED ANITA

It would be hard to name anyone in my generation less in need of a writers' conference than Anita Loos. Miss Loos was born with a quick analytical mind and a wild desire to succeed. At the age of seven she was aware that her mother stood for propriety, that her beloved Pop was an incurable showoff and philanderer, and that her glamorous Aunt Nina (whose frocks she was to inherit) had made good in Paris by her wits and her vamping. As a child actress she contributed reliably to the family budget; she won prizes for her prose and verse; and between the years 1912 and 1915, when she was fresh from high school, she wrote and sold 101 scenarios to the pioneering Hollywood, from which came such pictures as *A Girl like Mother*, *Saved by the Soup*, *The Wild Girl of the Sierras* (which brought her a check for \$100), *The Little Liar*, a heartwinger starring Mae Marsh, and *Stranded*, a vehicle for the aging De Wolf Hopper. At her first interview with D. W. Griffith, "A. Loos" appeared in a white Peter Thompson sailor suit with her hair in braids, and the great man naturally thought that her mother was the author.

She was very young when she first felt the pinch of poverty, and she would have none of it. In *A GIRL LIKE I* (Viking, \$5.95), ANITA LOOS tells how she took her own career in hand; Pop's addiction to the bottle kept her from ever wanting to drink, just as her self-analysis and fastidiousness kept her out of the hay. There was a time when with Norma and Constance Talmadge she took

ballet lessons from Adolph Bohm. "We were all pretty bad," she writes, "but I was the worst, and one day Bohm blew up and shouted at me, 'Mother of heaven, will you never stop thinking!'" But Anita never could, and it was this darting, ingenious mind of hers which kept her out of emotional entanglements and in the good graces of impresarios like D. W. Griffith and Erich von Stroheim.

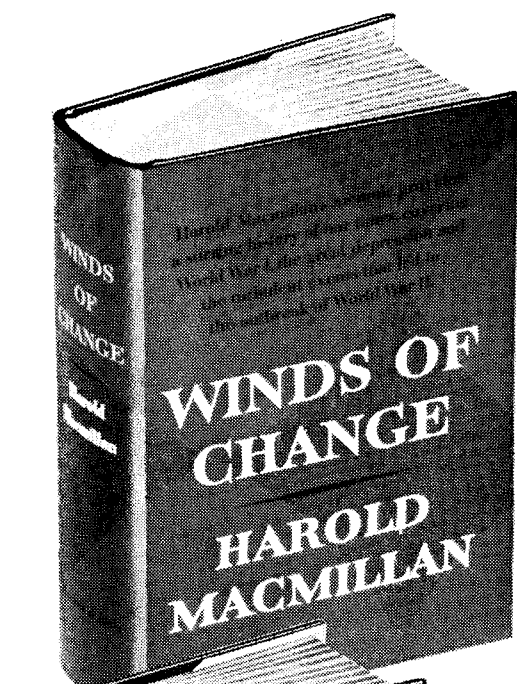
She had a gift for writing captions, and her impudent prose turned Douglas Fairbanks' first silent film, a flat rejection, into a smash hit; shortly thereafter she was titling every picture Griffith made. She played a bit part opposite Harold Lloyd, was a lifelong friend of the Gish sisters and Constance Collier, and had nothing but contempt for Fatty Arbuckle. Her mother was sure she was entering "the anteroom of Hell." "Living in Hollywood," said Wilson Mizner, "is like floating down a sewer in a glass-bottom boat." Anita found it much more sanitary and exciting than that.

The New York *Times* credited Miss Loos with being the first to bring satire into the films, just as she brought that same capacity for deadpan mockery into fiction with her *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*. In the theater and the movies she earned her fortune and the friendships which enliven *A Girl Like I*. For men she had a sharp, shrewd eye, and in her attitude toward them she was governed by two principles: first, that a woman is happiest when she is giving lavishly of her money and herself to the man she loves, which she exemplified in her happy servitude to John Emerson, her second husband; and, second, that "platonic friendship can definitely hold its own against the sex urge," which she demonstrated in her relationships with her idols, D. W. Griffith, Henry Mencken, and Sherwood Anderson.

I find her autobiography delightful both for its euphoria and its paprika, somewhat hazy in its social evaluation of America but mirror-clear in its personal evaluation.

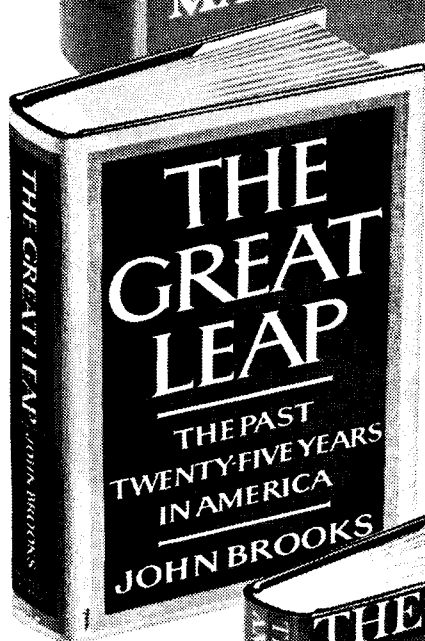
SATAN IN A FOG

To enter a new novel by IRIS MURDOCH is to enter a new phase of the human adventure; you may not like where you find yourself, or approve of what is going on, but her characters will take possession of you while the mood lasts, and you will never be bored. Miss Murdoch's new novel, *THE TIME OF THE ANGELS* (Viking, \$4.50), takes place in a protracted London fog which is followed by a heavy snowfall, and the elements definitely add to its Gothic mystification. To a bombed-out church in London the bishop has moved the most eccentric of his pastors, the Reverend Carel Fisher, a widower. In his former village parish



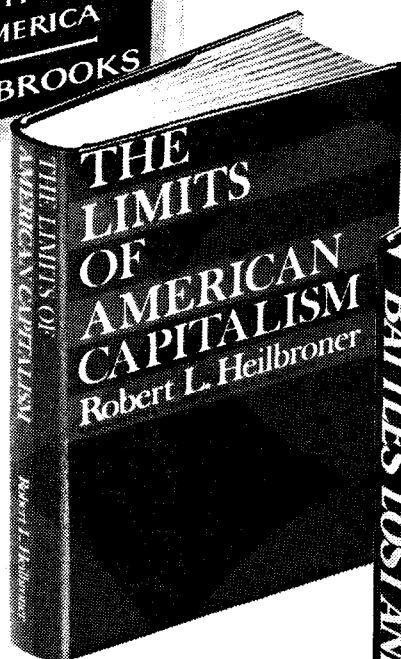
Harold Macmillan's WINDS OF CHANGE is "full of fascinating and little known material . . . From this book emerges a vivid, complex character." — JOHN GUNTHER. "An indispensable contribution to the history of the 20th century, humane in its spirit, perceptive in its analysis, candid in its judgment, a rich and fascinating portrayal." — ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, JR.

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In **THE LIMITS OF AMERICAN CAPITALISM, Robert L. Heilbroner** projects the possibilities and impossibilities for American society over the next two generations. This forecast by the highly influential economist who wrote *THE FUTURE AS HISTORY* is as informative as it is provocative.

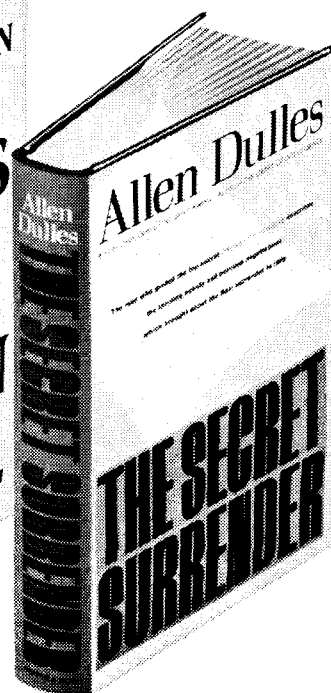
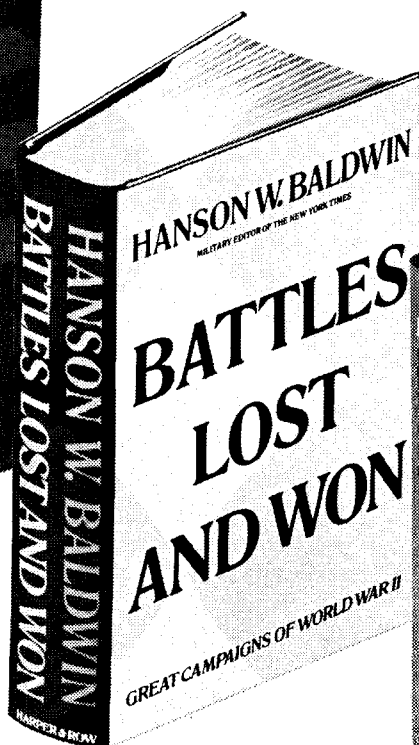
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Carel, already a recluse, had occasionally startled his congregation with strange announcements; now at St. Eustace Watergate it was to be hoped that he could be kept out of mischief since his parishioners were virtually nonexistent.

His seclusion in the clammy new rectory is altogether to Carel's liking; to it he brings his daughter, Muriel, a thin, self-assertive girl with her boyish head, who fancies herself a poet and is sexually starved; his beautiful blond niece, Elizabeth, who smokes cigars and is treated as if she were an invalid; and Pattie, the indispensable colored maid, whom Carel has made his mistress — certainly as strange a ménage as one could hope to find within the Church of England. A tall ascetic man who has never been lacking in brains or animal magnetism, Carel has ordered Pattie to bar the door to all visitors, while through the fogbound days he occupies himself in his study, bemused by the records on the hi-fi set, which never stops playing. Whatever is the web which Carel has been weaving, it is strong enough to captivate his three women.

Such a suspicious state of affairs cannot be shielded for long, and those who break the web are Carel's brother Marcus, an indulgent and pompous schoolmaster who is supposed to share in the guardianship of Elizabeth; Eugene Peshkov, the innocent janitor and a relic of White Russia; and finally, Carel's own daughter, Muriel, who having discovered the existence of a Peep Hole cannot leave it alone. The entrapment of Carel is slowly arrived at, and not until he has visited his satanic fury on each of the snoopers.

The atmospheric pressure throughout the novel is skillfully wrought, and the plight of the young women, Muriel and Elizabeth, is concealed and revealed with subtlety. About Pattie, the Negress, I feel less assured. Her transition from a pitiable foundling into a bronze Amazon capable of luring Carel I question. In *The Time of the Angels*, as in Miss Murdoch's earlier books, the strength of the characterization is counterbalanced by other passages in which the author is laboring too openly for her effects. For instance, the dreary manuscript provisionally entitled *Morality in a World Without God*, with which Marcus intends to challenge the academic world, is in itself a wonderful parody of the more obtuse Oxford philosophy the dons have been grinding out today. But it is hard to equate passages as accomplished as these with Marcus' sudden unaccountable anxiety for Elizabeth, whom he has neglected for so long, or again with the novelist's overanxious warning to the reader that the Peep Hole will eventually tell all. Intelligent readers don't need such unsubtle clues as these; they will follow Miss Murdoch anywhere when she is at her best.

THE BIRDS THAT WON'T DIE

Majestic, regal, and shy are the adjectives with which Secretary of the Interior Udall describes the whooping crane, that tall slender white bird with black wing tips, black legs, and razor beak. The rescue of the wild whooper from the brink of extinction is the direct result of our enlarging conscience for conservation. But its fate still trembles in the balance; the evidence is conclusive that the birds cannot be perpetuated in captivity, and if they are to resist the crush of civilization in their wild state, they must have firmer support from the government and from individuals. Such is the conclusion of FAITH McNULTY's searching book *THE WHOOPING CRANE* (Dutton, \$4.95), winner of the Dutton Animal Book Award.

The whoopers traditionally winter on a big salt marsh, part of the Blackjack Peninsula on the Texas coast and not far from the great cattle ranches. This today is a national wildlife refuge, but as every bird lover knows, a refuge is vulnerable to what happens on its borders, and by virtue of their size the whoopers are vulnerable to irresponsible gunfire and to irate farmers who resent their feeding in Saskatchewan; they are vulnerable to oil slicks which may drift in on their refuge before they even take off; and they are vulnerable to the bombing runs of American aircraft that have used the offshore islands close to the refuge as targets.

The colony had shrunk to less than fifteen when the cranes were first counted in 1938, and were at that low ebb when it was mistakenly thought that the zoos offered their only defense.

That the great bird has continued to live its natural life is a triumph to the devotion of one man, Robert P. Allen. The wild flock now totals forty-four, including sixteen adults with young, and for this small, measurable growth, Mr. Allen was chiefly responsible. He was the first to make a profound study of the whooping crane. As Miss McNulty tells us, he tracked more than 20,000 miles by plane and 6000 by jeep searching the Canadian wilderness for the secret nesting sites; he spent freezing nights under canvas in Canada's Northwest Territories, and was almost as cold during the northers in Texas. He observed his protégés during countless hours in his blind, and wrote and spoke to good effect in his crusade to keep the whoopers coming. Now that he is gone, his allies in the Audubon Society and in the United States Fish and Wildlife Service and individuals everywhere will have to close ranks, for there is no present assurance that the state of Texas or the federal government will grant the whoopers any further protection should they continue to multiply.

BOOKSHELF

THE ATLANTIC



Reader's Choice

BY OSCAR HANDLIN

British society never recovered from the shock of the First World War. The immense sacrifices of that unexpected conflict drained away the best energies of the Empire. Torn by dissension in the 1920s, England was ill-prepared for the depression of the next decade, and its statesmen fumbled indecisively as a new diplomatic crisis loomed. The second war multiplied the damage of the first. The Empire slipped away, and the economic foundations of the state proved inadequate to the strains imposed upon it.

Few men were in a position to watch these changes as closely as the Prime Minister who succeeded Anthony Eden in 1957 after the disastrous failure of the Suez Expedition. HAROLD MACMILLAN'S *WINDS OF CHANGE* (Harper & Row, \$10.00), the first volume of his memoirs, traces his career down to 1939. This leisurely account, like its author, lacks dramatic flair. But it is candid and thoughtful and provides an excellent insight into the problems of the decades between the wars.

Born into the famous publishing family, Macmillan studied at Eton and Oxford. In 1914 the war interrupted the even tenor of his life. He served as a matter of course and with distinction, being twice wounded. Then he made a good marriage and found a place in the family firm. Early on, he took an interest in politics and eventually stood for a seat in Parliament, to which he was elected in 1924. Through the period covered by this volume he was a backbencher, exceptionally well informed but without a direct influence on policy. He thus writes as an informed observer able to maintain some detachment from

When I finished reading my local newspaper that evening and turned to the Monitor, what a surprise I got!

You see, I had never read the Monitor before, although I'd certainly heard of its reputation. I knew that no paper in the world was more respected. Maybe that's what scared me off. I think I felt the Monitor might be kind of stuffy and high-brow and hard to read.

But that evening I felt like reading an extra newspaper to help keep me company while my wife was out shopping and picked up a copy on the way home from work.

I'm thankful I did. Because the Monitor showed me I hadn't read *half* of the news that day. And the part I *had* read was probably the less interesting part! It was almost hard to believe that the Monitor wasn't talking about some *other* day, perhaps in the future!

Here was a late story on new tensions in Africa. And new word on the Chinese-Russian split. And a story on the Republicans' secret plans for the next Presidential election — why had I missed that one before? And here in the sports section was a witty story on major league spring training.

The Monitor is *easy* to read. Of course, it always treats me as an intelligent adult. But you don't have to be an expert on anything to read it — because the Monitor always *explains*.

And my wife also likes the way it deals with fashions and entertainment.

Throughout this newspaper is news that we read with real interest.

We're still taking our local paper, because it provides good coverage of the news around here. But we wouldn't be without our Monitor — we're the kind of people who hate to miss anything.

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the events which this volume treats.

In the long perspective, foreign affairs appears the most important activity of those years. Macmillan gives a lucid account of the uncertainties that plagued the British government from 1935 onward as the totalitarian powers mounted their threat against the peace. Briefly while Anthony Eden was Foreign Secretary, there was a possibility of resistance before it was too late; but Eden himself was not bold, and he soon gave way to Lord Halifax and a group determined to appease Hitler and Mussolini. There is a vivid description, sympathetic yet fair, of Chamberlain's desperate search for peace while the Nazis determined to make war. Reasonableness and a willingness to see the opponent's side were sources of weakness. When Halifax was dealing with Hitler, his "sweet and Christian nature must have recoiled from this sort of barbarism; but he was too courteous to show his disgust." He turned the other cheek. Together with American neutrality and the fear of another bloodbath, the very decency of ordinary men and women in the democracies was a fatal handicap.

Macmillan watched these developments with dismay. He was no appeaser, although he accepted the inaction which doomed the Spanish Republic and gave the fascists a critical triumph. On the other hand, he broke with his party on the issue of Abyssinia. In 1936, when Hitler remilitarized the Rhineland, he warned that drift was fatal and would lead to disaster. He evoked no response and watched helplessly as the cataclysm approached.

Domestic issues were no more tractable. Britain, like the rest of the world, suffered from a prolonged economic depression. Macmillan was a Conservative, but not one content with the status quo. He led a group of young parliamentarians who wished to jettison the old laissez-faire system. To restore prosperity, it was necessary to develop a central organization which would direct the flow of investment, and the government would have to take a positive role in the planning process. By no means radical, these proposals nevertheless went beyond the limits within which his party was willing to act.

Ironically, when Macmillan moved into 10 Downing Street two decades later, the same problems persisted;

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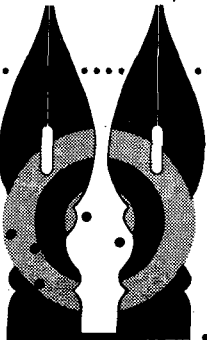
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and neither he nor his predecessors had yet caught up to the solutions he had earlier advocated. It was not for want of knowledge but of will that the stagnation which still troubles the country set in.

Among those who commented in 1932 on one of Macmillan's policy statements was John Maynard Keynes. Although these two men were in general agreement, Keynes thought that Macmillan's proposals for developing the investment functions of the state were not bold enough and suggested that a rise of prices could come before increased business activity. The economist was even then developing the concepts which in 1936 would be published in his *General Theory of Employment, Interest and Money*. That book stimulated a new way of looking at the problems of an industrial economy. It had immense influence throughout the world, but its effects were not the same in the United States and in Great Britain.

ROBERT LEKACHMAN'S THE AGE OF KEYNES (Random House, \$6.00) is a clear and incisive account of the development of economic theory in the last three decades. This is not a conventional biography; it does not aim to compete with Roy Harrod's masterful study. Lekachman's analysis contains a good, brief account of Keynes as a person, of the world of Eton-Cambridge-Bloomsbury in which he lived, and of some of his public activities. But its focus is on the genesis and significance of Keynesian ideas. It is particularly noteworthy for a lucid explanation of the general theory.

More than half of the book goes beyond Keynes to an examination of the impact of his theory upon recent developments. The New Deal, the war, the problems of the peacetime economy and of economic growth test the validity of the Keynesian approach. The experience of the United States receives most of the attention of these sections, which aim to demonstrate that "the New Economics of the 1960s is the triumph of an idea. And the idea itself is above all the product of the creative genius of a single man — John Maynard Keynes."

Lekachman is a committed Keynesian and perhaps claims too much. The New Deal was, as he points out, already blundering toward deficit spending for pragmatic reasons before FDR knew about

Keynesian theory. Nor did Keynes clearly anticipate the problems of growth characteristic of the 1950s and 1960s.

In any case, the New Economics has not solved Britain's problems, although Keynes was as influential in the Old World as in the New. He provided statesmen with the means for understanding the mechanism of the modern productive system. But he could not supply them with the ability to use it.

THE ARTIST AND SOCIETY

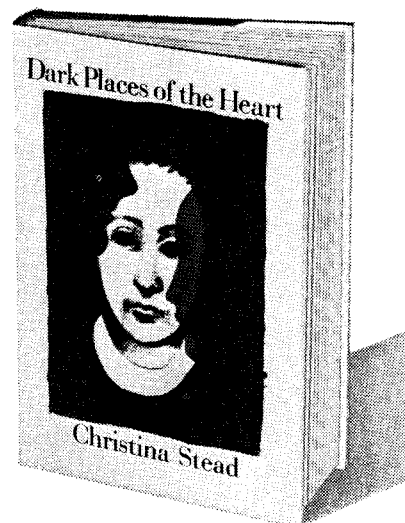
Avarice is often an amiable weakness of the genius. His earnings are usually the visible manifestation of his connection with the outer world, the sign that he is being heard. Also, "the lack of money is the lack of time"; cash is the medium which purchases for the artist the leisure to do what he must.

Igor Stravinsky, who is a genius, has never concealed his desire for gain as well as for glory. Perhaps that accounts for the curious book in which he has collaborated. **THEMES AND EPISODES** by **IGOR STRAVINSKY** and **ROBERT CRAFT** (Knopf, \$6.95) is a potpourri. Here are assembled a medley of pieces by the composer, by his wife, and by his longtime associate, the conductor Robert Craft. The various elements are thrown together, pretty much without order or form. Yet, surprisingly, they are worth reading; through them flash sparks of authentic genius.

Craft's contributions consist of selections from a diary kept between 1945 and 1965 while he traveled about the world with Stravinsky. These observations derive their interest not only from the unusual people and places visited but also from the perceptive and lively style in which they are recorded.

The composer's contributions are more varied; they include several lengthy book reviews, some correspondence and recollections, transcribed interviews, program notes on his own work, and stray comments and aphorisms. Altogether this is an improbable formula for a book, but the very lack of structure gives it a spontaneous candor. These are the reflections of a powerful personality. The sentences are struck off like the thoughts they express, without premeditation and with intense feeling. The judgments of contemporaries are bold yet judicious and

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deal with writers like T. S. Eliot and W. H. Auden as well as with musicians. Stravinsky has strong opinions about other composers and expresses them freely, yet his comments are the products of deeply held convictions rather than of rivalry. To conductors he is somewhat less generous — conducting, "like politics, rarely attracts original minds." The grudging tone reflects the long-standing rivalry of composers and performers, as well as Stravinsky's impatience with the plausible second-rate. "My first experience with Koussevitzky as a performer of my own music was his London execution — in the firing squad sense — of my *Symphonies of Wind Instruments*."

In the last analysis, style rather than content holds the book together. Stravinsky has a finely tuned feeling for words. He writes with verve and discrimination, and a sharp, mordant wit bites through his prose.

Stravinsky is good, and he knows it. Neither self-doubt nor concern about society consumes his energy. True, the first great crisis of his career was the "loss of Russia and its language of words as well as of music." But he learned to lead his life as an émigré, self-contained and detached; and that inner sufficiency added to his power.

It has always been difficult for American artists to do the same; even those who fled into exile bore with them a nagging concern with the society they could not abandon. Few have been able to turn that anxiety to creative use.

NORMAN MAILER'S CANNIBALS AND CHRISTIANS (Dial, \$5.95) is also a mélange. Like his earlier *Advertisements for Myself*, it consists of miscellaneous writings — two fragmentary short stories, some poetry, a few reviews, and interviews held together by a running explication in which Mailer attempts to justify himself and his intellectual position.

Mailer's, however, is a minor talent which he never fully developed. His first novel was promising; since then he has been able to bring no other work to a satisfactory conclusion. His sensitivity erupts in jagged, unpointed fragments. The two short stories in this book show flashes of power, but add up to nothing and fit into nothing. His literary criticism is intensely personal and defensive.

Mailer is at his worst as a social

critic — inaccurate, ill informed, and irresponsible. He longs for love and peace and finds sex and violence. He dreams of pure leaders and flies into a tantrum when they prove to be only Johnsons and Kennedys. He takes refuge in such fantasies as the vertical city, half a mile high, because he cannot tolerate reality. But his undisciplined urge to escape rarely becomes creative, any more than it does for TV or movie audiences. In the end, since the only choice before him is to be a foul old cannibal or a Christian dying of nausea, he must wish for the destruction of the world which will not conform to his fantasy.

The demand for perfection is characteristically American. In a society dedicated to the pursuit of interests other than their own, artists are often strangers, belligerently uncertain about the survival of their values in an unheeding world.

NEIL HARRIS, THE ARTIST IN AMERICAN SOCIETY (Braziller, \$7.50), throws light on the formative years in which these attitudes took root. Based upon ingenious and original research, this thoughtful account explains the peculiar context in which art developed in the United States.

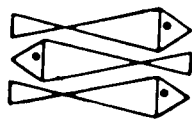
In the young republic, art was a luxury, suspect as a source of aristocratic corruption. It took almost a century to legitimize the calling of the painter or sculptor, and the price of social recognition was the obligation to be useful. The creative personality won acceptance in a market economy insofar as he promised to contribute to its moral values, as the writer did. His function was to reform, elevate, and purify the community. He still labors under this burden, whether it takes the form of the social consciousness of the 1920s and 1930s or of the total disgust of the 1960s. In neither case can it substitute for talent.

OSWALD'S GHOST

Far from allaying the doubts about the assassinations in Dallas of President Kennedy and Lee Harvey Oswald, the Warren Commission has only added further material to the controversy. No alternative to its theory seems as yet more plausible. Yet the voluminous information it gathered remains vulnerable to hostile criticism and has persuaded few but the already convinced.

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mission's report and its conclusions. **MARK LANE'S RUSH TO JUDGMENT** (Holt, Rinehart and Winston, \$5.95) is a lawyer's brief for the defense. Lane, a New York attorney, had already expressed doubts about the case when Marguerite Oswald asked him to represent her son in December, 1963. The Commission refused to recognize him, and assigned another lawyer to act on Oswald's behalf. It seems clear, however, that the counsel thus designated did not regard it as his task to defend the accused.

Lane, therefore, undertook his own investigation, the results of which appear in this volume. His book is a passionate denial of the Commission's conclusions that all the shots were fired from behind the President's car by a lone assassin.

Lane's method is that of the cross-examiner who sets out to break down a prosecution case. The Warren Commission Report is indeed vulnerable. But the pyrotechnics of the courtroom do not always advance the knowledge of the truth. Lane frequently points to questions that the Commission did not ask. But he also, and less justifiably, scatters along the way innuendos that lack substantive support in the effort to implicate anti-Castro refugees or right-wing extremists.

THE OSWALD AFFAIR by LÉO SAUVAGE (World, \$6.95) is a more temperate and therefore a more disturbing book. Sauvage, American correspondent for *Le Figaro* for eighteen years, writes with the intensity of the old-fashioned journalist in pursuit of a story. He has carefully examined all the evidence and has done so without Lane's prejudgments. His arguments raise troubling questions not likely soon to be answered.

Sauvage shows that the Commission was primarily concerned to prove that Oswald alone was guilty and that it therefore overlooked leads that might have pointed to any other conclusion. One by one, he refutes the eight proofs of Oswald's guilt proffered by the Warren Report. Yet Sauvage too concludes without an alternative explanation. And the suggestion of a new investigation is not likely to be fruitful. The tracks have been so thoroughly blurred in the years since the tragedy that we may never find either confirmation of Oswald's guilt or the true assassin if Oswald was innocent.

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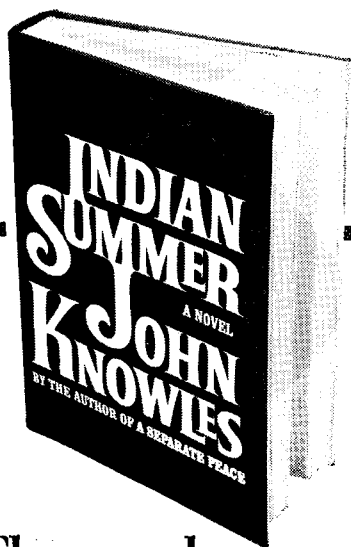
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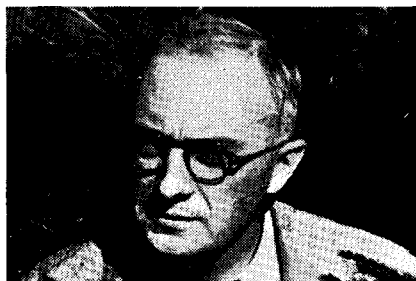
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KOBO ABÉ's new novel, *THE FACE OF ANOTHER* (Knopf, \$4.95), concerns an industrial scientist whose face has been so scarred in a laboratory accident that he is driven to construct a mask. He does it in secret, with the intention of acquiring a new identity, but succeeds only in becoming thoroughly confused about the nature of identity. The action of the novel becomes an interplay of masks rather than of human beings, but it is, thanks to the acute intelligence of the author, as exciting on its metaphysical level as conventional blood and thunder.

A first novel by SEAN HIGNETT, *A PICTURE TO HANG ON THE WALL* (Coward-McCann, \$5.95), is promising, amusing, and disappointing. It derives from James Joyce via J. P. Donleavy with a nod to Jack Kerouac, and reports the amorous and alcoholic misadventures of a young Liverpool Irishman. Mr. Hignett shows great ingenuity in the invention of dialogue and incident. He has, unfortunately, nothing new to say about his characters, who prove to be the same not-quite-juvenile malcontents who have drifted about in fiction for the past fifteen years, no better and no worse for turning up in Liverpool.

MARGARET LAURENCE's *A JEST OF GOD* (Knopf, \$4.95) is written in the continuous present, a device that leads to narrative like “My drawing away is sharp, violent. I feel violated. . . .” If the reader can stand this style, to which I must admit an entrenched antipathy, the novel turns out to be a plausible, ironically sympathetic study of the partial thawing out of a shy, stiff, mama-ridden old-maid schoolteacher.

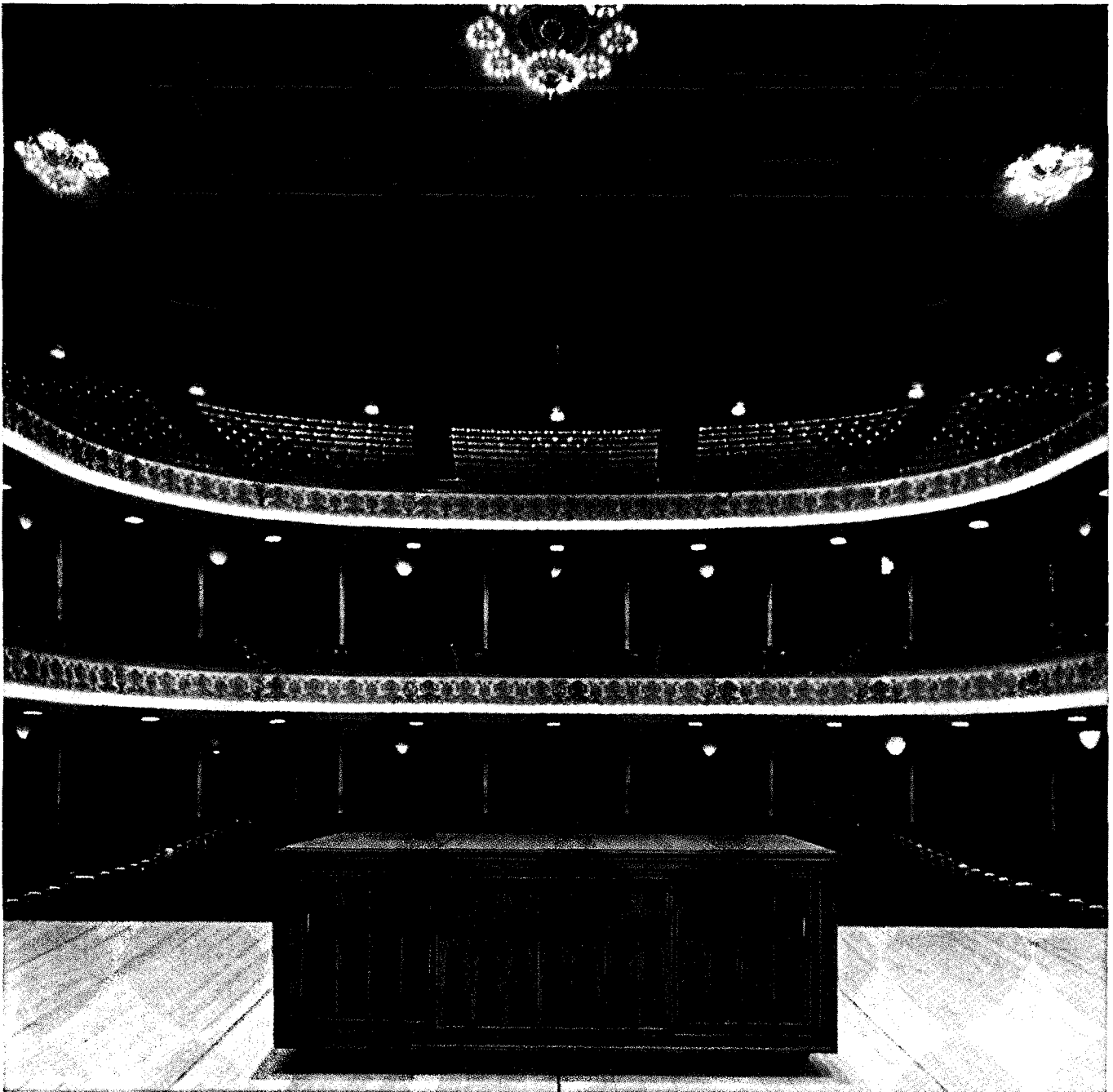
Seven years ago in a small town in Ontario, a twelve-year-old girl was raped and murdered and a boy of fourteen was convicted of the crime and sentenced to life imprisonment. ISABEL LeBOURDAIS, journalist and incidentally the daughter of a lawyer, has written *THE TRIAL OF STEVEN TRUSCOTT* (Lippincott, \$4.95) in protest against what she believes to have been an improper police investigation, a dubiously correct trial, and an unjust sentence. The infor-

mation that she supplies supports all these contentions with horrifying persuasiveness. One of the oddest aspects of the case is that although the murder occurred alongside a military base, the civilian authorities seem never to have considered the possibility of an adult killer lurking among the inevitably hotchpotch, semi-anonymous personnel there.

In *CRETE* (World, \$10.00), the Greek archaeologist NICOLAS PLATON offers a careful, conservative summary of the current state of knowledge about Minoan civilization. The fine color illustrations include many pieces from the palace of Zakro, which Mr. Platon has been excavating for several years. Zakro, unlike the palaces previously dug out on Crete, was not burned, and although Mr. Platon has not yet found the documents that all Minoan scholars dream of, he has found objects of great beauty.

BONNARD (New York Graphic Society, \$27.50) is a lovely muddle of a book. It begins with a dialogue in which the critics Jean Cassou and Raymond Cogniat attempt to define the content of Bonnard's painting and relate it to both the artist's time and the development of European art. This dialogue, which occupies hardly ten pages, is as illuminating as most full-length books on the subject. There follows a memoir by Annette Vaillant, who was born into the fringes of the Nabi circle and recalls Bonnard, Sérusier, Vuillard, and their friends as the normal background of her childhood. The book ends with notes on certain paintings by Hans R. Hahnloser, whose family were among Bonnard's patrons. The result of these three approaches is a lively portrait of a quiet man. The book is thick with color reproductions and Bonnard's slyly witty sketches.

Bonnard was among the victims of that famous party at which *TOULOUSE-LAUTREC* prostrated artistic Paris with cocktails of his own invention. In addition to being an awe-inspiring barkeep, Lautrec was an accomplished and inventive cook, a fact charmingly commemorated by *THE ART OF CUISINE* (Holt, Rinehart and Winston, \$15.00). This is a discreetly modernized and elaborated version of the book of Lautrec's recipes—collected or devised—originally published by his friend Maurice Joyant. Ornamented with Lautrec's sketches and full of enticing possibilities.



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